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PERIODICAL LITERATURE on the one hand affords employment to the public mind, and favors its tendencies to the pursuit of science and intellectual improvement; and, on the other, it gives a more general and freer spirit to literature itself than it would otherwise have, by bringing together the productions of every class of mind, displaying the main points of consideration in almost every question that can be started, opening the door to every inquirer whose talents entitle him to respect, and, in addition to this, offering something, which even in its lightness is elegant, for those who, were it not for the resources it affords, would live in a state of perfect intellectual sloth.—*Rev. Henry Stebbing.*

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THE First Volume of the Third Series of the *ATHENEUM* is now completed. It was commenced with the intention that its contents and mechanical execution should render it worthy of the object for which it was designed—of the respectable and intelligent class of persons which constitutes its patrons—and of any increase of patronage which might be bestowed upon it. In looking back on our labors for the last six months, we flatter ourselves that we have been in some degree successful, and that our Miscellany has been acceptable and useful to its readers. The Editor has endeavored to furnish, as far as practicable, matter for the various tastes of readers,—to afford amusement to those who read for relaxation, and instruction to the inquiring mind,—to supply “wit for the sportive, wisdom for the serious hour,—and at the same time to avoid everything coarse or immoral, and all interference with religious or political creeds.

The articles in the *ATHENEUM* are not the first feeble efforts of young and inexperienced writers, nor the worthless productions of the ignorant and imbecile; but they are by men of cultivated intellect,—the most popular writers of the age,—and whose literary abilities are universally acknowledged. Although, therefore, we cannot recommend our work to public patronage as a production of American writers, and on *that* ground claim a support from the *patriotism* of the community—we *can* recommend it as a production of writers who are certainly in no respect inferior to those of this country, and whose location in another part of the world is not a sufficient objection to their writings, so long as they possess a quality of such paramount importance as that of *intrinsic merit*.—We are by no means unfavorable to the “encouraging and patronising of American genius”; but we do not think that in order to do this it is necessary to banish from the country all except American works. On the contrary, we conceive that the habit of reading, and the capacity of estimating the worth of literary productions, which will be produced and strengthened by the free circulation of English works of acknowledged merit, will be valuable assistants in promoting this object.

Of the Poetry with which we have been enabled to grace the present volume, some of the richest gems, it will be perceived, are from the highly-gifted Muse of Mrs. Hemans. We have made use of many of her beautiful effusions, but not more, we think, than have pleased our readers.

A series of Essays has been commenced on the important but too much neglected science of Physiology. These are written in a popular style, and are as free from technicalities as is compatible with scientific explanations. They will be found to contain much valuable information on a subject with which every one should be acquainted.

At the commencement of the present volume the elegant and expensive embellishments which now accompany the *ATHENEUM* were first introduced. The plan was adopted with the expectation of thereby increasing the circulation of the work, which alone could justify the proprietor in incurring the expense of such a measure. We are happy to say that so far we have not been disappointed, and that it is intended the embellishments of the next volume shall not be inferior to those of the present. These plates, combined with the large amount of matter contained in the *ATHENEUM*, and the quality of the paper on which it is printed, render the work cheaper than almost any other publication in this country.

With regard to the ensuing volume we will only say—that if unremitting assiduity in selecting and arranging the choicest flowers from the well-cultivated garden of English literature,—longer experience,—and careful attention to the mechanical execution of the work,—will render it superior to the present volume, we can venture to promise that it will be so.

Boston, March 15, 1829.

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SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THIRD SERIES.] BOSTON, OCTOBER 1, 1828. [VOL. 1, No. 1.

AN OCTOGENARIAN'S REMINISCENCES OF LONDON.

A MIDSUMMER-DAY'S DREAM.

LET us off to London for an hour or two; not by that unhappy mail-coach, which is not once suffered to cool its axle-tree all the way from this to York Minster, and in which we have committed no crime of sufficient atrocity to deserve imprisonment. No—ours be the stiff, breeze-loving Smack; or gallant Steamer, that, never gunwale in, but ever upright as the stately swan, cleaves blast and breaker as they both come right a-head,—the one blackening, and the other whitening,—while Bain's trumpet is heard in the mingled roar, and under his intrepid skill all the hundreds on board feel as safe as in their own beds, though it is near nightfall, and we are now among the shores and shallows of the Swin, where ships untold have gone to pieces.—See, there, a wreck!

As for London, it is long since we have sported our figure in Bond Street or the Park. The House of Lords has long been the object of our most distant respect—and, generally speaking, at the West End, we verily believe we are about as well known as Captain Parry, or any other British officer, will ever be at the North Pole.

Yet once we knew London well—both by day when it was broad awake, and by night “when all that mighty heart was lying still.” We remember now, as yesterday, the eve on which we first—all alone and on foot, reached Hyde-Park Corner. All

alone! yes—thousands and hundreds of thousands were on foot then, as well as ourselves, and on horses and in chariots. But still we were alone. Not in misanthropy—no—no—for then, as now, and with more intense, more burning passion, with stronger-winged and farther-flighted imagination did we love our kind, for our thoughts were merry as nightingales, untamed as eagles, and tender as doves. But we were young—and we were in a manner foreigners—and few friends had we but the sunbeams and the shadows of our own restless soul. From the solemn and sacred enclosure of thy bell-chiming and cloistered haunts—Rhedicyna! did we come,—the tomes of the old world's treasures closed for a season—Homer, and Pindar, and Eschylus, and Plato, and the Stagyrte, and Demosthenes, and Thucydides, left for a while asleep on the shelves of the Gothic-windowed Library, where so many musing days had cloudlike floated by, nor failed to leave behind them an immortal inspiration, pure and high as that breathed from the beauty and the grandeur of the regions of setting suns,—and all at once, from the companionship of the dead did we plunge into that of the living!

From the companionship of the dead! For having bade farewell to our sweet native Scotland, and kissed, ere we parted, the grass and the flowers with a shower of filial tears—

having bade farewell to all her glens, now aglitter in the blended light of imagination and memory—with their cairns and kirks, their low-chimneyed huts and their high turreted halls—their free-flowing rivers, and lochs dashing like seas—we were all at once buried, not in the Cimmerian gloom, but the Cerulean glitter, of Oxford's ancient academic Groves. The Genius of the place fell upon us—yes! we hear now, in the renewed delight of the awe of our youthful spirit, the pealing organ in that Chapel called the Beautiful—we see the Saints on the stained windows—at the Altar the picture of one up Calvary meekly bearing the cross! It seemed, then, that our hearts had no need even of the kindness of kindred—of the country where we were born, and that had received the continued blessings of our enlarging love! Yet away went, even then, sometimes our thoughts to Scotland, like carrier-pigeons wafting love-messages beneath their unwearied wings! They went and they returned, and still their going and coming was blest. But ambition touched us, as with the wand of a magician from a vanished world and a vanished time. The Greek tongue—multitudinous as the sea—kept like the sea sounding in our ears, through the stillness of that world of towers and temples. Lo! Zeno, with his arguments hard and high, beneath the Porch! Plato divinely discoursing in Grove and Garden! The Stagyrte searching for truth in the profounder gloom! The sweet voice of the smiling Socrates, cheering the cloister's shade and the court's sunshine! And when the thunders of Demosthenes ceased, we heard the harping of the old blind glorious Mendicant, whom, for the loss of eyes, Apollo rewarded with the gift of immortal song! And that was our companionship of the dead!

But the voice—the loud and near voice of the living world came upon us—and starting up, like a man wakened from the world of sleep and dreams, we flew to meet it on the wind—onwards and onwards to its

source humming louder and louder as we approached, a magnificent hum as from a city with a thousand gates of everlasting ingress and egress to all the nations of the earth!

Not till then had we known anything of our own being. Before, all had been dream and vision, through which we had sunk, and kept sink sinking, like flowers surcharged with liquid radiance, down to the palaces of naiads, and mermaids, and fairy folk, inhabiting the emerald caves, and walking through the pearl-leaved forests and asphodel meadows of an unreal and unsubstantial world! For a cloudy curtain had still seemed to hang between us and the old world!—darkening even the fields of Marathon and Platæa, whose heroes were but as shadows. Now we were in the eddies—the vortices—the whirlpools of the great roaring sea of life! and away we were carried, not afraid, yet somewhat trembling in the awe of our new delight, into the heart of the habitations of all this world's most imperial, most servile—most tyrannous and most slavish passions! all that was most elevating and most degrading—most startling and most subduing too—most trying by temptation of pleasure, and by repulsion of pain—into the heart of all joy and all grief—all calm and all storm—all dangerous trouble, and more dangerous rest—all rapture and all agony—crime, guilt, misery, madness and despair. A thousand voices, each with a different tone, cried us on—yet over them all one voice, with which the rest were still in unison—the voice of the hidden wickedness that is in the soul of every man who is born of a woman, and that sometimes as if it were of guardian angel, and sometimes of familiar Demon, now lured, persuaded, urged, drove us on—on, on, in amongst shoals and shallows of that dim heaving sea, where many wrecks were visible, sheer hulks heaved up on the dark dry—or mast-heads but a foot out of the foam—here what seemed a beacon, and there a light-house, but on we bore, all sail set, to the very sky-scrapers, with flags flying, and all

the Ship of Life manned by a crew of rebellious passions—and Prudence, that old Palinurus, at the helm fast asleep, and then, as if in his own doom prophetic of ours, overboard amongst breakers!

For a moment, we thought of the great cataracts of Scotland—Corra-Linn—Foyers—thousands of nameless torrents tumbling over mountains to the sea—her murmuring forests and caves a-moaning for ever to the winds and waves round the cliff-bound coast of Cape Wrath! But that was the voice of Nature—dead in her thunders, even as in the silence of the grave. This was the voice of Life—sublimar far—and smiting the soul with a sublimar sympathy. Now, our whole being was indeed broad awake—hitherto, in its deepest stirrings, it had been as asleep. All those beautiful and delightful reveries vanished away, as something too airy and indolent for the spirit—passive no more—but rejoicing in its strength, like a full-fledged young eagle, leaping from the edge of its eyry, fearlessly and at once, over the cliff, and away off into the bosom of the storm!

Whither shall we look? Whither shall we fly? Denizens of a new world—a new universe—chartered libertines, as yet unblamed by Conscience, who took part with the passions, knowing not that even her own sacred light might be obscured by the flapping of their demon-wings! And why should Conscience, even in that danger, have been afraid? It is not one of her duties to start at shadows. God-given to the human breast, she suffers not her state to be troubled by crowds of vain apprehensions, or she would fall in her fear. Even then, Virtue had her sacred allies in our heart. The love of that nature on whose bosom we had been bred—a sleeping spark of something like poetry in our souls unextinguishable, and preservative of the innocence it enlightened—reverence of the primitive simplicity of beloved Scotland's Faith—the memory of her old, holy, and heroic songs—the unforgotten blessing of a mother's living lips, of a father's

dying eyes—the ambition, neither low nor ignoble, of youth's aspiring hopes, for, not altogether uncrowned had been our temples, even with the Muses' wreath—a whisper of Hope faint, far-off, and uncertain, and happily even now unrealised its promise—and far down buried, but instinct with spirit, beneath them all, a life-deep love for Her, that Orphan-maid—so human, yet so visionary—afar-off in the beauty of her heaven-protected innocence, beneath the shadow of that old castle, where by day the starlings looked down on her loveliness, sole-sitting among the ruins, and for her the wood-lark, Scotia's nightingale, did sing all night long—a life-deep love, call it passion, pity, friendship, brotherly affection, all united together by smiles, sighs, and tears—songs sung as by an angel in the moonlight glen—prayers in that oratory among the cliffs—the bliss of meetings and of partings among the glimmering woods, sanctified by her presence—of that long, last, eternal farewell!

Therefore, our spirit bore a charmed life into that world of danger and death. That face to us was holy, though then all alive in its loveliness—and, oh! that it should ever have been dead—holy as the face of some figure—some marble figure of a saint lying on a tomb. Its smile was with us even when our eyes knew it not—its voice as the dying close of music, when our ear was given to other sounds less pensive and divine.

With all its senses in a transport, our soul was now in the mighty London! Every single street-musician seemed to us as an Orpheus. Each band of female singers, some harping as they sung, and others, with light guitar ribbon-bound to their graceful shoulders, to us were as the Muses—each airy group very Goddesses,

“Knit with the Graces and the Loves in dance,”

and leading on the Hours along the illuminated atmosphere, where each lamp was as a star! The whole World seemed houses, palaces, domes, theatres, and temples—and London the universal name! Yet there was often

a shudder as the stream of terrible enjoyment went roaring by—and the faces of all those lost creatures—those daughters of sin and sorrow—with fair but wan faces, hollow bright eyes—and shrieks of laughter, appalled the heart that wondered at their beauty, and then started to hear afar off, and as in a whisper, the word “Innocence,” as if it were the name of something sacred in another life and another world; for here guilt was in its glory and its grief, women angels of light no more, but fiends of darkness, hunting and hunted to despair and death!

How dreamlike the flowings of the Isis by Godstow’s ivied Ruin, where blossomed, bloomed, and perished in an hour, Rosamunda—flower of the world! How cheerful, as if waked from a dream, glides on the famous stream by Christ-Church’ Cathedral grove! How sweet by Iffley’s Saxon tower! By Nuneham’s lime-tree shade how serene as peace! But here thou hast changed thy name and thy nature into the sea-seeking Thames, alive and loud with the tide that murmurs of the ocean-foam, and bridged magnificently as becomes the river that makes glad the City of the Kings who are the umpires of the whole world’s wars! Down sailed our spirit, along with the floating standard of England, to the Nore. There her Feet lay moored, like a thunder-cloud whose lightning rules the sea—

“Her march is o’er the mountain-wave,
Her home is on the deep!”

But it is night, and lo! the crowded Theatre is ablaze with Beauty; and as Tragedy, “with solemn stole, comes sweeping by,” the piled-up multitude is all as hush as death. Then first the “buried Majesty of Denmark”—though mimic all the scene—was awful and full of dread to our young imagination, as if indeed “re-visiting the glimpses of the moon,” on the old battlements of Elsinour—the fine, pensive, high philosophy of the melancholy, world-distracted Hamlet, flowed as if from his own very princely lips—the fair Ophelia, as she went

singing and scattering her flowers, was to us a new Image of a purer Innocence, a more woful sorrow, than we knew before to have ever had its birth or burial-place on this earth. There we saw the Shadow of the mightiest Julius standing—imperial still—before his beloved Brutus in the Tent; and as he waved a majestic upbraiding, threatening, and warning, from the hand that had subdued the world, we heard the Cæsar say, “We will meet again at Philippi.” There we, too, as well as the Thane, heard a voice cry to all the house, “Sleep no more—Glammis hath murdered sleep—and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more!”—and in glided, with stone eyes and bloodless face, sleep-walking Remorse, in the form of a stately Lady wringing her hands, and groaning, “Out, damned spot,” while the Haunted felt in her dream, that “not all the perfumes of Arabia could sweeten that little hand!”

Then there was eloquence in the world, that is, in London, in those days; or did the soul then half-create the thunders she heard pealing from the lips of Burke, and Pitt, and Fox, the great orators of England, and startle at the flash of her own lightning? But the old pillars of the social edifice then seemed to rock as to an earthquake—and the lips of common men, in the general inspiration, were often touched with fire. Even now we see their flashing eyes, their knit brows, their clenched hands, their outstretched arms—their “face inflamed”—even now we hear their voices, flowing like majestic streams, or loud as the headlong cataract—of those whom the world consents to call great. We thought, as we looked and listened, of Him who

“Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece—
From Macedon to Artaxerxes’ throne;”

nor felt that the son of Chatham was less than “the Thunderer,” as he stood proudly denouncing vengeance against the legions of the Tricolor, and prophesying the triumph of the glorious Isle, “whose shores beat back the ocean’s foamy feet.”

The spirit of the world was then awakened by dreadful outcries from too long a sleep—and the alarm-bell that then kept tolling far and wide over the sky, though now its iron tongue is at rest, or but trembling in that “hollow,” so soon and so easily made to give forth its sullen music, hangs still over the nations, who, under even the silence of its shadow, shall sink no more into disgraceful slumbers. The ears of kings, and princes, and nobles, were astounded; and all Europe groaned or gloried when the Bourbon’s in-vain-anointed head, was with the few fatal words held up dis severed, “Behold the head of a tyrant!” and the axe, that made no respect of persons, bit the fair neck of Marie Antoinette, notwithstanding all those glorious tresses whose beauty had dazzled the world. Life was then struck, over all its surface and all its depths, with a stormy sunshine—dread alternations of brightness and blackness, that made the soul to quake alike in its hopes and in its fears. Who wished, then, to escape the contagion?—Not even the gentlest, the most fervent, the most devoted lovers of domestic peace. They, too, joined the hymn of thanksgiving—and one Pæan seemed to stun the sky. But the very clouds ere long began to drop blood, and then good men paused even to obey the stern voice of Justice, in fear that the dewy voice of Mercy should never more be heard on earth. Call it not a reaction—for that is a paltry word—but thankful to the Great God did men become, when at last standing silent on the desolate shore, they saw the first ebb of that fiercely-flowing tide, and knew that the sea was to return to its former limits, and sweep away no more the peasant’s hut and the prince’s palace.

That was a time indeed, for men to speak, to whom Heaven had granted the gift of eloquence. And London then held many eloquent, who, when the storm was hushed, relapsed into men of common speech.

The poet and sage walk hand in hand together through the moral

and intellectual empire of mind—nor, in the world’s admiration, is the triumphal car of victory unworthy of being placed near the Muses’ bower. What mighty ones have breathed the air of that Great City—have walked in inspiration along the banks of England’s metropolitan-river—have been inhumed in her burial-places, humble or high, frequented by common and careless feet, or by footsteps treading reverentially, while the visitor’s eyes are fixed on marble image or monument, sacred to virtue, to valor, or to genius, the memory of the prime men of the earth! These, London, are thy guardian spirits—these thy tutelary gods. When the horrid howl of night—the howl of all those distracted passions is hushed—and the soul, relieved from the sorrow in which it thinks of sin when an eye or ear-witness to its unhallowed orgies, lifts up its eyes to the stars so bright and beautiful, so silent and so serene—then remembereth she the names, the endowments, the achievements, of the immortal dead. There—largest and most lustrous—that star that “dwells apart”—is the image of Milton! That other, soft-burning, dewy, and almost twinkling star—now seeming to shine out into intenser beauty, and now almost dim, from no obscuring cloud or mist, but as if some internal spirit shaded the light for a moment, even as an angel may veil his countenance with his wings—that is the star of Spenser! And of all the bright people of the skies, to fancy’s gaze, thou, most lovely Planet, art the very Fairy-queen!

Therefore, to us, enthusiasts then in poetry—and may that enthusiasm survive even the season “of brightness in the grass and glory in the flower,” which has almost now passed away—to us, who thought of Poets as beings set apart from the world which their lays illumined—how solemn—how sacred—how sublime a delight—deaf and blind to all the sights and sounds of the common day—to look on the very house in which some great Poet had been born—lived—or died! Were the house itself gone, and some ordi-

mary pile erected in its stead, still we saw down into the old consecrated foundation! Had the very street been swept away—its name and its dust—still the air was holy—and more beautiful overhead the blue gleam of the sky!

And in the midst of all that noisy world of the present, that noisy and miserable world—in the midst of it and pervading it—might not even our youthful eye see the spirit of Religion? And feel, even when most astounded with sights and sounds of wickedness, that in life there was still a *mens divinior*—

“*Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.*”

Christianity spoke in Sabbath-bells, not “swinging slow with sullen roar,” like the curfew of old, extinguishing the household fires on all hearths; but, high up in the clearer air, the belfry of tower and spire sent a sweet summons, each over its own region, to families to repair again to the house of God, where the fires of faith, hope, and charity, might be rekindled on the altar of the religion of peace. The sweet solemn faces of old men—of husbands and fathers, and sons and brothers—the fair faces of matrons and virgins—the gladsome faces of children—

“For piety is sweet to infant minds”—

were seen passing along the sobered streets, whose stones, but a few hours ago, clanked to the mad rushing to and fro of unhallowed feet, while the air, now so still, or murmuring but with happy voices, attuned to the spirit of the day, was lately all astir with rage, riot, and blasphemy!

“Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn!”

Sweet is the triumph of religion on the Sabbath-day, in some solitary glen, to which come trooping from a hundred braes, all the rural dwellers, disappearing, one small family party after another, into the hushed kirk—now, as the congregation has collected, exhaling to heaven, as a flower bank exhales its fragrance, the voice of Psalms! But there Piety has

only deepened Peace! Here—though yet the voice of the great city will not be hushed—and there is heard ever a suppressed murmur—a sound—a noise—a growl—dissatisfied with the Sabbath—here, the power that descends from the sky upon men’s hearts stilling them against their wills into a sanctity so alien to their usual life, is felt to have even a more sublime consecration! “The still small voice” speaks, in the midst of all that unrepressed stir, the more distinctly, because so unlike to the other sounds, with which it mingles not; that there is another life, “not of this noisy world, but silent and divine,” is felt from the very disturbances that will not lie at rest; and though hundreds of thousands heed it not, the tolling of that great bell from the Cathedral strikes of death and judgment.

In the high Cathedral,

“Where through the long-drawn aisle and
fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise,”

we called to mind the low kirk and its Psalms. The kirk near the modest manse, in which our boyhood flew away—with its decent pews, little loft, and unambitious pulpit—the friendly faces of the rural congregation—the grave elders sitting in their place of honor—the pious preacher, who to us had been as a father!—Oh! many-toned are the voices on the Sabbath, all praising and worshipping God!—List—list, in the hush of thy spirit, and all Christian lands are sounding with one various hymn!

And then London, ere long, became to us—in all its vastness—even as our very home! For all undisturbed amidst the din, and murmuring internally, each with its own peculiar character of domestic joys, with laughter and with song—how many dwellings for us did open their hospitable doors, and welcome us in, with blessings, beneath their social roofs! Our presence brought a brighter expression into their partial eyes; our mirth never seemed otherwise than well-timed to them, not yet did our melancholy—nor failed either to awaken congenial feelings in the

breasts of those to whom we were too undeservedly dear.

Oh! the great pleasure of friendships formed in youth! where chance awakens sympathy, accident kindles affection—and Fortune, blind and restless on her revolving wheel, favors, as if she were some serene-eyed and steadfast divinity, the purest passions of the soul! As Friendship was added to Friendship, as Family after Family, Household after Household, became each a new part of our enlarged being, how delightful, almost every successive day, to feel our knowledge growing wider and warmer of the virtues of the character of England! Perhaps some unconscious nationality had been brought with us from our native braes—narrowing our range of feeling, and inclining sometimes to unjust judgments and unkindly thoughts. But all that was poor or bad in that prejudice, soon melted away before the light of bold English eyes, before the music of bold English speech.

The Friends, too, whom in those sacred hours we had taken to our hearts, linked, along with other more human ties, by the love of literature and poetry—and with whom we had striven to enter

“The cave obscure of old Philosophy,”

and when starry midnight shone serenely over Oxford's towers and temples, sighed—vainly sighed—with unsatisfied longings and aspirations, that would not let us rest, to “unsphere the spirit of Plato”—they too were often with us in the wide metropolis, where, wide as it is, dear friends cannot almost be for a single day, but by some happy fortune they meet! How grasped—clasped were then our hands and our hearts! How all college recollections—cheerful and full of glee—or high and of a solemn shade—came over us from the silence of those still retreats, in the noise of the restless London! Magdalen, Mertoun, Oriel, Christ-Church, Trinity—how pleasant were your names!

Hundreds of morning, meridian, evening, midnight meetings! Each

with its own—nor let us fear to declare it beneath those sunny skies—with its blameless, at least not sinful, charm. Now carried on a stream of endless, various, fluctuating converse, with a friend, more earnest, more enthusiastic, more impassioned than ourselves—and nature filled not our veins with frozen blood—along streets and squares, all dimly seen or unseen, and the faces and figures of the crowds that went thronging by, like the faces and figures in some regardless dream! Now a-foot along pleasant pathways, for a time leading through retired and sylvan places, and then suddenly past a cluster of cottages, or into a pretty village, almost a town, and purposely withholding our eyes from the prospect, till we had reached one well remembered eminence—and then the glorious vision seen from Richmond Hill! Where, where, on the face of all the earth, can the roaming eye rest in more delighted repose than on the “pleasant villages and farms” that far and wide compose that suburban world, so rich in trees alone, that were there no other beauty, the poet could even find a paradise both for week-day and Sabbath hours, in the bright neighborhood of London! Endless profusion and prodigality of art, coping almost successfully with nature! Wealth is a glorious thing in such creations. Riches are the wands of Magicians. Poverty bleakens the earth—in her region grandeur is bare—and we sigh for something that is not among the naked rocks. But here from the buried gold, groves rise with such loads of verdure, that but for their giant boughs and branches, their heads would be bowed down to the lawns and gardens, gorgeous all with their flushing flowers, naturalized in the all-bearing soil of England, from all climes, from the occident to the orient!

But where cease the suburban charms of the Queen of Cities? Mansion after mansion—each more beautifully embowered than another—or more beautifully seated on some gently undulating height, above the far-sweeping windings of the silver

Thames, is still seen by the roamer's eye, not without some touch of vain envy at his heart of those fortunate ones, for whom life thus lavishes all its elegance and all its ease—Oh, vain envy indeed, for who knows not that all happiness is seated alone in the heart!—till, ere he remembers that far-off London has vanished quite away, he looks up, and lo! the Towers of Windsor—the Palace of Old England's Kings!

Nor are those "sylvan scenes" unworthily inhabited. Travel city-crowded continents, sail in some circumnavigating ship to far and fair isles, that seem dropt from heaven into the sea, yet shall your eyes behold no lovelier living visions than the daughters of England. Lovelier never visited poet's slumbers nightly—not even when before him in youth "Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair!"

Wafted away, we knew not, cared not whither, on the wings of wonder and admiration,—when, during the long Summer silence, the towers of Oxford kept chiming to deserted courts and cloisters,—all England, its downs, its wolds, its meadows, its plains, its vales, its hills, its mountains, minsters, abbeys, cathedrals, castles, palaces, villages, towns, and cities, all became tributary to our imagination, gazing upon her glories with a thousand eyes. Now we breathed the fragrance of Devon's myrtle bowers—now from St. Michael's Mount "looked to Bayona and the Giant's Hold," now wept and worshipped at the grave of Shakspeare, or down the yellow Avon thought we saw sailing her own sweet stately swan! Now gazed in dread astonishment on Portsmouth's naval arsenal, and all that machinery—sublime, because of the power that sets it a-going, and far more, because of the power that it sends abroad, winged and surcharged with thunder, all over the main—ships without masts, sheer-hulks, majestic and magnificent even in that bare black magnitude, looming through the morning or evening gloaming—and lo! a First-rater, deck above deck, tier above tier of guns, sending up, as she

sails in sunshine, her clouds into the sky; and as the Ocean-Queen bears up in the blast, how grand her stern—and what a height above the waves tumbling a-foam in her wake! Now seated on the highest knoll of all the bright Malvern Hills in breathless delight, slowly turning round our head in obedience to the beauty and grandeur of that panorama—matchless on earth—we surveyed at one moment county upon county, of rich, merry, sylvan England, mansioned, abbeyed, towered, spired, castled; and at another, different, and yet not discordant, say, rather, most harmonious with that other level scene, the innumerable mountains of Wales, cloud-crested, or clearly cutting with outlines free, flowing or fantastic, here the deep blue, there the dark purple, and yonder the bright crimson sky! Now borne as on an angel's wing, and in the "very waist and middle of the night," we sat down a Solitary on Derwent Water's shore,

"While the cataract of Lodore
Peal'd to our orisons!"

Now while Luna and her nymphs delighted to behold their own beauty on its breathless bosom, we hung in a little skiff, like a water-lily moored in moonshine, in the fairest of all fair scenes in nature, and the brightest of all the bright—how sweet the music of her name, as it falls from our lips with a blessing—Windermere—Windermere!

And thus we robbed all England of her beauty and her sublimity, her grandeur and her magnificence, and bore it all off and away treasured in our heart of hearts. Thus, the towers and temples of Oxford were haunted with new visions—thus in London we were assailed by sounds and sights from the far-off solitude of rocks, and cliffs, and woods, and mountains, on whose summits hung setting suns, or rose up in spiritual beauty the young crescent moon, or crowded unnumbered planets, or shone alone in its lustre,

"The star of Jove, so beautiful and large,"
as if the other eyes of heaven were

afraid to sustain the serenity of that one orb divine !

But still as the few soul-brightening, soul-strengthening suns of youth rolled on,—those untamed years, of which every day, it might seem indeed every hour, brought the consciousness of some new knowledge, some new feeling, that made the present greater than the past, and was giving perpetual promise of a still greater future,—promise that was the divine manna of hope—while the world of nature continued to our eyes, our hearts, and our imaginations, dearer and more dear, saddened or sublimed by associations clothing with green gladness the growth of the young, with hoary sadness, the decay of the old trees,

“Moulding to beauty many a mouldering tower;”

and in storm or sunshine, investing with a more awful or a more peaceful character the aspect of the many-shipped sea,—even then, when the world of the senses was in its prime, and light and music did most prodigally abound in the air and the waters, in the heavens and on the earth, we rejoiced with yet a far exceeding joy, we longed with yet a far exceeding desire, we burned with yet a far exceeding passion, for all that was growing momentarily brighter and more bright, darker and more dark, vaster and more vast, within the self-discovered region of mind and spirit ! There swept along each passion, like a great wind—there the sudden thought

“Shot from the zenith like a falling star !”

We wished not to “have lightened the burden of the mystery of all that unintelligible world ! It was the mystery which, trembling, we loved—awaking suddenly to the quaking of our own hearts, at solitary midnight, from the divine communion of dreams, that like spirits for ever haunted our sleep.

“’Tis mind alone—bear witness, heaven and earth !—

’Tis mind alone that in itself contains
The beauteous or sublime !”

Where are the blasts born that bring the clouds across the stars ? Where

are the thoughts born that bring clouds across our souls ? The study of physics is sublime, for the student feels as if mounting the lower steps of the ladder leading up to God in the skies. But the metaphysics of our own moral, our own intellectual being, sublimer far ! when reason is her own object, and conscience, by her own light, sees into her own essence !

And where shall such studies be best pursued ? Not alone in the sacred silence of the Academic Grove—although there should be their glimmering beginnings, and there their glorified but still obscurest end. But through the dim, doubting, and often sorely disturbed intermediate time, when man is commanded by the being within him to mingle with man, when smiles, and sighs, and tears, are most irresistible, and when the look of an eye can startle the soul into a passion of love or hate, then it is that human nature must be studied—or it will remain unknown and hidden for ever—must be studied by every human being for himself, in the poetry and philosophy of Life ! as that life lies spread before us like a sea ! At first, like delighted, wondering, and fearful children, who keep gazing on the waves that are racing like living creatures from some far-off region to these their own lovely and beloved shores,—or still with unabated admiration, at morning, see the level sands yellowing far away, with bands of beautiful birds walking in the sun, or, having trimmed their snowy plumage, wheeling in their pastime, with many wild-mingled cries, in the glittering air,—with here—there—yonder some vessel seemingly stranded, and fallen helpless on her side, but waiting only for the tide to waken her from her rest, and again to waft her, on her re-expanded wings, away into the main ! Then, as the growing boy becomes more familiar with the ebb and the flow—with all the smiles and frowns on the aspect—all the low and sweet, all the loud and sullen, tones of the voice of the sea—in his doubled delight he loses half his dread, launches his own skiff, paddles with his own

oar, hoists his own little sail—and, ere long, impatient of the passion that devours him, the passion for the wonders and dangers that dwell on the great deep, on some day disappears from his birth-place and his parents' eyes, and, years afterwards, returns a thoughtful man from his voyaging round the globe!

Therefore, to know ourselves, we sought to penetrate into the souls of other men—to be with them in the very interior of their conscience, when they thought no eye was upon them but the eye of God. 'Twas no seclusion of the spirit within itself to take cognizance of its own acts and movements; but we were led over the fortunes and works of human beings wherever their minds have acted or their steps have trod.

Is it wonderful then that we, like other youths with a soul within them, mingled ourselves and our very being with the dark, bright, roaring, bushed, vast, beautiful, magnificent, guilty and glorious London!

What forbids us even now exultingly to say, that nature had not withheld from us the power of genial delight in all the creations of genius; and that she shrouded, as with a gorgeous canopy, our youth, with the beauty and magnificence of a million dreams? Lovely to our eyes was all the loveliness that emanated from more gifted spirits, and in the love with which we embraced it, it became our very own! We caught the shadows of high thoughts as they passed along the wall, reflected from the great minds meditating in the hallowed shade! And thenceforth they peopled our being! Nor haply did our own minds not originate some intellectual forms and combinations, in their newness fair, or august—recognized as the product of our own more elevated moods, although unarrayed, it might be, in words, or passing away with their symbols into oblivion, nor leaving a trace behind—only a sense of their transitory presence, consolatory and sublime!

Often do we vainly dream that Time works changes only by ages—by centuries! But who can tell what even

an hour may bring forth? Decay and destruction have “ample room and verge enough,” in such a City; and in one year they can do the work of many generations. This century is but young—scarcely hath it reached its prime. But since its first year rolled round the sun, how many towers and temples have in ever-changeful London “gone to the earth!” How many risen up whose “statues reach the sky!” Dead is the old King in his darkness, whom all England loved and revered. Princes have died, and some of them left not a name—mighty men of war have sunk, with all their victories and all their trophies, vainly deemed immortal, into oblivion!—Mute is the eloquence of Pitt’s and of Canning’s voice!—And thousands, unknown and unhonored, as wise, or brave, in themselves as good and as great as those whose temples fame hath crowned with everlasting halo, have dropt the body, and gone to God. How many thousand fairest faces, brightest eyes, have been extinguished and faded quite away! Fairer and brighter far to him whose youth they charmed and illumined, than any eyes that shall ever more gaze on the flowers of earth, or the stars of heaven!

Methinks the westering sun shines cooler in the garden—that the shades are somewhat deepened—that the birds are not hopping round our head, as they did some hour ago—that in their afternoon siesta they are mute. Another set of insects are in the air. The flowers, that erewhile were broad and bright awake, with slumbering eyne are now hanging down their heads; and those that erewhile seemed to slumber, have awoke from their day-dreams, and look almost as if they were going to speak. Have you a language of your own—dear creatures—for we know that ye have loves? But hark, the Gong—the Gong! in the hand of John, smiting it like the slave of some Malay-chief. In our Paradise there is “fear that dinner cool,” mortal man must eat—and thus endeth “OUR MIDSUMMER-DAY’S DREAM.”

THE MUSIC OF THE SPIHERES.

[The Ancients entertained an idea, that the Celestial Bodies emitted melodious sounds on their passage through the Heavens—every Planet and Star, according to this strange fiction, being accompanied by Music of its own creating.]

SOFT are your voices, O! ye spheres,
Even as the tones of other years—
Unheard, and yet remembered still,
Mid gleams of joy or clouds of ill,
Why move ye on from day to day,
Scattering sweet sounds upon your way?
Wherefore those strains, like incense flung
By white-robed priest upon the wind,
Or music from an angel's tongue,
Whose echo lingers long behind,
And fills with calm delight our ears?
For such your murmurs are, O spheres!
Solemn your march, and far remote
The fairy region where ye float.
No human power your tones may catch,
No seraph voice their softness match—
Fancy alone, with listening ear,
Their echoing streams of sound can hear;
And thinks, as with enraptured eye
She marks your bright orbs sweep the sky,
To seize those notes which mortals deem
A fabulous unsubstantial dream.

But never, tuneful orbs, to me

Shall your strange music fable be.
I hear ye float on airy wing
Upon the genial breath of spring.
By you the pointed beams of light
Are wing'd with music on their flight.
On falling snow and cloudlet dim
Your spirit floats—a holy hymn.
Methinks the South wind bears your song,
Blended with rich perfumes, along:
Even Silence with his leaden ear
Your mystic strain is forced to hear,
And Nature, as ye sail around
Her viewless realm, is fill'd with sound.
Such the wild dreams of airy thought
By Fancy to the poet taught.

Roll on, roll on, majestic spheres,
Through the long tide of coming years;
Voices to you of old were given
To sing your glorious path through heaven;
Voices to hail the dawn of light,
Voices to charm the ear of Night,
And make sweet music as ye stray
In Myriads through the milky way.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

CALM wakes the beauty of the vernal morn,
The small birds chirp amid the budding
trees;
But thou, lost sweet one, from our presence
torn,
Feel'st not the freshness of the genial
breeze.

The thoughts of thee are as a pleasant
dream,
Soft, soothing, holy, beautiful, and bright;
As of a star that sparkles o'er a stream,
Gemming the dewy coronal of night.

To see thee—was with raptured heart to
own
Angelic loveliness might blend with
earth;
To hear thee—was to feel there dwells a
tone
In sadness, more enchanting far than
mirth.

Thy pensive, snowy brow, thy glossy hair,
Thy soft carnation'd cheek, and hazel
eye,
Seem'd lent but to illumine a world of care,
And oh—to think that such a form could
die!

Closed is thy grave; we heard the doleful
knell,
When thou wast blooming in refulgent
youth;

We heard the warning of that passing
bell,
Which seem'd the dirge of Beauty, Hope,
and Truth.

We dreamt not thus that thou shouldst pass
away,
A lily opening to life's vernal sun;
That envious night should overcloud thy
day,
Ere half the sands of gladsome youth
were run.

Thou need'st no stone; thy tablet is the
love
Of all who knew, remember thee, and
grieve;
Soft shine the sun thy simple turf above,
And sing the birds thereon from morn to
eve.

We see thee in the blue rekindling sky,
We see thee in the green that clothes the
tree;
We hear thee in the stream that murmurs
by;
In solitude and cities think of thee.

So shed thy looks a sanctifying balm,
That the fair scenes awoke before our
eyes,
When sorrow was unfelt, and sunshine
calm,
Slept on the evening fields of paradise.

Farewell ! thou wast a flower that to the
 day,
 In beauty and in bloom, sweet perfume
 gave ;
 A star that shone o'er earth with lucid
 ray ;
 A white bird floating on the halcyon
 wave.

Farewell ! thy like again we may not know ;
 Farewell ! to die untainted was thy lot ;

Farewell—farewell ; although we are below,
 And thou in Heaven, thou shalt not be
 forgot.

The blackbird singing, when the woods are
 mute ;
 The clear blue sky ; the blossom on the
 tree ;
 The tenderest breathing of the gentlest lute ;
 All things of pure and fair are types of
 thee !

FRIAR BACON'S KEY.

“THERE are two modes, in the present day, by which any one may get the name of a liberal man, and in the lottery of good things, I know few reputations more profitable. Be what you please, or do what you please, it matters little, so long as you have a character for generosity. This single virtue, or, what will do just as well, the appearance of it, will stand you in stead of all the other virtues ; it is a cloak to cover the inward nakedness, an umbrella to keep off the pitiless pelting of the storm when it is pouring somewhat too freely on the head of unworthiness. In short, what is it not, in the way of profit or defence, to the fortunate possessor ? Nor is the obtaining of it, by any means, as I have said, a difficult task to him who has a purse, the roads to it being an hundred fold—among the best, say, subscribing to some fund, where the money is not wanted ; or purchasing, at an enormous price, some works of art that you don't understand or care about, and setting up a museum. As to your children or relations, if you happen to have any, you need not waste a thought upon them ; for, as all you may do on their account is no more than what you *ought* to do, it cannot redound to the praise of your liberality ; and, therefore, you may as well leave it undone.”

Such was the advice of my friend Dives ; and, as it happened to chime in with my own notions of the truth, I resolved to send my poor relations to any one who might think proper to take them in ; while, in the meantime, I opened my “collecting” campaign in a celebrated auction-room at the

west-end of the town. The object I had selected for the foundation of my new character as a “patronizing man,” was a Venus or a Hercules, that Mr. C—— had to sell : the antiquarians could not decide which of the two characters above named properly belonged to it ; and no wonder, seeing that the god or goddess had been by time and accidents so reduced and shorn of its original properties, as to bear no bad resemblance to a milestone—saving only in its material, which, I can vouch, without being a connoisseur, to have been genuine marble. Such as it was, however, the fame of this mutilated sculpture had roused the whole body of antiquarians, equestrian and pedestrian, amateurs and professors. Anxious, at least, to be able to say I had bid for such a rarity, even though I should fail to win it, for want of that species of courage which, I opine, is the highest of all courage, namely, the courage to part with one's money, I hurried to the auction-room at an early hour, and found the orator already risen, and holding forth, with much eloquence and learning, upon a very equivocal as well as humble article. What that article was, I must not venture to say ; wanting the speaker's exquisite powers of periphrasis, which enabled him at once to veil and ennoble that subject, which, to say the truth, stood in need both of one assistance and the other. Indeed, as my friend Dives remarked to me in a whisper, the dapper, smooth-chinned gentleman, with his starched collar, his oily tongue, and still more oily face, looked the very genius of crockery, the born Apollo of Delft

and China-ware. But my mind was bent on higher matters, namely, on the Venus or Hercules, and I soon grew heartily sick of the tropes and similes that buzzed about my ears like so many May-chaffers on a warm summer's evening. All the bidding and battling previous to the struggle for the precious statue, appeared as so much tedious prologue to the grand drama, or skirmishing, by way of prelude, to the grand engagement. But still, in spite of my disregard or contempt, I grew out of patience as the delay continued. First I tried my snuff-box—next I beat the devil's tattoo with my feet—next I grew hot—then hotter—then boiling hot—then red-hot—till by the time the orator had come to lot ninety-seven, *an antique key*, the fever had exhausted itself, and with itself, exhausted me; and the previous tension of the nerves was succeeded by a gentle inclination to drowsiness, which was only at all resisted or kept back by the unaccountable interest I all at once seemed to take in this old key. It was only a key, and old, and green as the copper sheathing of a vessel after a twelvemonth's voyage;—nothing more than an old-fashioned massive key with a sliding ring in place of the fixed one that crowns the modern handle. But for all this I could not help listening as the price rose, and what was worse, bidding, though every "I thank you, Sir," of the auctioneer, sounded in my ears marvellously like, "well nibbled, gudgeon; take another snap, fool; the hook is not well in your gullet yet!"

"Gentlemen," said the orator, "this key is—a key—I mean a key katerochen—that is, ladies, par excellence,—the key of keys,—it can be traced up into the possession of the celebrated Friar Bacon, the inventor of gunpowder. Look at it, ladies and gentlemen,—smell it,—taste it." Here Mr. Fudge suited the action to the word, and, licking his lips, went on with an air of ineffable relish.—"Excellent! I protest it has the true antique relish—none of your modern rust, but the genuine tinge of the old-

en time. No one can be deceived in that matter."

"But are you quite sure it belonged to Friar Bacon?" asked a little limping antiquarian, who looked amongst men much as a turnspit does amongst dogs.—"But are you quite sure?"

"*Terque quaterque*," replied the orator.

"Because I don't buy for myself; I am only the lion's jackall, you know.—Ha! ha!"

"You may rely upon its being genuine," continued the orator, seeing the little man still hesitate, though half convinced by the Latin which he did not understand, and by his own joke of the jackall.—"You may rely upon its being genuine.—Allow me to say five guineas, just to begin with, though, I trust, we shall not stop short of a hundred."

The little man nodded.

"Thank you, Sir," said the orator, bowing.—"Five guineas, gentlemen, is bid for this rare piece of antiquity, this gem that has existed almost three hundred years."

"Nearer six," cried a young man, who stood near me,—"that is, if it belonged, as you say it did, to Roger Bacon, the monk of Brazen Nose."

Mr. Fudge colored up to his eyes at this unsolicited correction of his chronology; but, as it was his business to buy golden opinions of all men, he replied, with a bow and a smile—the two usual adjuncts, by the way, of all his replies—"Much obliged to you, Sir, for the correction.—Six hundred years old.—Will no lady or gentleman say any thing?—Going for five guineas.—Really it is a mere giving away of this valuable relic.—'Six,'—Thank you, Sir,—'Eight,'—Ten,—Twenty,—Twenty-five.' Twenty-five guineas are bid for Friar Bacon's key.—Going,—going,—going for only twenty-five guineas, and the treasure perfectly unique!—a rarity that has not its parallel!—We may suppose that this was the key of the monk's sanctum,—why should it not be!—of that celebrated chamber, of which the legend says it is to stand till entered by a greater scholar than Bacon, when it is

to fall on the devoted head of the student, and crush it for too much learning."

"Egad! Fudge goes beyond himself to-day," whispered Dives. "Was not that last a glorious bit of the sublime?"

"Magnificent!" I said, and so loudly that the orator overheard me, and replied to the compliment, as if to a bidding, with his customary "Much obliged, Sir.—Twenty-five guineas.—Going, for the last time, and the relic six hundred years old! Here is a gentleman vouches for its being six hundred years old."

"I vouch for no such thing," said my young neighbor, "I only answer for the friar's having been dead that time."

"Thank you, Sir,—much obliged for the correction," replied the smooth Mr. Fudge, who seemed as little able to travel out of his set phrases, as a horse to step beyond his tether.—"Thirty,—forty,—fifty,—pray, be speedy, gentlemen, for we have a host of treasures to get through.—In one minute, *jacta est alea*, the die is cast.—Going for fifty guineas—gone——."

It was to myself that the key was knocked down at this enormous price, though why I had bid so much, or why I had bid for it at all, was a mystery past my own comprehension. I seemed to be acting under the power of some influence from without, independent of my own thoughts or my own volition. The key, however, was mine; and, being mine, I resolved to put a good face on the business, and elevate its worth in the eyes of others, whatever I might think of it myself. Accordingly I handled my bargain with as much reverence as if it had been the purest gold instead of an old piece of iron eaten up with rust and verdigris, throwing into my face a certain imposing air of mystery, which seemed to say, "there is more in this, my merry masters, than you have the wit to fancy." Whether I succeeded or not in persuading any one else by this manoeuvre, is more than I can pretend to say, but that I persuaded myself of it—strange as this will appear—is quite certain. The longer I

examined my prize, the deeper became my conviction that there was something in it, if I could only find out what that something was. But *there* was the difficulty, which I could not contrive to get over, turn it which way I would. In short, I was much in the same plight with my friar's key that a savage of Otaheite would be, or rather would have been some years ago—he is wiser now—with a magic lantern, or a Dolland's microscope—good things enough in their way, if you only happen to know how to use them.

I fancy what I felt upon this occasion must have been expressed in my face, for the young man at my left hand, who had been at such pains to correct the orator's chronology, adding three hundred and odd years to the time since Roger Bacon had flourished at Brazen Nose, now stepped up to enlighten me.

"You have got a prize, Sir," he said, "though you must excuse me if I suspect you are not acquainted with its value."

"That is to say," I replied, "you think yourself the better antiquarian."

"I do not profess to be an antiquarian at all," said the young man, "and if your purchase had no other value than its age, it would be, in my eyes, but a sorry bargain."

"And what other value can it have?" I exclaimed. "Why, if the old friar himself were alive again, with all his art and magic to help him, I doubt if he could find any thing in this key beyond a piece of rusty iron."

"Why then, Sir, your bargain has been a sorry one. But you are wrong. The key has an intrinsic value, such as no antiquarian would have discovered, had he pored over it for a hundred years in the way he usually considers such things. If you will dine with me when all is over,—for this is not the fittest place to talk of these matters,—I will show you how this little piece of iron, if wisely used, may be worth to you more gold——"

"More than I have paid?"

"More than is in the exchequer of princes."

Being somewhat of a saturnine temper, I have an antipathy to all jokes, whether practical or otherwise, and this wore the face of a very impudent one, yet I actually accepted his invitation. It is true, the young man had not the appearance of a joker; on the contrary, his aspect, both from its longitude and lugubriousness was such as a professional mourner (where such artists are in request) would have deemed a fortune. And this, with a strong mixture of curiosity on my part, determined me to run all the peril of a hoax; the thing on earth I usually most dreaded, even beyond a mad dog or a lawyer.

I pass over the rest of the auction, which had now little interest for me, not excepting even the Venus, for a Venus Mr. Fudge pronounced the stone to be; and, if some people were right in their surmises, he had better reason than any one to be positive on the subject, having himself, as they said, superintended the manufacture of the deity. I thought no longer of any thing but my meeting with the young man at the coffee-house he had named, and the explanation to grow out of it. When the time *did* come, how tedious did the dinner seem! It appeared to my fancy as if it would never be over, so monstrous was the appetite of my host or guest, or so enormous my impatience conceived it. But as all earthly things must have an end, so had our meal. The last plate was cleared away, the last crumb swept from the cloth, the cloth itself borne off under the arm of the waiter, and a magnum of port wine placed between us with the remains of a bottle of sherry from the dinner. Now it was that I ventured to speak out plainly on the subject, to which hitherto he had not made the slightest allusion; and, at my first question, "What were the hidden virtues of the key he had so much vaunted?" the whole man was immediately changed, as if I had touched him with the rod of Aaron!

"Sir," he said, "I am here to answer your question, and I will answer it; but it is right I warn you before-

hand, that my discourse will include things scarcely credible to men of this unbelieving age."

"Why, truly," I replied, "we have not such an excellent capacity of belief as our forefathers had, but still we can do pretty well upon occasion."

"Yes," said my guest, with a sneer; "you do not believe in ghosts—scarcely in a devil—but you do believe that a man's mental and moral qualities are regulated by the bumps on his skull—you do believe that ice ceases to be ice at the pole, and are even beginning to doubt shrewdly, whether you have souls; thus voluntarily abasing yourself from your high ranks, as things of immortal life, to the level of the brute beast—but let that pass, it concerns me not—and let me tell you in what consists the real value of that seemingly so worthless piece of iron."

"You would oblige me," I replied, "beyond measure. I am all impatience to hear the secret; and, as to the matter of belief, you will not, I fancy, find me a very hard customer, provided your goods wear any thing like the market stamp upon them."

"But it is strange," said my guest, in that low, emphatic tone, which strikes with such miraculous distinctness on the tympanum of an eager listener, "It is strange beyond the strangest wonder that science or history has yet recorded."

I was ready to burst with curiosity!

"This little piece of green rusty iron," he went on, "that, to judge from outward appearance, is hardly worth the trouble of picking from the ground, is—"

He paused again, and sipped his wine. In my heart I wished the port could be changed to salt and water; but I took care not to offend him by communicating this opinion.

"This key—and there are others, though not many, like it—commands the entrance to the central gardens of the earth; for this world is not quite what philosophers in their conceit have imagined it to be. If you have the courage to dare so far, in one hour you may be where gold and diamonds grow as thickly, aye, ten times more

thickly, than the daisies in a summer meadow."

Here he paused again, with a look that seemed to say—"Do you believe me?" and for my part I did not see any occasion to tell him it was a lie; it would not have been polite to one who carried, as he did, a stout oak cudgel, and looked as if he knew how to use it. So I contented myself with observing—"If this story be true—and I don't take upon myself to say it is not—there must be some deviltry at the bottom of it—some old signing of hands in one's own blood—conveying a soul or so over to the old gentleman in black."

"You are a fool," replied my guest, tartly; "nothing more is required to the great end than courage to gain, and industry to gather. If you have these, you have all, and nothing will be demanded of you in return, though you should carry off a cart-load of treasure."

"But, my worthy counsellor in the art diabolic—for I must yet affirm, in spite of all you say, this has a strong relish of diabolus in it—"

"I tell you, no!" interrupted my guest, vehemently.

"Don't be angry for the matter," I said, "it is not worth it. But you must yourself own, that, if this key were the key of Paradise, it would be of marvellous little use to me, unless I knew where to find the gate it was intended to open."

"You speak well," he replied, pushing aside his glass, and taking out his watch. "The very time! day has just begun there.—Follow me!"

"You forget our account here—let us ring for the waiter first."

It is not needed; he is paid already."

"If that be the case, there is nothing more to be said; and I am at your service."

And off we set, arm-in-arm, diving through sundry blind alleys and crooked lanes, conspicuous alike for dirt and ragged children, till we at last emerged upon a wide street, that was as strange to me as if it had been one of the highways of ancient Babylon.

In the middle stood a solitary hackney-coach, with a pair of huge grey horses, or rather living skeletons of horses, for the celebrated "*anatomie vivante*" had not a better claim to the title than those semi-transparent animals; it was a marvel to me how they held together at all, and still more how they contrived to carry such long, handsome tails, which might have become the charger of a life-guardsmen. On the box of the said coach sat a tall lean negro, well worthy to be the driver of such cattle. He had on a high, steeple-crowned hat, grey boots, grey pantaloons, that, to use the hostler's phrase, were spick and span new, and his beard, too, was grey,—not as in old age, with a silver tint, but approaching the color of ashes,—and, that nothing might be wanting to make a complete grey man of him, he wore a cloak of the same complexion. In my life I had never seen a more droll-looking Jehu.

"Co-ach-man!—co-ach-man!"—called my new friend, dwelling on every syllable as if he had got the asthma—"Co-ach-man!"

The grey man flourished his whip with a knowing wink, and a nod of the head, as much as to say, "I understand," and drove up to us in grand style, not leaving a hair's-breadth between his wheel and the curb-stone. In a second he had dismounted; slap went down the steps, and I found myself handed into the carriage almost before I was aware of it.

"Good evening, and a lucky journey to you," said my friend; "though you will find it morning where you are going."

The grey man hastily packed up the steps again, and slammed the door to.

"But, my excellent monitor," I exclaimed, "will not you,—stop, coachman—stop, I tell you." The rascal had one foot on the wheel already—"but, my very worthy counsellor, are not you going with me?"

"No occasion," he replied; "old Harry knows where to drive you to. He has gone with many before on the same road."

"Aye, aye, master," said the grey man; "I know the road well enough. It's a half-crown fare when I carry a mean one; and a good four shillings-worth when a gentleman steps into my coach."

I would have protested against venturing upon so singular a journey, unless accompanied by the proposer of it, but all my remonstrances were effectually drowned in the clatter of the coach, which now set off at a rate that I had not expected from the lean condition of the cattle. The pavement struck a continued stream of fire from their shoes, as we flew along through street after street, all apparently deserted, and all equally unknown to me, though, till this time, I had flattered myself there was not a single corner of London with which I was not as well acquainted as the horse of a doctor in high practice. A four-shilling fare!—the grey man had done himself less than justice; we had already travelled over ground to three times that amount, and were now clear of the city, clattering, like mad, down a steep hill, that led, of course, somewhere, though where I could not imagine. The farther we went, the higher grew the walls of earth on either side of the road, till at last, their height was such as to completely exclude the light of day. Before and behind me was night, yet still we flew on,—on,—on,—on,—till I began to think I had realized, in my own person, the idea of perpetual motion, and was destined to whirl along for the rest of my life like a comet revolving in its orbit. But herein I was happily mistaken. We did at last stop before an immense pair of folding-doors, of brass or some heavy metal, let into the solid rock, which latter was scraped out into the form of an arch. Above this stood two colossal figures, each holding in its brazen grasp a chafing dish, full of live embers, that threw a lurid light for a few yards round, just sufficient to show the inscription over it—"CARPE DIEM."

This little memorandum gave me no particular encouragement to pro-

ceed, but the grey man was not a person to allow any one too much time for reflection. With his usual expedition, he had handed me out of the coach, received his fare, and again mounted his box, before I had well made up my mind what to do.

"Stop a moment, coachman," I exclaimed, as he took up his whip, and was about to give it the preparatory flourish—"Just stop for a minute or so! Stop! I say,—I have a mind to go back with you."

"But I have no mind that you should. Tschick! tschick—gee-up, ho, lads!" He was gone.

What was to be done now? I might as well go on, since it seemed there was no way of getting back,—at least for the present,—so I applied my rusty old key to the ponderous lock before me, not a little doubtful, though, of the result; when, to my great surprise, it not only fitted exactly, but at the first touch of it the bolt shot from its fastening. The doors then swung slowly on their hinges, as if impelled by some invisible hand, and showed me a spacious hall of white marble, supported by columns of the same, and with windows, that, from the light streaming upon the pavement, must open into day, though all behind me, for many a mile, was utter darkness. I had little hesitation in entering a place of such fair promise, when the gates again closed after me, as they had opened, of their own accord: but this gave me little trouble, as I had carefully retained the key, and had, therefore, no occasion to fear the being detained against my will.

Boldly passing on through this noble hall, I suddenly found myself in a world,—for I may call a space so limitless a world,—that fairly struck me dumb with wonder. Above me was a crystal sky, brilliant with excess of light, although it had neither sun, nor moon, nor stars, nor any other visible source of so much splendor. Before me, and on both sides, as far as the eye could reach, was hill after hill, valley after valley, the soil of which was gold-dust, the rocks gold,

and the stones thickly set in it, diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and all those gems to which the fancy of man has given an estimation. Thousands of human beings were busy, in all directions, with shovel and pick-axe, sweeping up the yellow dust, or rending the jewels from their beds of gold; and, indeed, the work must have been carried on for ages, for the ground was full of immense cavities, that appeared to have resulted from the mining after the treasures imbedded in it. Of the multitudes thus employed, some were young, and others old, but by far the greater part were no less burthened by their years than by the riches they had collected and stowed away in their pockets, to the great increase of their persons. What was still more singular, the aged were infinitely the most industrious. They scarcely allowed themselves time to eat or drink, so intent were they in adding to their loads, even when they were sinking under them; but the young, with a few exceptions only, took the matter much more easily; they would frequently leave a ruby or a sapphire ungathered, after they had nearly detached it from the rock, and leave some crafty old fellow to reap the benefit of their labor, while they stepped aside for no other purpose than to pluck some new flower that grew near them, or to indulge in the fruit, which, it must be owned, looked most deliciously.

While I was admiring this novel sight, with no little inclination to join in a labor so agreeable, I was accosted by a dark, portly man, who in dress and figure strongly resembled a Dutch burgomaster, when Holland was under the rule of Spaniards. In his right hand he carried a substantial cane, headed with ivory, such as rich men of a certain age are in the habit of carrying, more as a prop to their dignity than to their limbs. Though not so fat as a London alderman in full perfection, he yet had a waist of comfortable dimensions, which, as he was of the tallest, did not show so much amiss; and, indeed, he had no want of dignity, though it was not precisely

that kind which assimilates with the received notions of a king or a hero. He was too homely for the one character, and too fat for the other; for, notwithstanding the example of Napoleon, there is something peculiarly incongruous in the idea of a great waist and a great man. His complexion, however, was all that a novelist could wish for his hero, being so dark that it might well be called olive, and his dress was a rich, but sober-colored Spanish habit; so that, altogether, he had the appearance of a merchant of the olden time when merchants were princes.

"Well, Sir," said this portly figure, laying his hand condescendingly upon my shoulder,—"you are come, like the rest of them, to see what you can pick up in my gardens."

I thought it best not to tell a lie for the matter—that is, not a direct lie—for he had a terrible eye under his bushy brows; so I treated his question half in joke, half in earnest, saying that I might, perhaps, be tempted to pick up a few handfuls of dust, or some half-score of jewels, if I could be well assured that there were no steel traps or spring-guns set in his premises.

"For what do you take me?" said the portly gentleman, frowning.

"For the owner of this splendid estate," I replied, with a conciliatory bow.

"You are right," he said, "I am so, and if it were only for that word, you may gather a cart-load of diamonds, or gold, or whatever else happens best to tickle your fancy. How say you, friend: have you a mind to this gem?"

"Nothing," I replied, "would please me better—though—" for I did not yet feel convinced he was in earnest—"though I can hardly reconcile it to my conscience to rob you of such precious treasures."

"Treasures, quotha! Aye, that is one of the many fancies of you simple folks of the upper earth. But think so still for me; I shall the sooner get rid of the rubbish, which lies more thickly on the land than is

like to be good for my fruit trees. Here, Gobliner."

The being thus summoned, and who hastened to us at the call, was, as I imagined, a gnome, and this the kingdom of the gnomes, though, I must confess, the appearance of the portly gentleman was not that of a ruler of spirits. Gobliner, however, with his yellow face and long muscular arms, fully justified my suspicion.

"Gobliner," said the portly gentleman, "give this honest man a spade and pick-axe; he has taken a fancy to help in clearing off the stones for you."

"I am glad to hear it, master," said the gnome, "for they lie thicker this year than ever; for my part, I think they must grow like the carrots and turnips, only it may be not quite so fast."

"Bad philosophy, Gobliner," replied his master; "but give my friend here his tools, and e'en let him set to work as soon as he pleases."

I was accordingly furnished with the requisite implements, and was trotting off in a violent hurry to a very promising mass of rock, in which the diamonds were stuck like pins in a toilette cushion, when the portly gentleman again laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"Hark ye a moment, mine honest friend—there is yet one thing for you to learn—one little condition, before you begin your operations, for I like to deal on the square with the folks who come here."

My countenance fell in an instant. I thought directly of the devil and his old tricks, and had scarcely courage to falter out,—"Pray, Sir, what is this condition?"

"Oh, no great matter; it is only that folks are allowed but a single day in my grounds. Work away, therefore, as hard as you please till night-fall; dig gold and diamonds, or gather the fruits from the trees, or sit still without doing any thing, just as you think proper; it is all the same to me. But, remember, when you see the crystal above you clouded with a grey tint, as if a veil had been drawn over

it, then is our twilight, and, hard upon that, follows darkness, when you are like to be turned out, if you stay so long, with certain disagreeable accompaniments. I tell you this, that you may make the best use of your time, and not blame me afterwards if you should find your labor has been great and your pleasure little."

Thus saying, the portly gentleman strode off, with a patronizing nod, followed by Gobliner, who turned back from time to time, mocking at me with his long yellow hands, and chuckling with delight, as if he had some pleasant piece of mischief in view—pleasant, I mean, to himself—for I did not suspect him of too much good-nature. I had, however, little leisure to think of him. There were diamonds to be dug, and fruit to be gathered, for my mind was made up to neglect neither; though, as a prudent man, I resolved not to tickle my appetite till I had collected an ample supply of gold and precious stones. Even if this should occupy the day, what would that matter? When the twilight came on, it would be time enough to think of indulging myself—though, truth to say, the fruit looked tempting beyond measure, and the single taste I ventured on, by way of experiment, had a surpassing relish with it, that almost upset my resolution.

Such was the profusion of precious stones, glittering from the rocks on all sides, that I calculated on digging out as many as I could possibly want long before the darkness. But this was a grievous mistake, as I soon found out when I actually set to work. The greater part of the diamonds grew on the steep sides of precipices, not to be climbed without infinite peril to my neck; and those that were more within reach lay imbedded in rock that was harder than the hardest granite. Not that these difficulties deterred me from the labor; so far from it, I toiled with unabated diligence hour after hour, neglecting the delicious fruits which seemed ready to drop into my mouth, and, by the time of twilight, had got together a

tolerable parcel of the largest diamonds—not to speak of topazes, emeralds, and gold-dust. Even then I thought I might as well continue my work a little longer. The evening had, it is true, thrown a grey veil over the crystal sky; but who could say how long such a twilight would last? It might, for aught I knew, endure for hours; so that there would be still time to sit down and enjoy myself. On, therefore, I went, most gallantly, with spade and pick-axe, digging and hammering, rending and gathering, till I could absolutely work no longer; indeed, I could scarcely move hand or foot: the sky, too, grew darker and darker; and I began to think it would be as well to rest contented with what I had got, and enjoy myself while there was any twilight remaining. But here again I had reckoned without my host, or rather my passion for gold and diamonds had blinded me to all other considerations. Having wasted the day in such excessive toil, I was almost too weary to gather the fruit; and when I did reach any, the same feeling of fatigue rendered me incapable of enjoying it.

Night now unfolded her wings, and sank down in darkness upon the earth, like a vulture overshadowing the prey it has struck; and a deep bell, that seemed to be tolled in the very centre of the earth, sent a heavy summons to all that the day was over. At this signal, the plains and hills suddenly swarmed with gnomes, in face and figure the exact prototypes of Gobliner, if indeed they did not—many of them, at least—deserve the palm of superior ugliness. These ferocious monsters were armed with whips, which they cracked with high glee about the ears of those who, like myself, had loitered to this late hour, driving us forward, as if we had been a flock of sheep, to the great hall. Wearied as I was, and with such beagles close upon my heels, it is no wonder that by degrees I lost the

whole of the precious burthen I had toiled so hard for. Diamond dropped after diamond, emerald after emerald, and, if I paused for an instant to pick up the fallen treasure, the lash of the gnomes soon reminded me that time was no longer at my own disposal. Indeed, I was often glad, when we came on the more broken parts of the ground, to fling away a portion of my load, dear as it was to me, that I might get on the more easily; and thus, in one way or the other, by the time I reached the hall, I had not a single sample left of all my treasure.

There was no occasion for the key to let me out: the great folding-doors now stood wide open, the gnomes smacking their whips behind us, and the road before us being covered with vehicles of all kinds, from the proud coach and six, through all the intermediate degree of carriages and pair, demi-fortune, and gig, down to the humble hackney. Vexed beyond measure at my own folly in having thus wasted the whole day in fruitless toil, instead of enjoying myself, I jumped into the first vacant coach, and, holding out a crown-piece to the driver, bade him drive like fury. He took me at my word. Off we set at full gallop, with as little regard to our necks as might be; and as many of my neighbors, probably under the influence of the same feelings, were going at the same rate, I had no right to wonder at our vehicles coming in collision. Off flew the wheel—down smashed the coach; and I was thrown upon the hard road with so much violence that—awoke me! I was still in the auction-room, where, thanks to the eloquence of Mr. Fudge, I had been comfortably asleep for the last two hours. The Venus or Hercules was going.—“Nine hundred and eighty guineas are bid for this magnificent torso.”—“One thousand!” I cried.—“Thank you, Sir.—Going for one thousand guineas—gone!”

STANZAS.

'Tis for thee, my love, I raise the cup, for a parting health to thee,
And my sweet babe, thy image fair, who are so dear to me ;
To this loved home, wherein my heart in fancy oft will dwell,
Ye cherished three, to all and each, a tender fare-ye-well !

And yet, my Mary, first to thee my fondest thoughts are given,
Nor can fate more than part us thus, whose hearts are one in heaven ;
But God will cheer and comfort thee, when I am far from hence,
He knows thy gentle nature well,—our child's pure innocence !

Oh thou art fair as Beauty's self, thou hast its beaming eye,
Its chasten'd flush upon thy cheek, to shame the rose's dye ;
Its parting lips, its polish'd brow, with cluster'd ringlets fair,
Its junpy waist, its angel form, its meek retiring air.

But these are graces which by mind's pure worth are far surpass'd ;
I met thee as an angel first, as such we'll part at last :
Each faultless feature, Love, was thine, but all I felt was given,
In these were traces of the earth, which kept thee back from heaven.

Farewell once more ; I dare not think, and only know that I
Must court this worthless world's false smile beneath another sky ;
But though my steps be chain'd, my love, my fancy will be free,
And oft will visit in its dreams this home, my child, and thee.

My Mary, couldst thou see this heart, thou'dst find engraven there
An image of thy gentle self ; a fond, fond husband's prayer :
The world is harsh, and thou art kind—is rude, and thou alone,
And thou, I fear, must weep, my love, must weep when I am gone !

But heaven will guard thee ; and this pledge, our young and beauteous boy,
Will serve to lead his mother's heart by tender hopes to joy ;
And a time is coming yet, when I will strain thee to my heart,—
An hour when we will meet again, and never more to part !

Yes, Mary, even through my tears, methinks afar I see
A quiet spot 'midst our native hills, a cottage on a lea :
The brawling of a stream is heard, the noise of humming bees,
The laugh of happy voices from a clump of neighboring trees !

A halo hovers o'er that spot—there's peace around, above ;
Contentment there is join'd in joy to ever faithful love :
There all they sought is found at length, and all they hoped is given,
They live for mutual bliss alone, and only wait for heaven !

TO "BEAUTY."

THE morn is up ! wake, Beauty, wake !
The flower is on the lea,
The blackbird sings within the brake,
The thrush is on the tree ;
Forth to the balmy fields repair,
And let the breezes mild
Lift from thy brow the falling hair,
And fan my little child—
Yet if thy step be 'mid the dews,
Beauty ! be sure to change your shoes !

'Tis noon ! the butterfly springs up,
High from her couch of rest,
And scorns the little blue-bell cup
Which all night long she press'd.
Away ! we'll seek the walnut's shade,

And pass the sunny hour,
The bee within the rose is laid,
And veils him in the flower ;
Mark not the lustre of his wing,
Beauty ! be careful of his sting !

'Tis eve ! but the retiring ray
A halo deigns to cast
Round scenes on which it shone all day,
And gilds them to the last ;
Thus, ere thine eyelids close in sleep,
Let Memory deign to flee
Far o'er the mountain and the deep,
To cast one beam on me !
Yes, Beauty ! 'tis mine inmost prayer—
But don't forget to curl your hair !

MORAL OF A ROSE-LEAF.

WHEN a daffadill I see,
 Hanging down his head t'wards me,
 Guesse I may what I must be :
 First, I shall decline my head ;
 Secondly, I shall be dead ;
 Lastly, safely buried.—HERRICK.

So sang a poet, whose writings bear all the ease and delicacy of "learned leisure," and yet betray his constant aptitude to moralize upon, and give a pithy turn to, matters in themselves frequently vulgar and of every day occurrence. His spirit appears to have been always on the watch to strike out a moral, or a pretty gleam of poetry, from even a pebble on the road-side. He would have worked the following touching paragraph into innumerable beauties, begetting "a hundred similes," and each a glittering coin for the exchequer of Apollo.

Amongst a great many miracles attributed to Abdul Radir Ghilan, the founder of the order of the Kalandi, is the following ; which, however, if it do not savor much of the miraculous, at least discovers an aptness and delicacy of imagination, not always to be found in the opium-loving Mahometan. It is related that Abdul Radir Ghilan, once coming to Babylon, to inhabit amongst the other superstitious persons and *santones* (a gross epicurean order) of that city, they hearing of his approach, went forth to meet him, one of them carrying in his hand a dish filled with water ; from whence they would infer, that as that dish was full to the brim, so as to be capable of containing no more, so their city was so replenished with learned and religious persons, that there was no place to receive him : whereupon our sagacious Abdul, being desirous of confuting this hieroglyphic, whereby they would excuse the courtesy of due hospitality, stretched his arms first towards heaven, and then bowed down and gathered a *rose-leaf*, which he laid on the water, then almost overflowing the dish. Now Abdul, by this piece of ingenuity not only con-

futed the parable of the churlish and sordid Babylonians, but also so impressed them with a sense of his greatness, that they registered the effort of Abdul as a miracle of wisdom, and, bringing him into their city with triumph, made him the superior of all their orders.

We might very reasonably make the above incident serve as an every-day memento—a record to spur us on to moral and intellectual cultivation. How frequently do we proceed more than half way towards the completion of a valuable undertaking, when, making a sudden halt, we think enough has been done, imagining further effort useless, and even impossible. Our endeavors, like the dish full of water, are rising to the brim ; they seem completed to overrunning, and yet they would bear something—a rose-leaf placed upon them would make our triumph most complete. Is it sufficient that we give excellent advice to those who "the primrose paths of dalliance tread," is it sufficient that we steep them to the very lips in apophthegm and moral exhortations ? No, there yet wants something to crown the labor—the rose-leaf of example. We may hastily pass an object of charity, and with our best wishes to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate, suffer not ourselves to take the trouble of retracing our path to confront the petitioner. Oh, what are charitable feelings, although overflowing the heart, unless they bear upon them something else than theoretical benevolence !—let us place upon them the odorous rose-leaf of practice. When the bigotry, the persecution, the uncharitableness of mankind is poured down upon some devoted head, let us not mingle in the overwhelming torrent, let us not adu-

to its strength, but yield up a sweet and cheering offering, the rose-leaf of compassion. When we feel ourselves sinking beneath the waters of affliction, let us not give ourselves, with reckless indifference, to the potency of that which oppresses us; but rather let the beauty and the perfume of Hope be seen in the rose-leaf upon the flood, a leaf in which our spirit may sail securely, although the lightning flashes from above, and the earth trembles from beneath.

We might pursue this subject to any length, without the fear of being charged with repetition, from a want of apt

similitudes. The matter is a most fertile and beautiful one; but we prefer it thus briefly, that it may excite useful reflection, rather than by a needless verbosity out-weary it. A simple stone, the record of a sentence, will sometimes awaken deeper attention than a gigantic edifice, and a finely-turned homily. The brief exhortation, "Remember thou art a man," must sometimes have reached, with greater force, the heart of the monarch of old, than if he had assembled his priests, his magi, and his soothsayers, to hold forth on the state of mortality, and on all earth's vanities.

CHARACTERS OF CONTEMPORARY FOREIGN AUTHORS AND STATESMEN.

NO. I.—LE VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND; PEER OF FRANCE, AND MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

THE ancients, who loved to find the marvellous in all the productions of nature, made theameleon the symbol of versatility. The moderns, going still farther, adopted the name of this reptile to express by a single word all sorts of infidelity, sycophancy, and change. The cameleon changes its color and form, almost instantaneously, according to the bodies by which it is surrounded. The cameleon was, therefore, the portrait of those persons who, in changing their color, do not wait till that of yesterday be thoroughly obliterated before they put on that of to-day. They are not

— off with the old love
Before they are on with the new.

Thus the most innocent of animals brought to mind the last degree of human baseness—thus the most inoffensive, the least ambitious of created beings beheld its name become the emblem of the apostacy of the Talleyrands, the Chabrols, the Cuviers, the Laplaces, the Soult, the Lauristons, and of that famous Chateaubriand, republican and philosopher at the beginning of his career, monarchical and Catholic in his maturity—Bonapartist under the empire, royalist after the

restoration—the friend of despotism when in power, the defender of liberty when in disgrace—and, according to the circumstances of the moment, forging weapons, in the *Journal des Débats*, for the independence of the people, or the despotism of kings.

Disturbed by a restless imagination, by a precocious taste for an adventurous life, it was "with delight" that Chateaubriand "wandered" over our globe. He traversed wide oceans—he dwelled in the hut of the savage, and in the palaces of kings—in the city and in the camp. A traveller in the plains of Greece, a pilgrim to the shrines of Jerusalem, he "seated himself on all sorts of ruins." He beheld the kingdom of Louis XVI. and the empire of Bonaparte pass away. He shared the exile of the Bourbons, and announced their return. "Two weights which seemed to be appended to his fortune" caused it successively to rise and sink in equal proportions. He is taken up—he is abandoned—he is taken up again;—stripped to-day, he is clothed to-morrow, for the purpose of being stripped again. Accustomed to these "squalls"—in whatever port he arrives, he considers himself as a navigator who will soon put to sea again,

who "makes no permanent establishment on land." Two hours, he tells us, were sufficient for him to quit the ministry, and to give up the keys of the official residence to his successor; and two hours will have been enough for him to make peace with the men who turned him out, and who now have appointed him ambassador to Rome.

Men gifted with a vivid imagination are more ready than others to throw themselves now into one party, now into another; and to disclaim to-morrow the opinion of to-day. They speak and write always rather under the inspiration of the moment, than from a matured and digested conviction concerning men and things. And what renders this versatility, in some sort, excusable, is, that they are always in earnest and good faith, for they are always the dupes of their imagination. Monsieur de Chateaubriand is one of these. He has said in his *Génie du Christianisme*, "that the history of great writers is to be found in their works;—that we paint well only our own heart, in attributing it to another—and that the best part of genius consists in its recollections." He has proved this truth by his own writings. His different works are full of the recollections of his life—they state, if they do not explain, the different metamorphoses of the noble Viscount; they are, so to speak, the "itinerary" of his history—the "diary" of his changing opinions—the picture of his "fluctuating" conduct, since the revolution.

The gloomy romance of *Réné*, in which are visible the character and some of the adventures of the author, is stamped with that spirit of mysticism which Chateaubriand manifested from his very earliest years. But, soon disgusted with the profession of the church, to which his mother destined him, he went to America. Here, he penetrated far into the immense solitudes of the New World. He "wandered with delight" in the majestic forests inhabited by the Natchez, and raised his style to the level of the grandeur of the pictures which unfolded themselves before his eyes. He

saw Washington; and "as there is virtue in the looks of a great man," he imbibed those principles of republicanism and philosophy which he afterwards developed in the work he published in London, during his emigration, under the title of "An Historical, Political and Moral Essay on Ancient and Modern Revolutions, considered with reference to the French Revolution." But "two voices having issued from the grave, a death, which became the interpreter of death, having stricken him," M. de Chateaubriand, like another Magdalen, repented—and became Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman. He published the interesting episode of *Atala*, in the *Mer-cure*, of which he was one of the proprietors, "as a bait to seduce people to read the *Génie du Christianisme*," which appeared a year afterwards, when Bonaparte wished to make himself an absolute and most Christian king. The *Génie du Christianisme*, a mixture of some sublime parts with ridiculous and tedious disquisitions, obtained, at its first appearance, a prodigious success. Patronised and cried up to the skies by the booksellers, the blues, and the sentimentalists, M. de Chateaubriand became immediately a personage of importance. He celebrated "the man sent by Providence as a sign of reconciliation, when it was weary of punishing"—and "the man of Providence," then First Consul, chose the author of the *Christianisme* to accompany Cardinal Fesch, as Secretary of Embassy to the court of Rome.

Atala had been the foundation of M. de Chateaubriand's fortune; and, some time after his arrival at Rome, M. de Chateaubriand being godfather to a girl, gave her, in the spirit of gratitude, the name of *Atala*. It is said that the priest refused to baptise her by this name; that M. de Chateaubriand insisted with all the obstinacy of an author, and all the pride of an ambassador; and that he complained to the cardinal, who was of the opinion of the priest. It is further said that, in the course of the discussion, M. de Chateaubriand, indignant that such a difficulty should be raised, expressed

himself in a very free manner. "Between ourselves," he said to the cardinal, "your Eminence must know very well that there is but a slight difference between Atala and all the other female saints,"—a position in which the cardinal was far from coinciding.

This independence in matters of religion did not last long; and it was, doubtless, as an expiation of this sin against sacred things, that he who had proclaimed that "there was nothing beautiful, or good, or great in life except in things mysterious," took up the cross, and, a modern palatine, made, alone and penitent, a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. Chateaubriand went by Italy and Greece, traversed Turkey, and arrived at Jerusalem towards the end of 1806. After having, in the course of his journey, had the honor of singing, "Ah! vous dirais-je, maman!" at the wedding of Mademoiselle Pengali, and the satisfaction of "flogging a Janissary," and "burning the moustache of a sophi with the priming of a pistol," he returned to his country laden with a dozen pebbles of Sparta, Argos, and Corinth, a chaplet, a little bottle of the water of the Jordan, a phial of that of the Dead Sea, some reeds gathered on the banks of the Nile, and the manuscript of his *Itinerary from Paris to Jerusalem*. In this work there are some magnificent descriptions, overlaid by a mass of adventures, some curious, but for the most part commonplace; by the side of pages of a pure and elegant style, are whole chapters of the merest gossiping; and great and just ideas are vitiated by paradoxes as anti-social, as anti-philosophical, and as anti-religious as the following:—"It is to the system of slavery that the superiority of the ancients over ourselves is to be attributed."

It was the *Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem*, in which M. de Chateaubriand had inserted some sentences about military glory, which reconciled the great writer with the hero of the age; and which caused the latter to forget the noble indignation which the poet

had betrayed at the news of the assassination of the Duc d'Enghien. It also opened to the author of *Atala* the doors of the Academy, where he took his seat, insulting the memory of his predecessor, the illustrious and republican Chénier. But he had been also a somewhat severe censor of *Atala*, and a poet of wit, whose satire, "*Les Nouveaux Saints*," had, some years before, wounded the vanity, and disturbed the conscience, of the author of the *Génie du Christianisme*.

It was when fortune seemed to be preparing to desert the banners of the man of the 18th Brumaire, that the new academician delivered his philippic against Chénier. In this audacious discourse, he dared, under the eyes of the despot, to discuss the restoration of the monarchy, and the trial of Louis XVI. Napoleon read the discourse, prohibited its publication, and, in his indignation, let fall these words, so characteristic of the dispositions of the fortunate soldier who then governed France. "Since when has the Institute allowed itself to become a political assembly? Let them make verses, and play the censors of the language, but let them not stir beyond the territory of the Muses, or I shall know well how to make them go back to it. If M. de Chateaubriand is mad, there are lunatic asylums to receive him. Are we, then, bandits, and am I only an usurper? I have dethroned no one. I picked up the crown from the kennel, and the people placed it upon my head. Let its acts be respected!"

The friends of M. de Chateaubriand were alarmed; and the poet himself, having read in these expressions the downfall of his brilliant future, devoted his services to the cause of legitimacy, which he had till then neglected, and to the triumph of which the disasters of Napoleon seemed to give some likelihood.

The composition, entitled *On Bonaparte and the Bourbons*, in which the fallen idol is torn to pieces without mercy, displayed Chateaubriand as one of the most devoted and ardent partisans of the government which fo-

reign bayonets had just imposed upon France. The pamphleteer was appointed Ambassador to Sweden; but his repugnance for illegitimates retained him at Paris. Napoleon reappeared. Chateaubriand fled to Ghent, in the capacity of minister to Louis XVIII. He returned to France after the battle of Waterloo; he ranged himself among the proscribers in the Chamber of Peers, and "requested the king to suspend the course of his inexhaustible clemency." He afterwards published his "*Monarchie selon la Charte*," with the manifest and avowed intention of arming against the royal authority all the doubtful persons who, by the ordinance of the 5th of September, 1816, had just re-entered within the pale of the charter, and adopted ideas of amnesty and union.

This work cost the author a formal destitution; and the partisan of legitimacy throwing himself thenceforward into opposition, established the *Conservateur*, and, armed with that journal, into which, it has been said, "he crammed more eloquence than would have been sufficient for an ordinary man to earn a high name," he made war to the death against the ministry of Decazes, which he overset. He then took his seat in the council by the side of Villèle—excited the Spanish war—and was subsequently turned out by his colleague, as a "*garçon de bureau*." He next became liberal, and, in the *Journal des Débats*, attacked the triumvirate Villèle, Peyronnet, and Corbière, with a perseverance and talent little common; and, after three years' contest, having contributed to their fall, he laid down his arms, and passed anew into the ranks of aristocracy, upon being appointed Ambassador to Rome: upon having the dignity of councillor of state bestowed upon his two aides-de-camp, *Bertin de Vaux* and *Salvandy*; and after having stipulated for the payment by the ministry of a sum of 350,000 francs, as an indemnity for the expenses of the war—of which the illustrious Viscount pockets 280,000 francs, while his confidential secretary, M. Roux Laborie, has the remaining 70,000.

We have seen that, in politics, versatility is the staple feature of M. de Chateaubriand's character. He has divided his affections between the monarchy and the republic, the theocratic and the constitutional government. We have seen him pass from a seminary at St. Malo to the shores of the United States,—shed his blood at the siege of Thionville, under the banners of the emigration, and profess, at London, republican principles. We have seen him join Napoleon and quit him—and again join him to quit him again. We have seen him abjure the principles which he had proclaimed under the empire, in order to profit by those diametrically opposite after the restoration. It has been said, and we agree with it, "in politics, M. de Chateaubriand has no fixed principles, and is rather *un républicain manqué* than anything else."

Considered as a moral and religious writer, M. de Chateaubriand does not deserve either the excessive praise or the excessive blame that have been poured out upon him. At Rome, his *Génie du Christianisme* has been placed on the prohibited list, like *Emile* and *Candide*; and in the seminaries, where religion is treated so microscopically, they beheld in M. de Chateaubriand only a philosopher who was little of a theologian, who brought within the same poetical horizon the Venus and Virgin Mary—Jupiter and Jehovah. They counted up a thousand and twenty-three objectionable propositions in his book;—and those parallels between the Bible and Homer—that comparison between the scriptural Phædra and the pagan Dido—between the recognition of Joseph by his brethren, and of Penelope by her husband,—did not furnish to the Vatican bolts sufficient to crush them into dust.

In the salons of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, on the other hand, M. de Chateaubriand is held up as *the* moral writer *par excellence*. There, it has been overlooked that it is not quite according to morality to present to us in the *Mémoires sur le Duc de Berri*, his amorous weaknesses as an addi-

tional perfection in the character of a chivalrous Frenchman,—to tell us, in *Réné*, in the name of virtue and of the monarchy, the story of an incestuous brother, who casts the eye of guilt upon his sister; to delight in the description of the impurities of the infamous Heliogabalus; or to paint in the *Martyrs* the violent loves of Eudorus and the Druidess Velléda.

This last work, the *Martyrs*, is perhaps the least popular of all those which M. de Chateaubriand has published, and yet, to our taste, it is his chef-d'œuvre. Its plan is vast and well wrought out: it contains novel and ably-drawn characters; descriptions full of truth and beauty; a style frequently calling to mind the beautiful Homeric simplicity; bold images, and ideas, sometimes bordering on the fantastic, but still strictly those of a poet; a whole, in short, in which, as in the most part of M. de Chateaubriand's works, there is much to blame, but still more to admire. Homer, Hesiod, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Klopstock, and the Bible, formed the sources of Chateaubriand's inspiration when he composed the *Martyrs*. He has not raised himself as high as his models; he often wants boldness, and often sinks to the character of a timid copyist. Influenced by French taste, he has failed in the daring, the terrible, and the grand, when he has come to the description of his Hell. There is neither majesty, nor rage, nor terror in the Infernal Council of the *Martyrs*. His demons, as compared with the Titans, who tried to scale Olympus,—with Satan, or Belzebub, bold enough to aim at dethroning the Eternal, are but a troop of pygmies before a race of giants, which, by the way, have acquired an immense height in passing from the hands of Homer into those of Milton. But that creation of the Demon of Homicide, which our poet owes solely to his own inspiration—who, with a torch in one hand and a sword in the other, stops over Rome, and gives the signal for the massacre of the Christians—the whole of that dreadful event—the scene in which an apostate Hebrew, standing on the ashes

of Nero, evokes the demon of tyranny to answer to the vows of the cruel and superstitious Hériocles;—these are compositions not short of magnificent, and worthy, in every respect, of the sublimity of the epopeia.

The *Martyrs*, notwithstanding their many blemishes, bear the impress of the greatest talent. A few of those strange expressions, and fantastic similes, with which Chénier reproached M. de Chateaubriand, signify but little. There are imagination, ideas, images, in his poem. We behold Rome, with all its glorious buildings, still erect—Naples, with its perfumes and its revels—Germany, with its mysterious forests—Greece, with its enchantments—Gaul, with its Druids—and the Gauls and the Franks bringing to their battles that savage and indomitable energy which belongs to barbarians. Like Voltaire, like Gibbon, like Pascal, Bacon, Corneille, Racine,—Chateaubriand has more than once taken the subject of his pictures from both ancient and modern authors. His *Voyage en Amérique* is full of thefts from the Pilgrimage in Europe and America of Beltrami. But these plagiarisms, and the blemishes of style with which we have reproached M. de Chateaubriand, cannot deprive that author of the first rank among the French prose-writers of the age. His imagination is as fertile as Nature herself, and his descriptions are as varied as the places he has visited, the opinions he has embraced, or the diversified passions which have agitated his tumultuous existence. It is easy, and it is right, to criticise the political variations of M. de Chateaubriand; one must lament such aberrations in a public man. But nothing but praises can rise to the lips when we think of the admirable pictures of new and uncultivated nature which we find in *Atala*—its tenderness, its pathos, and its passion;—of the superb parallel between Washington and Napoleon, inserted in his *Travels in America and Italy*;—of those touching scenes, so truly rendered, of the devotedness of a man of the desert to *Réné*—that unhappy

exile from the ancient world ;—of that terrible picture of Héracles, sick, abandoned even by his slaves, received into their hospital by the very Christians who have been the objects of his cruel persecutions, and, at last, relieved in his agony by the same hand which had just bound up the wounds of a martyr ;—of that awful description of the death of this impious and wicked man—his appearance before the tribunal of God, whom he has denied in Time, and whose face he will never more behold during Eternity—the intercession of his guardian angel—the silence of the guilty man, dumb through terror, for he has judged him-

self—the cries of the lost angels, who demand their prey—the judgment pronounced in Heaven—the fall of the Atheist, cast down into Hell, which yawns to receive him, and closes upon him, pronouncing the word “ Eternity ! ”—the echo of the abyss as it repeats “ Eternity ! ”—All these things cannot, we think, but be regarded in their various ways, as beauties touching, tender, terrible, and sublime. It is, we readily admit, foolish to cry up M. de Chateaubriand’s compositions as anything approaching to faultless ; but it is equally foolish, and unjust besides, to conceal or to deny his great, many, and very varied merits.

MRS. G. G. RICHARDSON’S POEMS.*

THE mind as well as the form of woman is more tender and delicate than that of man ; and when, endowed with more than ordinary vigor, it expends its energies in poetry, it is generally more remarkable for minuteness and truth of painting. Sappho has excelled, in the delineation of love, all who have ever written ; and it is perhaps not too much to suppose that, did all her works remain, we should find her equally powerful and correct in her descriptions of other feelings and passions. It is true that no modern poetess has hitherto produced anything comparable to the Sapphic fragments ; nor is there any probability that, while the present poetical creed continues to be received, anything equal or similar will ever be given birth to : yet numerous lyrical and miscellaneous pieces, of great originality and beauty, have in our own day proceeded from the female pen. The reasons why ladies succeed in short fugitive pieces, and fail in longer efforts, are obvious enough : their own hearts furnish them with delicate sentiments, tender feelings, and pure thoughts ; but their domestic life denies them that large experience of the world, which can alone furnish the materials of a great poem.

We love to linger over the excellent productions of the female mind. They seem to be redolent of beauty, and to be as soft as the bosom in which they were formed. Lovely faces appear to greet us with smiles as we turn over the pages ; we become a woman’s confidant, and learn, as from her own sweet lips, the secrets of her heart. It is true we do not see the lips move, or feel her breath, like a cloud of fragrant incense, floating about us ; nor does the silver voice shower its delicious music into our ears : but we have her ideas, her most hidden thoughts, her most cherished feelings, clothed in the best language of which she is mistress. It is almost like receiving a letter from a beautiful woman at a distance ; and we think of every woman as beautiful *per se*, whom we do not know to be otherwise ; for, with us, woman and beauty are synonymous terms.

Many of the pieces which compose the volume now before us are distinguished by great chasteness both of thought and language, by pleasing and appropriate similes, natural metaphors, and very gentle pathos. A clever critic would immediately discover them, by their peculiar sweetness and deli-

* Poems, &c. By Mrs. G. G. Richardson. 12mo. Edinburgh and London, 1828.

cacy, to be from a female pen ; for the distinctions of sex really prevail in mind as well as in our physical nature. There is a vein of pious melancholy running through the whole volume, plainly indicating that the writer has had many sorrows to contend with ; but there is also a resignation, a reliance upon Providence, and a strong faith in the goodness of the Divinity, which more than counterbalance the effects of this gloom. The talent displayed in the poetry, indeed, is equalled throughout by the nobleness of the sentiments, the strength of affection, and the amiableness of character it exhibits.

In making our extracts we are puzzled what to select, many of the best of the short pieces having been already printed, and the longer poems being much *too long* for copying. We shall begin with four sweet lines from the first copy of verses in the volume :

"Beneath its shade to vagrant thought resign'd,
While zephyr's wings, dipp'd in the violet's dew,
Sweep by like dreams of bliss when life was new,
I rest from noontide cares my wearied mind."

As a very pretty natural picture we select

The Little Angler.

The summer morn was shining bright,
Inclining me to roam ;
Birds, trees, and sweet perfume invite
To ramble far from home.

At play, beside the dingle brook,
An urchin troop I spied ;
A thread and pin, his line and hook,
One tiny angler tried.

With ever-baffled toil to wile
The craftier minnow race,—
Fair, curly haired, blue eyed, a smile
Still winnowing o'er his face.

Playmates were jeering him, but no !
He would not be subdued ;
I watch'd him long, 'twas time to go—
My wanderings were pursued.

Full many a mile, the sun was high
When I this path retraced ;
There stood the little fisher-boy
Just where I left him placed.

Still, every throw fresh hope supplied,
And still the eager eye
Followed each ripple of the tide,
And still the prey shot by.

The gazer o'er that woodland scene,
Could rest upon no spot,
Where Nature's most enchanting sheen
Of loveliness was not ;

But eye, thought, fancy, all were spell'd
By that fair boy alone,
Still standing where I last beheld,
His every playmate gone ;

His minnow chase, his flashing smile,
Hopes baffled, ever new !
The ardor of his fruitless toil—
A faithful portrait drew !

" 'Twas pretty though 'twas sad" to see
How artlessly he play'd
His future youth's sore history—
But deeper musing sway'd ;

Four years he scarce had number'd ; boy !
So persevering now,
Will good or ill, that *Will* employ
When manhood shades thy brow ?

We shall conclude our notice with the following sadly pleasing verses :

St. Mary's Kirk-yard—Selkirkshire.

O lay me there, O lay me there,
When the blink is out now feebly lowing,*
Where naething stirs but the moorland air
The dead wi' wither'd leafies strowing !

I hae had eneuch o' stir and din—
I wad na be laid whar neebors gather !
There's peace, there's peace, by the lanely linn,
A bonny grave-bed is the heather.

St. Mary's loch lies shimmering still,
But St. Mary's Kirk-bell's lang dune ringing ;
There's naething now but the grave-stane hill,
To tell o' a' their loud psalm-singing ;

The plover wails where gossips met,
And the fremit† curlew fearless hovers
Where the plighted trysting hour was set—
O where be now the blooming lovers ?

And where be now the hopes and fears,
And the dowie,‡ and the merry, meeting ?
There's naething here but the morning's tears—
Aneth the mools§ there's nae mair greeting.||

A calm soughs¶ on the loch the now,
Where the waves were ance sic a warstle keeping ;
And the lit** looks down wi' her bonny brow,
Like a nuther watching bairnies sleeping.

O lay me there, O lay me there,
Where the dead in loneliness are lying—
I want nae dirge but the moorland air,
And rest, sweet rest, where nane are spying.

* Blazing. † Stranger, not of kin. ‡ Heavy, sad. § Mould. || Weeping.
¶ Sighing sound. ** Sky.

 ESSAYS ON PHYSIOLOGY, OR THE LAWS OF ORGANIC LIFE.

ESSAY I.—DIVISION OF NATURAL BODIES, AND GENERAL LAWS OF ORGANIC LIFE.

How delightful a task it is, to every well regulated mind, to investigate the wonders of nature? "To look through nature, up to nature's God," is indeed worthy the philosopher and Christian. In the workmanship of the Almighty, we behold, wherever we turn our eyes, boundless proofs of His wisdom and beneficence; and whatever part we make the subject of our study, in that we find ample cause for gratitude and praise.

Pre-eminent, however, among the works of creation, and affording to the contemplative inquirer the highest intellectual pleasure, is the race of beings animated and living. The animal frame is indeed an inexhaustible mine for research,—it forms of itself a world, through which the eye of science ranges with admiration, and regards with delight the wonders unfolded by the diligence of the inquirer.

If we consider the animal frame as it respects either its mechanism, or the curious and complicated structure composing it, or, diving more deeply into the mysteries of nature, endeavor to elucidate and explain the laws by which it is governed, we shall find more than sufficient to claim our attention, and excite our interest.

In essays on the present subject, adapted for general perusal, there are many difficulties to surmount,—some arising from its intricate nature,—and others from the necessity of avoiding, as much as possible, technical terms, which, granting they were universally understood, would afford clearer ideas than any other, of what is meant to be conveyed. Clearness and perspicuity, however, we shall endeavor to attain, and if any information be communicated, or a spirit of candid inquiry excited,—Reader! our wishes are satisfied!

All natural objects with which we are acquainted, and which constitute this globe and all upon its surface, are divided into *two distinct groups* or

families, viz. the *organic*, and the *inorganic*,—and these are distinguished by laws, which draw a marked line of separation between them, furnishing data, at once simple and positive, and enabling us to determine immediately to which family to refer any object we view. The *organic family* comprehends all bodies endued with vitality;—the *inorganic*, those not possessing this principle:—to the former group, therefore, belong *animals* and *plants*;—to the *latter*, all other bodies cognizable by our senses.

Animals are natural bodies, *organized, living, and sentient*. *Vegetables* are natural bodies, *organized and living*, but *not sentient*—*all other bodies* are *neither organized, nor living, nor sentient*. It is therefore to the laws of organic life, that our observations are to be confined.

The phenomena manifested by all organic bodies, result apparently from an inherent power,—a power innate in the structure of the body itself, and producing all the characters of animal and vegetable life. This power, whatever it may be, is generally termed the "*vital principle*;" but *vital principle* is an expression calculated only to cover our ignorance respecting the abstract nature of the cause of these phenomena, or effects, perpetually and uniformly associated to the structure of organic matter. This principle must, from its very essence, remain forever enveloped in mystery;—facts proclaim its existence, and with this we must rest content. We shall perhaps, however, be able to form a more accurate idea of what is implied by the term, "*vital principle*," and consequently of the distinction between organic and inorganic matter, by a more close comparison of these two families.

Inorganic matter is simple in its form, without fixed shape or determinate parts, and homogeneous in its composition. Incapable of growth,

or of increasing by powers within itself, each particle, endued with a vis inertie, (if the phrase be allowable,) exists unchanged, and unchanging, except by foreign agents, mechanical or chemical. Each part, too, of an inorganic mass, is independent of the other parts, to which it is united only by the force of affinity or aggregation; and when such a part is separated from the rest, it differs only in size from the mass to which it no longer adheres.

On the contrary, organized beings have *fixed, determinate, and essential parts*;—their mechanism is complicated, and consists of an union of solids and fluids;—indeed, this union of solids and fluids is essential to the constitution of organic matter. Inorganic matter, it is true, is penetrated by water, but this does not form a necessary and essential part; nor can the water of crystallization be adduced as forming, in its chemical relationship to a salt, a union similar to that existing between the solids and fluids of organic bodies. The state, too, of *organic* bodies, is constantly varying, either by the accession and assimilation of fresh parts, or by the change and removal of others; and these operations are carried on by powers innate in the being itself. Besides, organic bodies, without the intervention of foreign chemical or mechanical agents, have only a *limited period of organic existence*; or, in other words, these powers after continuing for an indefinite period in activity, cease. The body, no longer endowed with organic life, by a peculiar process becomes decomposed; the nature of its elementary principles is changed; it no longer maintains its definite form, but becomes in fact inorganic matter. Having touched upon the points in which the characteristic differences of organic and inorganic bodies consist, let us direct our attention more particularly to the results of the vital principle, or, in other words, to the phenomena manifested by organic life.

There exists, then, as we have previously pointed out, in the embryo of

every plant or animal, from the first moment of its being, however minute, however inactive, a *power* capable of developing, in succession, the destined phenomena of life. Hence, the plant or animal is enabled to attract, to appropriate, and assimilate particles of extraneous matter, thereby not only increasing in magnitude, but at the same time communicating to those very particles a power before unpossessed. Nor is this all; the work of addition and assimilation is not alone carried on, but particles, originally a portion of the organic frame, are thrown off, and losing the essential characters of vitality, are rendered simply inorganic. But to the agency of this *power*, there are certain bounds and laws, by which it is confined, and directed in its course and results. These are *Magnitude, Form, Structure, Composition, and Duration*.

With respect to *Magnitude*, it is to be observed, that both in plants and animals, there are certain restrictions to each particular species. As a sample of its kind, a determinate size is allotted, and although, perhaps, one animal may be somewhat larger than another of the same species, or one tree somewhat taller than another, still, this forms no objection. For example, the dog equals not in size the elephant, nor will the rose ever attain to the magnitude of the oak; there are limits beyond which they never pass, limits to which the gigantic elephant and the fluttering insect, the towering cedar and the humble violet, are equally restricted. To this determinate magnitude, animals and plants arrive by a growth slow or rapid, according to species or influencing circumstances, and, having attained it, remain for a certain period stationary. There is, also, between every part—between the stem and the roots, the limbs and the trunk—a due and relative proportion.

But as it regards *Form* also, as well as magnitude, there is given to every species a definite rule. Hence, by its external characters, an animal or a plant may at once be recognized, or assigned to its respective order or ge-

nus ;—for individual variations, it will be recollected, are merely trivial, and interfere not with the general plan ; and although many organized beings undergo in various stages of their existence a variety of changes in size and figure, yet these, however complicated or numerous, are fixed and determinate, and all pave the way for the assumption of the destined forms of the individual. Hence, may we predict with certainty, that from the small egg of the moth, or butterfly, shall burst forth the destructive caterpillar, that this in turn shall appear a dormant chrysalis, and this, in due season, throwing off the shroud that envelopes it, come forth in elegance and beauty, and beat with new-found wings the summer air, and flit from flower to flower.

With respect to *Structure*, also, the same restrictions, and the same regulations, are in force ; and to every species its peculiar and appropriate structure is allotted ; thus, as it is well observed by an eminent author, “the germ of the palm-tree is destined to produce a stem, which shall increase by the addition of matter on its central aspect, and the nerves or fibres of whose leaves shall be arranged nearly in straight lines ; the germ of the oak is, on the other hand, destined to construct a trunk which shall increase in size by the addition of layers to its circumference, and the nerves of whose leaves shall exhibit a reticular arrangement.” In like manner the animal tribes are under similar regulations. All the individuals of the same species exhibit a sameness in plan, a similarity in their various organs, differing more or less, according to their affinity, from the individuals of other species. There is, in short, in each species, a power, capable of producing the modes of that species, and incapable of producing those of any other ; witness, for instance, the difference between the arrangement and construction, appearance and flavor, of the muscles of carnivorous animals, as the wolf, and those of the ox,—between those, again, of the ox and the horse, or the fowl.

With regard to *Composition*, it is to be observed, that the power which organic bodies possess of attracting and assimilating particles of extraneous matter, is not indiscriminate. They have a power to refuse as well as to accept ; and by some unknown and wonderful means, which set the laws of chemistry at defiance, to effect even a complete conversion of the appropriated materials. How happens it, that two plants, nourished by the same soil, the same water, the same air, should prove, the one wholesome, grateful, and nutritious—the other, a poison to man ? The vine and the nightshade may mingle their roots together, but each preserves its identity ; the one will still yield its cooling luscious clusters, delightful to the eye and the taste,—the other, its berries loaded with sickness and destruction. This plant shall contain iron,—that flint ; yet neither in the soil from which they spring, nor in the water that nourishes them, nor in the air around them, shall a trace of such be found. Among animals, too, the same laws exist—one will feed on a plant with impunity, which causes the death of another. For example, the goat devours the water-hemlock with avidity,—the horse and sheep eat it with impunity, but to the cow it is a certain poison.

In the organic frame, this power of selection and conversion is exerted even on portions of its own composition. From the same circulating fluid are secreted (that is, separated and prepared,) the solid bones,—the muscles with their strength and elasticity,—the firm inelastic sinew,—the lucid humors of the eye,—in short, every part and portion of the structure. The red blood, generally supposed to owe its color to the presence of iron, is supplied, as drained off for the purposes of life, by the chyle, (a milky fluid, the result of the process of digestion,) in which no metallic traces can be discovered.

The organic frame, then, is a laboratory, in which chemical operations the most delicate, the most intricate, the most unaccountable, are continu-

ally carried on. By these means, the *magnitude*, the *form*, the *structure*, and the *composition* of every plant, and every animal, is unfolded, perfected, and maintained.

But to the *Duration* of organic life there are limits, and this power is restricted, in its action, to a determinate period. In all organic structures there arrives a time when perfection is attained, but this state does not endure long. The power which produced it, having accomplished its end, declines in activity, and languidly carries on its operations, till at length, as if wearied out, it ceases altogether; the spark of vitality is extinguished; external chemical agents begin to act upon the body, and decompose its structure; and sooner or later it loses all trace of its original form and character;—this is Death.

The natural term, however, for the duration or life of organic bodies, differs widely in different species. Plants, on the aggregate, perhaps, endure longer than animals, (for the periodical decay of stem or leaves supposes not the identity of the individual to

be changed,) but here there is much variety. The mushroom springs up and withers in a day, but the massive oak braves the ravages of centuries. The elephant and the eagle outlive ages,—but the butterfly, frail being of a summer's day, perishes ere many hours have passed; and the ephemera, having undergone its peculiar changes, creeps from the water, its previous element, flutters its wing, and dies with the setting sun. But all are liable to accidents and disease, by which innumerable beings are cut off ere nature's term be fulfilled; and of all, *man*, from these causes, is, in this frail tenure, the least secure. Enervated by refinement,—attacked by disease,—enslaved by passions, which corrode the springs of life, and exhaust its active energies, mankind perish from infancy to age; Death is ever near—

“For see! how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black misfortune's baleful train;
Ah! shew them, where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band;
Ah! tell them, they are *men*.” GRAY.

PICTURE DABBLING.

ENGLISHMEN, on their travels, think themselves bound to buy pictures, that, when they return, they may be considered amateurs; but having generally neither eye nor taste, they become dupes. I knew an unfortunate victim, who, by speculating in pictures, of which he had not the smallest knowledge, completely ruined himself. He had been paymaster to a regiment of the German Legion in Sicily, and during a service of fifteen years had, by economy, realized four or five thousand pounds. It is hardly credible that a man, with a certain knowledge of the world and fully aware of the value of money, should risk his hard-earned gains by dealing in a commodity of which he was totally ignorant. With this propensity he unluckily made the acquaintance of the Marquis S—, a Sicilian noble, who, under pre-

tence that a valuable gallery, which had belonged to his family for several ages was, from the pressure of the times, to be disposed of, gulled our silly countryman into becoming the purchaser of two hundred original pictures, the undoubted works of the great Italian masters. More than one Raphael, Domenichino, Titiano, Guido, Carlo Dolce, &c. &c. &c. were warranted as genuine—the first connoisseurs in the island had pronounced judgment on them. The Marchese (*poveretto*!) to save a dear brother from ruin, had made a great sacrifice, but he rejoiced that his heir-looms, the precious collection of the S— family had fallen into the hands of an Inglese, and a man of taste, &c. The tale was swallowed, and three thousand ounces (2,000*l.*) were paid down—*argent comptant*! Our ama-

teur was invited to a grand dinner given on the occasion. Another noble dealer and chapman now made his appearance on the stage; a somewhat similar story was got up, and again succeeded! In a few months our paymaster discovered that his means were nearly exhausted, and he stopped short after he had at the very trifling disbursement of 3,700*l.* sterling, possessed himself of as many precious pictures as there are days in the year! They were consigned to his agent in London, who finding that the duties would be 1,700*l.* more, consulted a dealer, and was informed that the collection was not worth so many pence! It was therefore determined to export

the precious cargo to a foreign market, and Brussels was chosen as a *depôt*, where there was abundance of English gulls; but, alas! none proved amateurs; and, after a few years, the entire collection, consisting of three hundred and sixty-six pictures of the Italian school, was brought to the hammer in the market-place! When the expenses of the sale were paid, there remained to the proprietor a balance of 245 francs; warehouse-room, duties, freight, &c., of the cases from England, having amounted to as many pounds. The history of the arts does not afford such an example of folly as this, which occurred only a few years ago.

LATEST LONDON FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

A *PELISSE* of plain white jaconet muslin, with a simple broad hem at the border. The body, *en gerbe*, and the waist encircled by a cambric belt. Sleeves, *en gigot*, very wide, and terminating at the wrists by antique stiffened points of cambric, surrounded by a quilling of thread *tulle*. *Pelerine*, the same as the *pelisse*, edged round with a double frill trimming, laid in very small plaits, and surmounted by a broad stiffened ruff of clear muslin, which is divided by a blue silk *sautoir*, richly brocaded at the ends, in various colors. The hair is arranged in very full clusters on each side of the face.

When this dress is worn at the morning promenade, a white chip hat is added, trimmed with very broad white ribbon, striped with blue and scarlet, and an ornament on the crown of blue gauze spotted with scarlet and yellow. The strings float loose. The slippers worn with this dress are of bronze kid, tied *en sandales*. The gloves are of yellow kid.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

A dress of azure-blue taffety, finished at the border by a broad hem, headed by two very narrow pointed

flounces, falling over each other, and forming a kind of *ruche*: the points are bound with blue satin, of a shade darker than the dress, and headed by a narrow *rouleau* of the same. The *corsage* is *à l'Enfante*, and is confined round the waist by an elastic belt of blue silk, fastened in front, by a buckle of gilt bronze. Sleeves, *à la Marie*, the fulness confined at intervals by bands of blue silk, with a very broad cuff at the wrist, and gilt bronze bracelets, fastened by an onyx brooch. A pointed *pelerine* of *tulle* is worn over this dress, trimmed round with blond, and fastened in front of the throat by a rosette of white ribbon, edged with blue. A hat of Tuscan grass, lined with azure-blue, and trimmed with white ribbon, edged with blue; and a bunch of blue-bells, placed on the right side of the crown. Parasol of Egyptian-sand-color, and boots of kid of the same color.

Explanation of the Prints of the Fashions.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white crape, beautifully embroidered in various colors, forming a broad border, on a hem which turns back, with points at the edge, finished



Illustration by P. M.

EVENING DRESS.

WALKING DRESS.

For Cotton's Athenaeum.



by a narrow *rouleau* of white satin. The embroidery consists of beautiful wreaths of natural flowers, falling in elegantly drooping branches, from one continued wreath, just beneath the points above described. The *corsage* is à la *Sévigné*, and is of white *gros de Naples*, with crape drapery across the bust, which is drawn together in the centre by an antique brooch of jewelry, formed of gold rubies, and turquoise stones. The sleeves, though they are à la *Marie*, come only just below the elbow, where they terminate in a double ruffle of blond.

A *béret* of gauze constitutes the head-dress, which is white, with spots of ruby, and of emerald-green. *Aigrettes* of feathers, of the same colors, are tastefully disposed on the *béret*, as ornaments. The ear-rings are of rubies, and the necklace is of very delicate chain-work of gold, in festoons, which are each caught up, alternately, by a ruby and a turquoise stone. The bracelets are of gold, fastened by a large turquoise, set round with filigree gold.

WALKING COSTUME.

A dress of celestial-blue *batiste*, with a very broad hem at the border,

surmounted by a pattern of very dark-colored flowers and foliage. Over this is worn a white muslin *canezou-spencer*, with sleeves à la *Marie*; the fulness confined at equal distances, and the sleeve terminating by a very broad cuff, with a row of small buttons placed on in bias on the outside of the arm; at the throat is a very full, stiffened French ruff of clear muslin, and a kind of *sautoir*, formed by a broad ribbon, painted in various colors on a white ground, and bound with blue. An Ester-lazy-colored bonnet of *Gros de Naples*, trimmed with pale pink ribbon. Shoes of black kid, with gaiters the color of the dress.

A CHILD'S DRESS.

A short frock of pink striped gingham, over a pair of cambric pantaloons, double frilled, with broad muslin round the ankles; the frills richly embroidered at the edges. Very full sleeves at the upper part of the arm, and fitting close below the elbow. A round pelerine, fastening behind, is frilled all round, and surmounted by a ruff. A small silk *sautoir* divides the pelerine from the ruff. Round hat, of fine straw, lined with pink, and trimmed with pink and white ribbons.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

"Serene Philosophy!"

She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of Science and of Virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear."

PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY.

VERY few great discoveries have been made by chance and by ignorant persons—much fewer than is generally supposed. It is commonly told of the steam-engine that an idle boy being employed to stop and open a valve, saw that he could save himself the trouble of attending and watching it, by fixing a plug upon a part of the machine which came to the place at the proper times, in consequence of the general movement. This is possible, no doubt; though nothing very

certain is known respecting the origin of the story; but improvements of any value are very seldom indeed so easily found out, and hardly another instance can be named of important discoveries so purely accidental. They are generally made by persons of competent knowledge, and who are in search of them. The improvements of the steam-engine by Watt resulted from the most learned investigation of mathematical, mechanical, and chemical truths. Arkwright devoted many years, five at the least, to his invention of Spinning jen-

nics, and he was a man perfectly conversant in everything that relates to the construction of machinery : he had minutely examined it, and knew the effects of each part, though he had not received anything like a scientific education. If he had, we should in all probability have been indebted to him for scientific discoveries as well as practical improvements. The most beautiful and useful invention of late times, the Safety-lamp, was the reward of a series of philosophical experiments made by one thoroughly skilled in every branch of chemical science. The new process of refining sugar, by which more money has been made in a shorter time, and with less risk and trouble, than was ever perhaps gained from an invention, was discovered by a most accomplished chemist, and was the fruit of a long course of experiments, in the progress of which, known philosophical principles were constantly applied, and one or two new principles ascertained.

GURNEY'S STEAM COACH.

This beautiful specimen of mechanical invention appears at length to be brought to a state of perfection, beyond which we hardly think it possible to make any essential improvement. We had lately an opportunity of witnessing the operation of this machine through the Albany-road, and streets adjacent to the Regent's Park; and we should say its progress could not have been less than at the rate of 12 miles per hour; and in some part of the road, where the rain had not rendered the gravel extremely heavy, the speed of the carriage could not have been less than 14 miles an hour. From the late improvements made by Mr. Gurney with the view of producing a uniform supply of water to the boiler, (or rather the steam-generating pipes); and also in order to produce a regular *blower* or current of air through the fire chamber, the difficulties which presented themselves in the earlier stages of the invention to maintain an adequate supply of steam, appear to be completely obviated.

To persons not acquainted with the

numerous difficulties which present themselves in bringing into full operation such a complicated piece of machinery, it would be difficult to convey an adequate opinion of the merits of this invention. We have from time to time examined its progress in detail; and we have no hesitation in saying, that the arrangement by which the supply of water to the steam-pipes is effected by Mr. Gurney, is one of the most beautiful specimens of ingenuity we have ever witnessed, among all the curious applications of the steam-engine, either for stationary purposes, or for propelling vessels. The difficulties are almost insuperable, in order to reconcile the necessary power required for propelling a carriage of this kind, with the prejudices or fashion which prevails, with regard to the appearance of a stage-coach. The necessity of consulting appearances has, in fact, greatly added to the difficulties of bringing this invention to perfection, as a vehicle for passengers. But it appears to us that the ingenious inventor has at length vanquished all his obstacles, both with regard to maintaining an uniform speed, at discretion, of at least 10 or 11 miles an hour; and, from having the centre of gravity below the horizontal line of the axles, the risk of overturning seems to be entirely obviated.

We understand a carriage will be completed to carry passengers, in the environs of London, in three weeks or a month from the present time. Taking into consideration the perfect control of the engine, and the uniformity with which it is now capable of being managed by an ordinary conductor, we should say there was scarcely a possibility of its not ultimately superseding the use of horses in running four-wheel carriages, for the conveyance both of goods and passengers. We believe it is estimated that the expense of conveyance may be reduced to one-half or two-thirds of the present average charge of stage-coaches.

SALT AS A MANURE.

Mr. Brande, in his recent Lecture on Vegetable Chemistry, says, "Salt

has been very much extolled for a manure ; I believe that a great deal more has been said of it than it deserves ; it certainly destroys insects, but I do not believe what has been said of its value. We are not to infer that because a manure is found to be useful on one soil in a certain climate, that it shall prove equally useful in others ; experience must direct us in this particular.

MUSHROOMS, POISONOUS AND INNOCENT.

A student of medicine at Paris, M. Letellier, has just published a work containing descriptions of edible and deleterious mushrooms, with lithographic figures done by himself. It would appear that M. Letellier tested the qualities of all the mushrooms which he has described by eating of them himself, taking care to note, with *impassible sang-froid*, all the circumstances of pain and other effects produced. We cannot but look upon such dangerous experiments with productions of this class as a very unwarrantable sporting with health, if not with life.

AN ASTRONOMER'S DREAM.

Kepler, in his "Somnium Astronomicum," imagines the planets to be huge animals swimming round the sun by means of fins, which act on the ethereal fluid as those of fishes do on water. Their regular periods of revolution, of course, will be somewhat on the same principle with the annual visits which the herring, &c. pays to our shores. Lucretius was not much nearer the truth when he called them the flaming walls of the world,—*"flammanitia mœnia mundi."*

BLIGHT IN FRUIT TREES.

Whenever you see the branch of a tree blighted, or eaten by insects, procure a shoemaker's awl, and pierce the lower extremity of the branch into the wood ; then pour in two or three drops of crude mercury, (which is the quicksilver in common use) and stop up the hole with a small stick. In about forty-eight hours, the insects not only upon that branch, but upon all the rest

of the tree, will be destroyed, and the blights will *immediately* cease.

UTILITY OF STORMS.

Dr. Huxham, in reference to epidemic diseases, remarks, that he often observed them abate greatly, both in their number and violence, after stormy and heavy rains, the contagious effluvia and morbid congestions of the atmosphere being thus dispersed. In this way, he continues, even tempests themselves very frequently prove salutary, stagnant air being, no less than stagnant water, liable to corruption, unless often put into motion. The salubrity occasioned by the agitation of the air, which is more general, perhaps, on the sea-coast, than in any other situation, was noticed with great interest by the ancients. Augustus Cæsar was so strongly impressed with its beneficial influence, that he built and dedicated a temple to Circius, a wind so powerful that it frequently blew down the houses of the people. The inhabitants of Gaul, also, as Seneca informs us, gave public thanks to this exceedingly tempestuous wind, in consequence of its clearing the atmosphere and rendering it healthful.

DISCOVERIES IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

If we compare the map of these countries but ten years ago with that which now exists, we shall see at one glance how much geography has been benefited from these arctic voyages. We now, for the first time, have obtained undeniable proof that the great continent of America is insulated, and that the idea of its being joined to that of Asia by a slip across Behring's Strait, like the bridge of a pair of spectacles, as some Germans, and our countryman, Admiral Burney, would have it, is destitute of all foundation. We now know, that, from Behring's Strait to the Strait of the Fury and Hecla, this northern coast of America presents an undulating line, whose extreme latitudes extend from about 67 to 71 deg.; and that it is indented by many good harbors and large rivers : whereas, before Franklin's expedi-

tions, the maps had no line of coast, but only two points, one of which was erroneously laid down, and the other doubtful; the rivers and lakes were drawn *ad libitum*, which are now placed, the former in their proper directions, and the latter in true shapes and dimensions.

THE COMET OF 1832 (DAMOISEAU'S).

Some mischievous wag has been terrifying the old women, as well in petticoats as without, both in this country and on the continent, with fearful prognostications of the destruction of the world in the year 1832, by a ballistic visitation from a comet—

the one of which the elements were determined by Damoiseau, whose name it bears, and the periodic time of which is 6.75 years. It is almost needless to say, that from this body there can exist no rational cause of apprehension; at its nearest approach to the earth it will be more than 44 millions of miles distant from it, and might approach millions of miles nearer without occasioning any serious consequences. In 1770, a comet approached within 2,062,500 miles. Lalande estimates at 35,750 miles the distance at which a comet might produce upon the earth any sensible effect.

VARIETIES.

“Come, let us stray
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk.”

CANINE SMUGGLERS.

ILLICIT traffic is carried on to a great extent in the department of the Rhine by dogs educated for that purpose. In the district of the Sarreguemines alone, from March 1827 to March in the present year, 58,277 dogs crossed the Rhine on this unlawful pursuit. Of these, 2,477 lost their lives in the adventure; but the remaining 55,800 got clear off with their spoil, barking a hoarse laugh at the custom-house officers. It is supposed that they carried with them 140,000 kilogrammes of contraband goods.

LE KAIN.

Le Kain was the ugliest player on the French stage. The actresses, of course, were all his enemies; and, at his début, the boxes turned a look of disgust on his disagreeable face and ungainly figure. The young actor, filled with the courage of despair, resolved to play *Orosmane* before the court, and at once decide his fate. The audience, prevented perhaps by etiquette from expressing their disdain, became gradually accustomed to his appearance; and the first act was scarcely over when his destiny was indeed fixed. He had thrown him-

self headlong into the passion of the scene, opened his way with irresistible force to the heart, and became beautiful with genius and sensibility. Louis XV. wept—“albeit unused to the melting mood;” and the ugly Le Kain was from that day acknowledged to be the most profound and pathetic actor on the French stage.

BAD MANAGEMENT.

In the prison at Ghent, spirits are sold, but pens and paper cannot be obtained without a special application to the governor.

DR. CHANNING'S REMARKS ON NAPOLEON.

In the broad principles which Dr. C. lays down, we agree without the smallest qualification; and, in general, we go along with their application also. But occasionally, we think, he warps and strains them to get them to reach Napoleon. We think that, in many instances, he is unjust to the great subject of his analysis—but that, in most, he is fair and right—while, in all, his manner of judging is equally strong, severe, original, and ably-argued. He has achieved that most rare of all intellectual faculties—

that of blending the most close and logical reasoning, with the kindest charities of humanity. He *proves* that good feeling and good sense are always on the same side—that right and expedient are almost convertible terms. We think America has greater cause to be proud of Dr. Channing than of any writer she has yet put forth.

SIR W. JONES AND MR. DAY.

One day, upon removing some books at the chambers of Sir William Jones, a large spider dropped upon the floor, upon which Sir William, with some warmth, said, "Kill that spider, Day, kill that spider!" "No," said Mr. Day, with that coolness for which he was so conspicuous, "I will not kill that spider, Jones! I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider! Suppose when you are going in your coach to Westminster Hall, a superior being, who, perhaps, may have as much power over you as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, 'Kill that lawyer! kill that lawyer!' how should you like that, Jones? and I am sure, to most people, a lawyer is a more noxious animal than a spider."

MARSHAL SAXE.

The great Marshal Saxe was very fond of gaiety, and used to say, "The French troops must be led on gaily." His camp was always a gay scene; and it was at his camp-theatre that he gave the order for battle. The principal actress used to come forward and say, "There will be no play to-morrow, on account of the battle which the Marshal intends giving; the day following we shall act 'The Cock of the Village,' and 'The Merry Intriguers.'"

WILSON.

Towards the close of Wilson's life, annoyed and oppressed by the neglect which he experienced, it is well known that he unfortunately had recourse to those means of temporary oblivion of the world, to which disappointed genius but too frequently resorts. The natural consequence was,

that the works which he then produced were much inferior to those of his former days; a fact of which, of course, he was not himself conscious. One morning, the late Mr. Christie, to whom had been entrusted the sale by auction of a fine collection of pictures belonging to a nobleman, having arrived at a *chef-d'œuvre* of Wilson's, was expatiating with his usual eloquence on its merits, quite unaware that Wilson himself had just before entered the room. "This, gentlemen, is one of Mr. Wilson's Italian pictures;—he cannot paint any thing like it now." "That's a lie!" exclaimed the irritated artist, to Mr. Christie's no small discomposure, and to the great amusement of the company; "he can paint infinitely better!"

PALM WINE.

This wine, which is frequently mentioned by ancient writers, is obtained by making an incision in the bark of the palm tree, and inserting a quill or reed through which the juice exudes. It is extremely pleasant to the taste, but strongly intoxicating; and you are frequently much amused in the East, by observing its effects upon the lizards, which, as soon as you leave the tree, run up and suck the juice. They immediately become intoxicated, and in that condition lie about, looking up stupidly in your face. Parrots and other birds also sip the palm wine, but have never been observed to be the worse for it.

EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

At a recent meeting of the Society in Paris for the promotion of elementary instruction, one of the secretaries read a paper, from which it appears, that the number of children in France to whom it is desirable to communicate this instruction is about 5,500,000, —2,750,000 boys and as many girls; that the number of communes is 39,381; that fewer than 24,000 of these communes have schools for boys; that the schools in those communes, to the number of 27,000, receive 1,070,000 children; that the number of girls educated at schools does not exceed

430,000; and, consequently, that 4,000,000 of children are still in need of instruction. Great hopes are, however, entertained that this desirable object may be accomplished; and it is said that, in the next session, a law on the subject will be proposed for the consideration of the French chambers.

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER.

Sir Walter Scott has nearly finished a *second series* of this excellent and interesting school-book, which has been more successful than could have been anticipated, even by those who comprehend the extent and versatility of his genius. Upwards of 15,000 copies of the first series have been already sold; and from the tone in which it has been spoken of at Paris, we expect that the French translation will become as popular on the continent as the original is at home.

SHOOTING STARS.

The Mohammedans, who are an imaginative people, account for shooting or falling stars in the following manner:—The devils, according to their opinion, are a very inquisitive set of beings, who endeavor to ascend to the constellations, whence they may pry into the actions, and overhear the discourse of the inhabitants of heaven, and perhaps succeed in drawing them into temptation. The angels, who keep watch and ward over the constellations, hurl a few of the smaller orders of stars at these ambitious spirits, and thus produce those trailing fires that stream in clear nights over the sky.

MADEMOISELLE BOURGOIN,

In one of her conversations with Bonaparte, insinuated, in the most flattering terms, the pleasure it would give her to possess a portrait of his Majesty. Napoleon, generously as condescendingly, instantly complied with the fair one's request, by presenting her with a *piece of five francs*.

PRINCES.

Gibbon, who was no republican, observes, that the generality of princes,

if they were stripped of their purple, and cast naked into the world, would immediately sink to the lowest rank of society, without a hope of emerging from their obscurity. He might have added, that most of them deserve to be compelled to make the experiment.

DUELLING.

The King of Prussia has recently issued the most severe orders against duelling, which has increased, to a fearful degree, in his Majesty's dominions. He directs that all disputes shall be referred to a Court of Honor.

SINGULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SWISS.

If a huntsman, on going out in the morning, sees a fox cross his path, or meets an old woman or friar, he immediately returns home again; as he is persuaded that, in the first instance, he will meet with no game, and in the other, that he will shoot a man hidden in the leaves, or do some other irreparable mischief.—The stagnation of the blood known by the name of nightmare, is called by them *Tokeli*. This *Tokeli* is represented as a little gnome, all covered with fine grey hairs, but of an elegant figure, who lays himself on the chest of sleeping men or women, and embraces them nearly to suffocation. A person who has been thus embraced is in expectation of soon finding a treasure, as an indemnification from the *Tokeli* for the fear and agitation he has caused.

INDIAN HISTORY.

The first four volumes of a complete History of India have just appeared at Paris. They may in some measure be regarded as introductory to the history itself, as they consist entirely of dissertations on the chronology, philosophy, laws and literature of India.

ELOQUENCE.

A professor, whose lectures were generally nearly terminated ere the students had all arrived, commenced his observations lately on this neglect, by observing, "*The first who shall in future arrive the last, &c.*"

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MONTECO.—AN ITALIAN STORY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

DURING the latter half of the 16th century, an Englishman, then in his earliest manhood, spent some months at Venice. He was one of those (so frequently met with in romance, and so seldom in history) who are equally remarkable for almost every bodily and mental accomplishment. Noble, beautiful, brave, learned, eloquent, and a poet, skilful in arms, and perfect in all courtly courtesies,—the youthful cavalier was the ornament of the society in which he mingled, and the glory of the country which gave him birth. The splendor of his appearance, the readiness and gracefulness of his discourse, and the exalted and heroic tone of feeling which shone out through every word and gesture, procured him friendship and respect wherever he travelled; and at Venice he was speedily acquainted with nearly all the persons in that city, whom station or talents rendered most distinguished. Among these, the Englishman looked with peculiar curiosity at the renowned Statesman and General, Adrian Monteco. He was then past the prime of life; and holding the most important place in the Council of Ten, was considered, by foreigners and Venetians, as the foremost Noble of the Republic. He was a man of a harsh but decided expression of lip, with a dark and subtle eye; a brow always compressed, and an address somewhat ostentatiously open. He habitually stooped in the shoulders, and kept his

eyes bent towards the ground; but when he looked up, men felt that it was something other than timidity which ordinarily induced him to withdraw his face from observation. To the young stranger, whether from the liking which he professed, or, as some suspected, though none hinted, from the importance of his name and personal character, Monteco was studiously attentive. They were discoursing together, one sultry afternoon, in the palace of the Venetian, on the questions of state policy referring to the situation of the Ocean Commonwealth. Several senators and leaders were present, and joined occasionally in the conversation; and, in one corner of the vast saloon, a pale and sickly-looking youth, the only son of Monteco, was seated at a little table, engaged in copying papers for his father. The dialogue of the Englishman and his Italian friend turned, after some time, on the disputes between the Roman See and the Venetian Government; and the stranger mentioned the name of the celebrated Father Paul, and expressed an anxious desire to see him; Monteco instantly turned, and called to his son, by the name of "Lorenzo!" The youth started up with an appearance of terror; but, pausing for an instant to dispose of his papers with some regularity, his father's wrath burst forth in the exclamation—"Haste, whelp! Did not you hear me call you!" The lad

came forward, trembling, and received his parent's commands to accompany the young foreigner to the cell of the Servite Monk, the illustrious antagonist of the Papacy. The youth bowed low, and faltered out his readiness to obey. He then turned towards the door; and the Englishman, in following him, perceived that he was not only of dwarfish stature, but miserably and hopelessly deformed. They entered a gondola; and there was time and opportunity for the stranger to examine Lorenzo's face. It was delicately, and almost beautifully formed; but the dead paleness, the eyes which looked red with sorrow, and the brow and lip which seemed to have been long and often convulsed by suffering, rendered the first impression of the countenance extremely painful. When asked by his companion if he was intimate with Father Paul, he replied, with an appearance of anxious courtesy, that he had often spent whole days in the cell of the poor Monk. "I marvel," said the Englishman, "that you have not rather conversed with him in the Monteco Palace." The Dwarf started, but replied, coldly, that the Father did not love to leave his home. "Yet, Master Lorenzo, I should conceive he hath less to make his home delightful than you find in yours." The foreigner had never seen Adrian Monteco but in public, and knew nothing of his family circumstances, except that Lorenzo had no mother living; and he went on to say to the Dwarf, "Have you not brothers or sisters?"—"Your being of another land, Sir Knight, excuses you for not having heard what hath been said in all the streets of Venice, that but for me my father is without a son, and that my only sister is in a Roman convent." The Cavalier repented that he had struck a string which seemed to jar at the slightest touch. But he had no time to repair the error, for the gondola stopped, and in a few moments he found himself in the small and mean apartment of Father Paul.

In his chamber he had little furniture, except books and philosophical

instruments, apparently of far greater value than agreed with the general poverty of the room, and of its master. The broad and strongly-marked forehead, and steady penetrating glance of the Monk, were all that gave dignity to a meagre and wasted form, and to garments which, originally poor, had long lost even the homely grace of good preservation. The Dwarf bowed low to Paul, who held out his hand to him; but Lorenzo, instead of clasping it as an equal, kissed it like a subject; and when he had named the Englishman to the Monk, retired to the back of the apartment, where scarcely any light could penetrate, and there remained wrapped in his cloak, and with his arms crossed upon his breast. The Servite and the Cavalier stood together in the recess of a window, where the lattice was thrown open to admit the breezes from the sea, that stretched away to the horizon. The setting sun had robed it, as a conqueror for his momentary triumph, in regal gold and purple. The gentle waves sparkled like jewels as they swelled and broke; and the sea-bird, which flew over the waters, seemed turned for an instant, while it shot across the radiant pathway of the sunbeams, into that glorious dove which descended of old over the bosom of Jordan. The light, tinted as if it had passed through some jewelled casement in the sapphire ramparts of the skies, illumined the bent frame and upturned countenance of the priest, and the gallant figure and youthful beauty of the courtly soldier, and showed, in all their contrasted singularity, the two distinguished men who, alike bold, able, and accomplished, though in such different fashions, were each interesting to the other, perhaps more than any among all their great contemporaries. The Monk looked earnestly, almost curiously, at his companion for some seconds; and then said:

"Aye, Sir, methinks I can see in that countenance the traces of the studies and the wisdom which fame

has so loudly reported of. But there is also much which agrees better with this rich mantle and these glittering slashes than with the doctor's gown."

The youth seemed surprised at the confidence of such an address; but answered: "You would not interdict, good Father, something of that courtly splendor and soldierly array, which are common among the noble and the warlike?"

"No, my son," said the Monk; "but I may well wonder to see a stripling, who is both learned and loverlike, both an accomplished disputant in the schools, and a tried cavalier in the camp."

"If all that your kindness supposes were true, is it not even such a character which chivalry demands from men; though, alas! it too often finds them bankrupt debtors?"

"Ah, my son! that fantastic dream of chivalry is not for our century. It was the rainbow seen amid the morning mist, which is beheld no more at noon; but we have well exchanged it for the all-cheering and all-maturing splendor of the mid-day sun!"

"Say, rather, that chivalry belongs not to age or country; but, like that blessed sun, extends its benefits to all, and never wearies in its course."

"Such is not my faith; and I am well persuaded that some romancer of a subtle, yet a solemn wit, might exhibit the choicest attributes that belong to your mystery and calling of chivalry, embodied in the person of a modern, and surrounded by all the circumstances of our day, so as to generate the contempt no less than the delight of all men. And therein would he, at the same time, shadow forth a larger meaning, and manifest the unceasing progress of the world through and out of its ancient modes of thought. Methinks, the grave and stately humor of the Spaniard, the cloak and mask of his facetiousness, point him out as the knight destined to slay your giant."

"Now, heaven forbid!" said the Englishman, "for I perceive that you apprehend the chivalry whereof I am

an unworthy devotee, to mean a certain vain and frivolous attention to the forms and names, the symbols and ceremonies, and not to include, yea, to require, as the one necessary element, a living spirit of truth and honor. What is it, in fact, but the ultimate blossom, and finer fragrance of all that is excellent in man? To be a perfect knight, according to the old exemplars of virtue, demands learning, eloquence, piety, truth and justice, courage and charity, the mind to draw the sword in a good cause, and the hand to wield it with vigor!"

"Nay," responded the Monk with a faint smile, "I know not how large a domain, and how brilliant a diadem, you would claim for this queen whom you serve, this fair fancy. I presume you are ready to do battle with sword and shield, and to challenge me to the combat in her quarrel. I am practised in no such contests, and must decline perilling my poor gown against that silken jerkin of yours."

"Father, you may well believe that I should prefer to strike a hundred strokes in your defence, than to make one against you. But if you say that I would die on the instant for my faith, in the possibility of chivalrous perfection, I trust that you but speak the truth. Give me but a good cause, and a worthy enemy, and I care little how soon the death-blow may come to Philip Sidney."

"Ah! my young friend, is it indeed thus? Now, I warrant that you will have share in the first broil for the redress of injuries into which your generous heart can drag your strong hand, and that gay sword, which I saw you touch just now, when you spoke of a just cause, and a bold antagonist."

"Even so, Father; I would risk much of peril to my person for the chance of rescuing misery or overthrowing oppression."

"Alas!" said the Monk, looking at him affectionately, "if such is to be your course in such times as these, your fate will, indeed, be soon and bloody. But if the world is to lose

you thus early, at least let the poor Servite, whom you have deigned to visit, retain a recollection of those accomplishments which I will believe to be as splendid as the glory of yonder sunset on the waters, and I fear will pass from among men as soon. Report calls you a poet. May I beg you to let me hear one of your madrigals, or sonnets?"

Sidney blushed, and replied: "I recall not any of those trifles; but if you will listen to my first attempt, I will endeavor to imitate your countrymen in their improvisations."

Accordingly, he composed and repeated, in Italian, some lines, which may be thus rudely turned into English:

"Sayest thou the meed
Of knightly deed
May not be found on earth?
No, 'tis not here,
Nor in the sphere
Of heaven's own bliss has birth.

It is not gold,
Nor can be sold,
Like jewels, for a price;
And not with praise,
Or length of days,
Do Honor's paths entice.

Let thrones and crowns
Be sought by clowns—
They have no worth for me.
What are domains,
And spreading plains,
But baits to net the free?

I would not prize
A lady's eyes
That were not truth's own stars;
She who would wile,
To make me vile,
Her beauty's brightness mars.

Then where is found,
In air or ground,
The meed great spirits love?
In what lone nook
Must mortals look,
Beneath them, or above?

Within the breast,
By honor blest,
It springs, and grows, and blooms,
And ever lives,
And fragrance gives,
Amid the dust of tombs."

"I too, Sir," said Father Paul, "can return you a similar pleasure, if my friend Lorenzo will exert his customary kindness. Lorenzo, the lute is in the recess at your left, on the top of that pile of the 'Acta Sanctorum.'"

The Dwarf started from his quiet and concentrated attitude, and came forward, bearing the lute. The sun had all but sunk; and a single yellow ray penetrating the lattice, illuminated his melancholy and graceful features with a faint, but unnatural brightness. He touched the instrument at first feebly and irregularly, but afterwards with some vigor and more skill, while he sang such lines as these:

"Woe to the heart! 'twas thus it came,
That voice upon the night-wind streaming!
Woe to the heart that feels no flame,
When round it eyes and swords are beaming.

Woe to the heart! I heard and cried,
Thou need'st not say, thou boding spirit,
What sharp and bitter griefs betide
The souls that nought of hope inherit!

Woe to the heart! aye, every pulse
Confirms the doom by ceaseless aching;
And pangs that madden and convulse—
These, these attest my heart is breaking."

For a moment after he had ended his song, the Dwarf remained absorbed in thought; and then, coloring deeply, turned in haste away. The Monk and Sir Philip Sidney bid each other farewell, and, followed by the mournfully contrasted figure of Lorenzo, the tall and gallant figure of the young Englishman disappeared from the eyes of the Servite, stooping to pass beneath his humble door.

Sidney and the young Monteco entered the gondola together, and thus conversed. "It is strange," said the Englishman, "that the learned Father should thus depreciate the nurse of all noble thoughts; the example of heroic virtue; the science which to understand thoroughly is to comprehend all divine and human knowledge; the art which to practise is to be accomplished in all honorable actions, and conspicuous for every deed of daring and endurance."

"Ah," replied Lorenzo, "the statesmen of Venice are wise, and her soldiers brave, but," and here he lowered his voice, "in this city the trumpet of chivalry doth not sound; these walls send not forth their youth to generous or unprofitable enterprise; the light of Freedom sparkles not on these lagunes. How would you, that amid the palaces of

despotic power, and the shops of greedy merchants ; how would you, that amid so many prisons for the good, and so many haunts of pollution for the evil, that sublime and stainless spirit which the gallant worship should have found a home or a temple ?”

“ Is it indeed thus ?” Sidney began, but in so bold and free a tone, that the young Venetian bent forward, with his finger on his lips, and whispered, “ Hush !”

“ Is it indeed thus,” and the Englishman now spoke in cautious accents, “ with beautiful and renowned Venice ? Ah ! ancient, proud, wealthy, and honorable city ! Where, then, is the fruit of that good seed cast upon the waters of the Adriatic, by so many senators and chieftains ? They sowed, but have not reaped.”

“ Yes, they sowed wrong, and their country is reaping destruction. I, I, a Venetian Noble, have seen those things done within this city, which, if there be justice in heaven, will not keep silence before God, but cry aloud for vengeance ;—deeds of which the end will be, that in very shame Venice will call upon the waves to cover her, and these palaces will moulder into the waters. The tyrant will become a slave ; and she who is red with so many murders, shall perish in the bonds that she herself hath twisted. Aye, thou to whom the ocean, with all its dowry, was an obedient bride ; to whom Ascalon, and Tyre, and Constantinople, were captives and servants, —shalt no longer have a place among the nations, nor a mast to show thy pennon on the waters, nor a tower to bear thy standard on the land.” While Lorenzo spoke thus in a low and earnest and thrilling tone, he looked up through the gloom at the lion of St. Mark, with a countenance of such fierce and resolved indignation, as would better have beseeemed a hostile General at the head of an armament, than the feeble and misshapen boy who sat by Sidney. The gondola stopped at the steps which led up to the Englishman’s residence ; but, as he was bidding farewell to Monteco, the youth

looked round him fearfully, and whispered, “ In the name of God, and of mercy, let me speak with you here at the coming midnight !” In much wonder, Sidney consented ; and the gondola shot away, and left him standing before the gate of his residence. The stars were glittering among the clouds as thin and airy as the silver-twisted gauze of a Sultana’s veil ; and the broad tracts of dark blue sky, descending to the still deeper purple of the sea, bounded the horizon, except where the ranges of palaces, and the domes and towers of the city, displayed their long perspectives of massy shadow, their projecting cornices and pinnacles touched with light, and their various outlines standing sharp and clear against the firmament. The dip of the oars of boats which passed him at intervals along the canals, the songs of the gondoliers, the tinkling of musical instruments, and the hum of the swarming city, on the outskirts of which Sidney stood, made up a sound sufficiently continuous not to startle, sufficiently diversified to interest, and in which there was nothing jarring or inharmonious. The young poet received, half in reverie, half in attention, impressions far different from those which he had before experienced, either among the green turf and shadowy oaks, among the halls and cloisters, or in the busy cities of northern climates. He leaned upon a carved balustrade of the broad steps which rose from the water to the entry, and gazed, and mused, and gazed again, and listened to the sounds which breathed around him. And his thoughts wandered to the glades of England ; and to the free and fearless loveliness of the forms which he had so often seen sweeping through those glades, or brightening, like so many sunbeams, the obscure depths of the forest. There came over his mind, like the dewey freshness of a summer breeze, the remembrance of those fair brows, those sparkling eyes, and delicate lips, which command so much of reverence, and win so much of love, but

which seem to scorn the voluptuous homage, the only appropriate tribute to the luscious grace and impassioned splendor of the south. He sighed as he remembered ; and he was fancying whether looks, which were dearer to him than all the glorious beauty of Italy, might not at that moment be fixed upon the stars which he himself was contemplating, when he was roused by hearing sung, at no great distance, and apparently by a young voice, a serenade.

He listened till the last note had ceased to whisper its sweetness along the water, and then entered his study to await the coming of Lorenzo. His thoughts turned into another channel, and he began to resolve, with some curiosity, what could have been the motive for the earnest and passionate supplication of the Dwarf. But he could think of no probable solution, and partook himself to the page of Dante.

The clocks of Venice sounded the hour of midnight, and Sidney was seated by a lamp, still awed and wrapped by the mournful genius of the great Florentine. His loose robe of dark silk, and the shadowy extent of the apartment, contrasted with the illumination thrown by the flame upon his noble features. Arms of armor, revealed by their partial gleamings, were scattered round the room, and hung upon the walls, intermingled with rich volumes, carved cabinets, and a few musical instruments ; and his dagger, together with the miniature portrait of a beautiful maiden, lay before him on the table. The chamber became peopled with the sad and terrible beauty of the phantoms, whose tales he was perusing ; and the fresh sea air had seemed to grow hot and stifling, when he was disturbed by the entrance of an attendant, whom the Dwarf closely followed. The servant departed. Again, as in the cell of the Monk, Lorenzo withdrew into shadow, and seated himself just beyond the circle of the lamp-light. He spoke as follows :

“ You will think me weak, nervous,

perhaps superstitious, but such is the influence of habitual apprehension, that I must fail to say, what I shall die to conceal, if you will not permit me to bar yonder door.”

Sidney looked surprised, but immediately rose and fastened the entrance. Lorenzo proceeded :

“ If you are astonished at my requesting this interview, I can only assure you, that you will soon see sufficient cause for my boldness. If you are then offended, I can freely assert, that for the object I aim at, I would brave the displeasure of the blessed Saints ; and, if I may say it without blasphemy, risk that of God himself.”

The Englishman assured him of his eagerness to learn in what way he could serve him.

“ If I did not believe, nay, know such to be your generous nature, I should be aware that my present hopes are desperate. But I waste time, of which I have none to spare. Listen, Sir Englishman, I implore you, and believe that every syllable I shall utter is true. I told you that I have a sister, and that every ear in Venice has heard it said she is in a Convent at Rome. Hear our story. Somewhat more than eighteen years ago my father returned from the Levant, after having commanded a fleet against the Turks in a desperate action. In leading the boarders, he had wounded with his own hand, and taken prisoner, the Captain Pasha. This man was one of the most formidable enemies that Venice ever had. His return to his country would have endangered the safety of the state. He was given into the custody of his captor. My mother suspected, whether with reason or without I know not, that his life was in danger ; and secretly advised him to refuse all food but such as it would be impossible to render dangerous. In my father's wrath, at first discovering her interference, he smote his wife to the ground. I soon after came into the world the unhappy being you have seen me. Three years afterwards was born my sister Isabel, and at the

same time my mother perished. We grew up together, seldom seeing our only parent, and even when we met, receiving from him but little of kindness. She was the sole human being I ever saw who looked at me without contempt; and we loved each other as none can love whose affections reach, and are returned by, all around them. She had none but me for a teacher; I had none but her for a playmate. She was to me what was the olive-branch to the bird which flew out of the ark, and but for that one twig would have found the world a watery desert. We read, we sang, we talked only to each other; together we wove chaplets for each other's heads; together we recounted all the little we knew of the past, and planned a common happiness for all we imagined of the boundless future. We had but one being; and for a few years I scarcely recollected that I was an outcast, and a worm. The time rolled on; as I grew nearer to manhood, my father remembered that he had a son, and occasionally employed me as his secretary; and at the same time, Isabel began to be occupied in learning some of those accomplishments which are thought necessary in society. Dancing and embroidery were arts which it was beyond my skill to teach. We did not live so constantly together; and I—though, thank God that my affection for her never was diminished by the weight of one of her own shining hairs—I grew to a certain degree interested in the employment with which my father furnished me. But I was soon roused. Isabel was fourteen when she first appeared in public; and, as sure as truth is brighter than falsehood, you, who have looked on the maidens of many lands, never saw a purer or more glorious being than was then Isabel Monteco. Her form seemed to rise like a bird at every step over the earth she trod upon. Her eyes were the deep recesses of a shrine, which the blaze of sacred tapers lights and hallows; and every sound of her voice might have been deemed the singing of the

morning star. Such was not merely my inmost faith, it was also the religion of all Venice. But, compared with all I felt, how little did the world know of her value! For others she was an idol to be adored, a thing to be revered from afar; to me she was a blessing and an inspiration, a better existence within my heart. How often has she withdrawn herself from the worship of crowds, from the most splendid triumphs that beauty and genius can achieve, to sing or read with me, to soothe my hours of uneasiness, and add delight to my moments of pleasure!"

"Can a lady so divine," eagerly interrupted Sidney, "have perished from the world like vulgar clay?"

"O! would to Heaven that I had seen her corpse lowered into the tomb, rather than she should be reserved to a doom so horrible as that she now endures! Listen, and you shall know. You may well believe that so fair a creature as my sister, the daughter of a man so powerful as Adrian Monteco, was speedily surrounded by suitors. The young, the beautiful, the brave, the noble, and the wealthy, and, in some cases, all these in one, crowded round her feet with their passion, and besieged my father with their rent-rolls and genealogies. Isabel cared not for any among her lovers, and repelled them all with gentle determination. But there was one who never addressed himself to her,—whom she had scarcely seen. Mark Soradino is encircled by the renown of many exploits, the suspicion of many crimes, the infamy of many vices. He is as bold, as skilful, and as unscrupulous a politician as Monteco, and shares with him the predominant interest in the state. But Soradino is stained by a thousand private excesses, from which my father is as free as is the cedar of the mountain from bowing its head into the mire, whereon the plume of the peacock falls and is polluted. In the instance of Soradino, it is rather the pinion of the vulture which stoops from its bloody crag to clog its feathers in the

dust. Such was the man who dared to solicit my father for the hand of the holiest thing that God ever created. As well might he have asked for the cup and the wine of the sacrament, to be the means of his brutal intoxication. He was past the middle age, bloated, cruel, and debauched,—but he was the most powerful, and nearly the most wealthy, of our nobles. How well do I remember the morning on which, when we had scarce seen him for a month, my father entered the cabinet wherein my sister and myself were seated. We were both of us engaged in designing a figure of Psyche, the character in which she was about to appear at a masked ball. Monteco came into the room with a quicker step than usual, as if in haste to despatch some unimportant business, which detained him from more serious affairs. It is now a year since that fatal morning. Were it a million of years, I could not have forgotten the playful loveliness of my sister, while she took her father's hand, and pressed it to her lips; nor was the cold and careless glance less memorable, with which alone he returned her salutation. To me he did not utter a syllable, nor give a single look. He said no more than this—'Isabel, you must prepare to wed. A suitor, whom I approve of, has proposed himself; and in a month you will become a wife.' She seemed to be lost in utter astonishment. My father went on—'Mark Soradino'—even then her habitual terror closed her lips, but she fell in a swoon upon the floor, at the feet of her parent. His wrath broke out. He ordered me to leave the room, and send the women, 'and mark, you need not return hither. For the present you are confined to your chamber.' I never saw my sister more."

"Great God! was she murdered?" said the Englishman.

"No; but she is subjected to a fate, compared with which, the stiletto or the poison would have been a gift of mercy. A few days after, it was publicly announced that Isabel Monteco had departed to visit for a

time a relation, who is Abbess of a Convent at Rome; and that, on her return in a few months, she would become the bride of Soradino. I inquired, at the first opportunity, from the nurse of Isabel, as to the time, mode, and object of this journey. At first, she would give me no other information than that such and such things were ordered to be said by Monteco. When I asked her as to the facts themselves, she was silent. At last, she burst into tears, and entreated me to inquire nothing till a future opportunity, but, in the meantime, to give her a hundred ducats, with the aid of which, she doubted not to be able to gain a sufficient answer. I gave her the money; and the next day, the moment my father departed for the council, she entered my apartment. For some time she let me hear nothing but exclamations and wailings. When, however, I had thus far indulged her, she informed me that she had succeeded in bribing one of the servants, named Ludovico, to tell her all he knew, by giving him a sum large enough to carry him beyond the power of Venice, and to pay him for the risk. He had escaped from the city the instant he had told the story. He, and another ruffian named Pietro, had, it seems, been employed the very night of the day on which I last saw Isabel, to bind her arms, and cover her mouth, and convey her in secrecy to a dungeon in the foundations of our palace. On recovering from her swoon, she had, doubtless, ventured to tell my father that she never would obey him, by subjecting herself to the pollution and misery of a marriage with Soradino. Such was Ludovico's information, and such the fate to which my sister was doomed, and which she still suffers."

"Do not mock me, Signor. A young and delicate lady shut up for a year in a solitary prison, and that in her father's house!"

"I swear it to be true. Were there a doubt, I should not now be here to implore your assistance. I myself have found means to visit, and

that frequently, the door of the cell. Through a narrow loop-hole, too high to be reached by any thing but the voice, we have spoken with each other. How have I raved before the barrier which kept me from my sister! How have I smote the iron door, till my hands were broken and bloody! But I have been maddened in vain; and have had reason in nothing but my despair!" Then a burst of sorrow and tears stopped for a time the utterance of the unhappy boy.

The Englishman mused for a short time before he spoke: "Against a man so powerful as the Lord Monteco, I can easily believe that no laws, existing in Venice, could afford protection. But still something may, doubtless, be done; if not by the laws, yet in spite of them."

"It is in the confidence of your so thinking, that I come here. For months I had almost resigned the hope of achieving my sister's deliverance. The iron resolution of Monteco—it would be as easy to move St. Marc with a finger! No Venetian would dare, for the wealth of all my house, to cross my father's path. But you—from the moment I first heard you speak as you did, the last evening, to Father Paul—from that moment I knew I had fallen on one who, with no hope of reward, no aim but the relief of misery, would venture and perform all that talents, and courage, and enterprise can accomplish. And do not suppose that I would diminish the danger of the attempt, for the purpose of disparaging your valor, when I say that you will encounter a risk, which, terrible as it is, is yet incomparably slighter than it would be if you were a Venetian citizen."

"Think not of my danger, my friend, but of the means of success. Life is only valuable in proportion as we can improve our own nature, and show the fruits of that improvement in deeds of mercy and generosity."

At the time when these words were spoken,—about an hour, that is, after midnight,—Pietro, the servant of Adrian Monteco, was seated in the ante-

chamber of his master's bed-room, which was as yet untenanted by its wakeful and laborious owner. This brave and unscrupulous attendant was every way worthy of his employer. He was of a bulky, yet sufficiently active form; hardened by long military exercises, and covered with many scars. His rude and vulgar, but bold and cunning expression, shown red in the lamp-light, was the exact picture of his mind. He was now employed in sharpening and polishing, with peculiar care, some choice weapons which lay on a table before him, beside a flask of rich wine, and a large glass, to which he frequently had recourse. He muttered to himself, while he pursued alternately his labor and his enjoyment; each of which, however, yielded probably an equal gratification to his sensual and bloody nature. "The foul fiend seize that Jacopo Bondini, whom I commissioned to buy this Milan dagger! Satan! did I give him five ducats for a lump of iron, which would no more slip past a bone than through a stone wall! It will do, however, if he comes within my reach, to prick the throat of the Jew, and teach him more conscience when he deals with me again." With this consolation, he returned the despised weapon to its sheath, and filled out a liberal glass of wine. "San Marco! this Monte Pulciano is the right liquor—for any one but a servant of Adrian Monteco," he added hastily, as he heard the slow step of that formidable Noble sounding along the corridor. He quickly disposed of the bottle and glass behind a large crucifix which stood in a niche of the apartment; and, without hiding the arms, opened the door for his master. It was among the symptoms of Monteco's distrustful temper, that he never admitted to his sleeping chamber, while he himself was there, any more graceful or practised attendant than Pietro,—fearing, probably, to be taken at unawares, and unprotected by the secret armor which he always wore but when at rest. This trusted follower

now preceded him into the bed-room, and lighted a large lamp which hung from the ceiling. It completely illuminated the wide and splendid room, hung with tapestry, whereon were embroidered the exploits of Cæsar. Much of the furniture was of a massy and semi-barbaric richness, which showed it to be the produce of his victories over the Mohammedans. He flung himself into a large and gorgeous chair, covered with crimson velvet, and undid some of the buttons on the breast of his rich doublet, so as to show the blue gleam of the metal underneath. His face was pale with toil and anxiety; but there was in the features no expression of weakness or lassitude. The spirit was sufficient to every occasion, and to the longest and most wearisome labors.

"Pietro," he said, "draw your sword, and guard the outer-door. Slay the Doge, if he should attempt to enter. I am going to see *her*."

"My Lord," said Pietro.

"What, Sir?" answered Monteco, fiercely.

"My Lord, I must be so bold as to tell you, that you will never succeed with her; not, at least, until you can make the Grand Turk a Christian."

"What know you of these matters? But go on!"

"When I carried her bread and her cruise of water to the Signora this morning, I asked her through the loophole how she felt; and she answered, 'I feel that I shall soon escape from your cruelty.'"

"How mean you—escape, did she say?"

"Aye, my lord; but when I told her that the walls were as thick, and the bolts as strong, as ever, she said, 'It boots not to converse with thee; but he who will free me is stronger than thou or thy master, even death!'"

"Psha! Pietro;" (but his lip quivered while he said it,) "go on, however; what saidst thou next, or what said the other fool to thee?"

"I asked her, whether she were not an obstinate rebel, and deserving damnation?"

"Now, by all the saints, villain, didst thou speak thus to my daughter? But I am a fool to be moved by thy insolence to a jade such as she is."

"I asked her, what she did not deserve for choosing to die rather than obey her father, and whether she had not better consent to come out of that dismal vault, and wed the noble Senator Soradino? But all she said was, 'Leave me, leave me, and torment me no longer with his name. I shall soon be where it can never be pronounced with favor, unless the angels delight in evil.' This was all that passed between us, my lord."

"Begone, as I told thee, and guard the door." He took a bunch of keys out of a bronze cabinet, seized a lamp, and opened a pannel in the wainscot of the ante-chamber, through which he disappeared, leaving Pietro to watch against surprise.

Even that hardened ruffian somewhat doubted, as was evident in the last conversation, whether the vengeance inflicted upon the unhappy girl were not inconsistent with that small remnant of kindly feeling which alone he professed to entertain. He shut the door through which Monteco had first entered the room, as well as that through which he had departed, not liking to see the black recesses of shade which they disclosed. He trimmed his lamp, and brought out the flask from behind the crucifix, to wash down his scruples. He sat down; and then suddenly stood up again, and walked about the room. He loosened his sword in the scabbard; he hummed a tune; and then took a second draught of the Monte Pulciano. But all would not do. He could not bring the imprisonment of a gentle girl by her own father in a deadly prison, under the same class of peccadilloes as ordinary robberies and murders. In short, to escape from the qualms of his conscience, the worthy swordsman almost resolved to cut his master's throat, and fly to the mainland with all the property he could lay his hands on. How this half-conceived plan was defeated, will appear hereafter.

SUMMER MORNING LANDSCAPE.

BY DELTA.

THE eyelids of the morning are awake ;
 The dews are disappearing from the grass ;
 The sun is o'er the mountains ; and the trees,
 Moveless, are stretching through the blue of heaven,
 Exuberantly green. All noiselessly
 The shadows of the twilight fleet away,
 And draw their misty legion to the west,
 Seen for a while, 'mid the salubrious air,
 Suspended in the silent atmosphere,
 As in Medina's mosque Mahomet's tomb.—
 Up from the coppice, on exulting wing,
 Mounts, mounts the skylark through the clouds of dawn,—
 The clouds, whose snow-white canopy is spread
 Athwart, yet hiding not, at intervals,
 The azure beauty of the summer sky ;
 And, at far distance heard, a bodyless note
 Pours down, as if from cherub stray'd from Heaven !

Maternal Nature ! all thy sights and sounds
 Now breathe repose, and peace, and harmony.
 The lake's unruffled bosom, cold and clear,
 Expands beneath me, like a silver veil
 Thrown o'er the level of subjacent fields,
 Revealing, on its conscious countenance,
 The shadows of the clouds that float above :—
 Upon its central stone the heron sits
 Stirless,—as in the wave its counterpart,—
 Looking, with quiet eye, towards the shore
 Of dark-green copse-wood, dark, save, here and there,
 Where spangled with the broom's bright aureate flowers.—
 The blue-wing'd sea-gull, sailing placidly
 Above his landward haunts, dips down alert
 His plumage in the waters, and, anon,
 With quicken'd wing, in silence reascends.—
 Whence comest thou, lone pilgrim of the wild ?
 Whence wanderest thou, lone Arab of the air ?
 Where makest thou thy dwelling place ? Afar,
 O'er inland pastures, from the herbless rock,
 Amid the weltering ocean, thou dost hold,
 At early sunrise, thy unguided way,—
 The visitant of Nature's varied realms,—
 The habitant of Ocean, Earth, and Air,—
 Sailing with sportive breast, 'mid wind and wave,
 And, when the sober evening draws around
 Her curtains, clasp'd together by her Star,
 Returning to the sea-rock's breezy peak.

And now the wood engirds me, the tall stems
 Of birch and beech tree hemming me around,
 Like pillars of some natural temple vast ;
 And, here and there, the giant pines ascend,
 Briareus-like, amid the stirless air,
 High stretching ; like a good man's virtuous thoughts
 Forsaking earth for heaven. The cushat stands
 Amid the topmost boughs, with azure vest,
 And neck aslant, listening the amorous coo
 Of her, his mate, who, with maternal wing
 Wide-spread, sits brooding on opponent tree.
 Why, from the rank grass underneath my feet,
 Aside on ruffled pinion dost thou start,
 Sweet minstrel of the morn ? Behold her nest,
 Thatch'd o'er with cunning skill, and there, her young
 With sparkling eye, and thin-fledged russet wing :
 Younglings of air ! probationers of song !

From lurking dangers may ye rest secure,
 Secure from prowling weasel, or the tread
 Of steed incautious, wandering 'mid the flowers ;
 Secure beneath the fostering care of her
 Who warm'd you into life, and gave you birth ;
 Till, plumed and strong, unto the buoyant air
 Ye spread your equal wings, and to the morn,
 Lifting your freckled bosoms, dew-besprent,
 Salute, with spirit-stirring song, the man
 Wayfaring lonely.—Hark ! the striderous neigh !—
 There, o'er his dogrose fence, the chesnut foal,
 Shaking his silver forelock, proudly stands,—
 To snuff the balmy fragrance of the morn :—
 Up comes his ebon compeer, and, anon,
 Around the field in mimic chase they fly,
 Startling the echoes of the woodland gloom.

How sweet, contrasted with the din of life,
 Its selfish miseries, and ignoble cares,
 Are scenes like these ; yet, in the book of Time,
 Of many a blot, there is a primal leaf,
 Whose pictures are congenial to the soul,
 Concentring all in peace, whose wishes rest ;—
 With rapture to the Patriarchal days—
 The days of pastoral innocence, and health,
 And hope, and all the sweetnesss of life—
 The thought delighted turns ; when shepherds held
 Dominion o'er the mountain and the plain ;
 When, in the cedar shade, the lover piped
 Unto his fair, and there was none to chide ;—
 Nor paltry hate—nor petty perfidy :
 But Peace unfurl'd her ensign o'er the world ;
 And joy was woven through the web of life,
 In all its tissue ; and the heart was pure ;
 And Angels held communion with mankind.

Far different are the days in which 'tis ours
 To live ; a demon spirit hath gone forth,
 Corrupting many men in all their thoughts,
 And blighting with its breath the natural flowers,
 Planted by God to beautify our earth :—
 Wisdom and worth no more are chiefest deem'd
 Of man's possessions ; Gain, and Guilt, and Gold,
 Reign paramount ; and, to these idols, bow,
 All unreluctant, as if man could boast
 No loftier attributes, the supple knees
 Of the immortal multitude. Ah me !
 That centuries, in their lapse, should nothing bring
 But change from ill to worse, that man, uncouch'd,
 Blind to his interests, ever should remain—
 The interests of his happiness ; and prove,
 Even to himself, the fiercest of his foes.
 Look on the heartlessness that reigns around—
 Oh, look and mourn ; if springs one native joy,
 Doth art not check it ? In the cup of Fate,
 If Chance hath dropp'd one pearl, do cruel hands
 Not dash it rudely from the thirsting lip ?
 With loud lament, mourn for the ages gone,
 Long gone, yet gleaming from the twilight past,
 With sunbright happiness on all their hills,
 The days, that, like a rainbow, pass'd away,—
 The days that fled never to come again,—
 When Jacob served for Leah ; and when Ruth,
 A willing exile, with Naomi came
 From Bethlem-Judah ; glean'd the barley-fields
 Of Boaz, her mother's kinsman, trembling crept,
 At starry midnight, to the threshing floor,
 And laid herself in silence at his feet.

Thou, Nature, ever-changing, changest not—
 The evening and the morning duly come—
 And spring, and summer's heat, and winter's cold—
 The very sun that look'd on Paradise,
 On Eden's bloomy bowers, and sinless man,
 Now blazes in the glory of his power.
 Yea! Ararat, where Noah, with his sons,
 And tribes, again to people solitude,
 Rested, lone-gazing on the floods around,
 Remains a landmark for the pilgrim's path!
 And thus the months shall come, and thus the years
 Revolve; and day, alternating with night,
 Lead on from blooming youth to hoary age,
 Till Time itself grows old; and Spring forgets
 To herald Summer; and the fearful blank
 Of Chaos overspreads, and mantles all!

Farewell, ye placid scenes! amid the land
 Ye smile, an inland solitude; the voice
 Of peace-destroying man is seldom heard
 Amid your landscapes. Beautiful ye raise
 Your green embowering groves, and smoothly spread
 Your waters, glistening in a silver sheet.
 The morning is a season of delight—
 The morning is the self-possession'd hour—
 'Tis then that feelings, sunk, but unsubdued,
 Feelings of purer thoughts, and happier days,
 Awake, and, like the sceptred images
 Of Banquo's mirror, in succession pass!

And first of all, and fairest, thou dost pass
 In memory's eye, beloved! though now afar
 From those sweet vales, where we have often roam'd
 Together. Do thy blue eyes now survey
 The brightness of the morn in other scenes?
 Other, but haply beautiful as these,
 Which now I gaze on; but which, wanting thee,
 Want half their charms; for, to thy poet's thought,
 More deeply glow'd the heaven, when thy fine eye,
 Surveying its grand arch, all kindling glow'd;
 The white cloud to thy white brow was a foil;
 And, by the soft tints of thy cheek outvied,
 The dew-bent wild-rose droop'd despairingly.

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS, STATESMEN, &c.

No. I.—MR. O'CONNELL.

THE veriest orangeman from the heart of Cavan, who has drunk knee-deep to the "Glorious Memory," and strained his throat in giving "one cheer more" for Protestant Ascendancy, could not sit ten minutes beside Mr. O'Connell without being charmed into the acknowledgment that no man can be better calculated to gain and retain the affections of his countrymen. There is something about him so jolly and good-natured, he has so much off-hand Irish readiness, and such a flow of conversation and anecdote, that it requires a considerable strength of

resolution and prejudice to avoid being pleased with him. Hence those of his political partizans who come most in contact with their "great leader" are invariably his warmest and most enthusiastic friends. Independently of the national causes which place him at the head of the Catholic body, the qualities to which we have alluded have probably no inconsiderable influence in enabling him to control the fiery and ambitious spirits associated with him, and to reconcile the jarring tempers to whom the guidance of the great machine is entrusted.

Each of the others moves in the sphere most suited to his endowments, whilst the master mind gives direction, and life, and unity, to all their operations. In nothing, perhaps, is his power more exemplified than in the numerous mistakes which he has with impunity committed, in playing his part on the great theatre created and directed by himself. When we use the words "with impunity," we mean, without diminishing his influence, or weakening the veneration attached by his followers to his name. His errors appear, in truth, to have arisen from the same rash and ardent temperament, the same warmth of feeling, that plunge him with enthusiasm into every cause—whether he pleads at the bar of the court in behalf of some poor and persecuted client, or rises in his little senate to paint the injuries and vindicate the rights of his country. In all, and through all, he is the same—eager and impassioned. He has thus gained a character seldom bestowed upon a lawyer—that no man ever heard him speak, and thought of asking whether he was in earnest. In private life no man is more respected. Amiable and benevolent, he is esteemed by all who have access to his circle. It is not, however, our business to lift the screen which veils domestic life; nor, in truth, can such traits, however commendable, be allowed much weight in deciding on his character and conduct as a public man.

Mr. O'Connell, as we have been informed, was born in 1770, and called to the bar in 1798. Good connexions and—what was more important—splendid talents did not permit him to slumber long in that obscurity which generally chills the spirit of the aspiring candidate for forensic fame. In the Irish courts, much greater latitude is given to the addresses of the practising barristers than would be tolerated, or at least encouraged, in Westminster Hall. There seems, in truth, to be something in the very air of the sister island which precludes the possibility of binding down its natives to the cold dry rules that regulate the orations of

English lawyers. The latter possess something of a phlegmatic quality, which is not to be found in the more mercurial temperament of their transmarine brethren. In Westminster Hall the most absurd point of law is discussed with the greatest gravity; authorities from the first of Richard I. to the eighth of George IV. are brought to bear upon every assailable position; and the unfortunate caitiff, who is stripped of his paternal acres by a judicial decree, is consoled with the hopeful prospect of a *recovery in value* against the common crier of the court, without a smile being raised on the blooming visages of the junior apprentices, or a curl on the sallow faces of the more hardened veterans. In Ireland, the dry details of legal discussion are generally relieved by the flash of ready wit and lively repartee; and the play of imagination is permitted to illuminate the labyrinth of abstruse speculations. But in the addresses to juries, the difference between the two races is still more perceptible. *Here*, the balance of conflicting testimonies is measured to the weight of a feather; probabilities are marshalled to fill the chasms of direct evidence, and its due importance carefully assigned to each conjecture; and the learned counsel can expatiate with the most professional *sang froid* on the quantum of damages to be assigned as the just value of wounded feelings. In Dublin, there is much more than this. The deficiencies of evidence are obviated by appeals to the feelings of the jurors; and the losing pleader endeavors to subdue the opposition of cool judgment by enlisting the passions in his cause. The Irish juries expect something more than a meagre outline of the facts, which they are afterwards to gather in detail; and a "pretty speech" has been known to work wonders for one who has perhaps little else to offer. Matters, it is true, have changed much within the last twenty years—since the days when Curran and his compeers were in their glory; but the essential character of pleading remains still the same. Hence

it is, that our neighbors are generally so fond of attending the public trials. The eloquent and impassioned harangues of the leading lawyers—the ingenious cross-examination of shrewd and humorous witnesses, who are not unfrequently an overmatch for their torturers,—and the splendid and luminous charges of such men as Bushe and Plunkett, afford a mental treat which it requires some philosophy to withstand.

Mr. O'Connell's peculiar qualifications can be more easily described by stating what he is not, than by telling what he is. He is not equal to Pennefather in puzzling the judges upon some subtle point, which has been raked from the dusty folios of technical perplexity. He is not a match for Wallace in showing the cogency of an inapplicable reason, or the necessity of admitting what his hearers know to be impossible. He is not so ingenious as O'Grady in diving to the core of a recreant witness, and tearing aside the mantle wrapped round perjury or fraud. He has not the cold, but graceful and classic, eloquence of North, pouring upon the ear "like moonlight on a marble statue." But he is endowed in an eminent degree with the characteristic excellencies of them all. Undiverted from his professional duties by the temptations of pleasure, or the devotion that he pays at the shrine of ambition, his clients know that he will not fail to be prepared for the important moment, with all the power which a strong mind and a life of industry bestow. Intimately acquainted with the peculiarities of Irish disposition, he is not often defeated by the stubbornness or cunning of a witness. Natural ingenuity, and a ready fluency, render his arguments at the least deserving of attention; while his earnest manner and air of sincere conviction sometimes make his audience believe that they also should hold the same opinions with himself. Upon the whole, those who regard him without the prejudice of political feeling will have little hesitation in placing him in the foremost

rank of his profession, and certainly at the head of the *Nisi Prius* lawyers. The numbers of the orange party who send their briefs to the great enemy of their band, attest at once the dependence placed on his talents and integrity. Of a man so highly gifted, what must be the feelings, when he finds himself superseded in the road of professional advancement by individuals whom he knows to be as much his inferiors in talent as they are in standing? Without detracting from his patriotism, we may readily suppose that a little personal leaven mingles with his public zeal. A curious misunderstanding ensued some time since between him and Mr. North, concerning some point of etiquette in the business of court, which cut home to the bosom of Mr. O'Connell, whilst it gave him a triumphant opportunity of wreaking vengeance on the laws, that deprive him of the just reward of his exertions. 'Tis seldom, however, that he is drawn into a squabble in court: he is a good-natured though warm man; and the briefless barrister or busy attorney, with whom he exchanges the ready joke in passing, can seldom regard him with feelings of ill-will.

The Association is the place in which he is most at home. As with him it originated, so has he since organized and directed it. Whatever may be the opinion entertained of his conduct, or the influence of this assembly, it has done more to forward the Catholic cause, by forcing it perpetually upon the public mind, and compelling attention to its consideration, than any less obtrusive method could possibly have effected. The public debates have attracted and instructed all, even the lowest of the Catholic body; and the Rent has furnished such means to organize and consolidate the energies of the whole mass, that it would be now equally impolitic and impossible to suppress the Association, without incurring the risk of a general and bloody rebellion. It is (to use an old, but not the less appropriate, metaphor) the safety-valve, by which the discontent of the

population may escape. Mr. O'Connell has latterly abated much of the violent personal abuse, in which he formerly allowed himself to indulge. Besides the obvious impropriety of using such language at all, it came with a bad grace from him, who considered the fatal result of one unfortunate duel a sufficient plea for refusing either apology or satisfaction to men with whose feelings and reputations he had wantonly trifled. One so circumstanced should be particularly guarded in his language. Since Mr. O'Connell has resolved not to give satisfaction, he should avoid incurring the obligation. There is still, however, a degree of coarseness in his harangues that might well be spared. His mind seems rather strong and fiery than polished or delicate. He is not a classical speaker; and, if we may judge from his own practice, his acquaintance with English literature is small: his whole quotations may be found within the compass of eight lines. His manner, too, is not that of a polished man: it is vigorous and animated, and perhaps the best for the auditory which he generally addresses; it comes home to them, for he speaks for himself as well as them—he is one of themselves. Amongst the peasantry, no other orator could be so powerful. He knows their dispositions; and the “*Cheer for old Ireland,*” which

invariably closes his address, is as regularly followed by one, not less hearty, given to himself. If Cæsar wrote as he fought, Mr. O'Connell may be said to speak as he looks. With a broad chest and Herculean shoulders, his careless and independent swing as he walks along, might pass him for a plain wealthy farmer, were it not for the fire that occasionally flashes from his eye. His language and look are strong and homely; but a second glance shows that he is something out of the way of ordinary men. We can read in his countenance a little of that stiffness, which prevents him from willingly acknowledging his error, when the warmth or violence of his temper has led him astray. We might mention instances of this stubbornness, but our sketch is already too long. We have purposely declined saying anything about the Clare election, or its consequences, as politics do not properly belong to our pages; but we do hope that a recurrence of such dilemmas will soon be rendered unnecessary. Though not so sanguine as many are, with respect to Mr. O'Connell's prospect of success in his enterprise, we cannot conclude without repeating our belief that he has done much for the freedom of his country, and that, when political passion has died away, his name will be inscribed among the most favored of her children.

AWKWARDNESS.

MAN is naturally the most awkward animal that inhales the breath of life. There is nothing, however simple, which he can perform with the smallest approach to gracefulness or ease. If he walks,—he hobbles, or jupaps, or limps, or trots, or sidles, or creeps—but creeping, sidling, limping, hobbling, and jumping, are by no means walking. If he sits,—he sidgets, twists his legs under his chair, throws his arm over the back of it, and puts himself into a perspiration, by trying to be at ease. It is the same

in the more complicated operations of life. Behold that individual on a horse! See with what persevering alacrity he hobbles up and down from the croup to the pommel, while his horse goes quietly at an amble of from four to five miles in the hour. See how his knees, flying like a weaver's shuttle, from one extremity of the saddle to another, destroy, in a pleasure-ride from Edinburgh to Roslin, the good grey kerseymeres, which were glittering a day or two ago in Scaife and Willis's shop. The horse

begins to gallop—Bless our soul ! the gentleman will decidedly roll off. The reins were never intended to be pulled like a peal of Bob Majors ; your head, my friend, ought to be on your own shoulders, and not poking out between your charger's ears ; and your horse ought to use *its* exertions to move on, and not you. It is a very cold day, you have cantered your two miles, and now you are wiping your brows, as if you had run the distance in half the time on foot.

People think it a mighty easy thing to roll along in a carriage. Step into this noddy. That creature in the corner is evidently in a state of such nervous excitement that his body is as immovable as if he had breakfasted on the kitchen poker ; every jolt of the vehicle must give him a shake like a battering-ram ; do you call this coming in to give yourself a rest ? Poor man, your ribs will ache for this for a month to come ! But the other gentleman opposite : see how flexible he has rendered his body. Every time my venerable friend on the coach-box extends the twig with a few yards of twine at the end of it, which he denominates “ a whupp,” the suddenness of the accelerated motion makes his great round head flop from the centre of his short thick neck, and come with such violence on the unstuffed back, that his hat is sent down upon the bridge of his nose with a vehemence which might well nigh carry it away. Do you say that man is capable of taking a *pleasure* ride ? Before he has been bumped three miles, every pull of wind will be jerked out of his body, and by the time he has arrived at Roslin, he will be a dead man. If that man prospers in the world, he commits suicide the moment he sets up his carriage.

We go to a ball. Mercy upon us ! is this what you call dancing ? A man of thirty years of age, and with legs as thick as a gate-post, stands up in the middle of the room, and gapes, and fumbles with his gloves, looking all the time as if he were burying his grandmother. At a given signal, the

unwieldy animal puts himself in motion ; he throws out his arms, crouches up his shoulders, and, without moving a muscle of his face, kicks out his legs, to the manifest risk of the bystanders, and goes back to his place puffing and blowing like an otter, after a half-hour's burst. Is this dancing ? Shades of the filial and paternal Vestris ! can this be a specimen of the art which gives elasticity to the most inert conformation, which sets the blood glowing with a warm and genial flow, and makes beauty float before our ravished senses, stealing our admiration by the gracefulness of each new motion, till at last our souls thrill to each warning movement, and dissolve into ecstasy and love ? Maiden, with the roses lying among the twinings of thy long red hair ! think not that the art of dancing consists merely in activity and strength. Thy limbs, which are none of the weakest, were not intended to be the rivals of a pavior's hammer : the artificer, who trimmed thy locks, had no idea that his labors were to be lifted three feet higher than thy natural height from the ground ; spare thyself such dreadful exertion, we beseech thee, and consider that thine ankle, though strong and thick as St. George's pillars, may still be broken or sprained with such saltatations.

People seem even to labor to be awkward. One would think a gentleman might shake hands with a familiar friend without any symptoms of cubbiness. Not at all. The hand is jerked out by the one with the velocity of a rocket, and comes so unexpectedly to the length of its tether, that it nearly dislocates the shoulder bone. There it stands swaying and clutching at the wind, at the full extent of the arm, while the other is half poked out, and half drawn in, as if rheumatism detained the upper moiety, and only below the elbow were at liberty to move. After you have shaken the hand, (but for what reason you squeeze it, as if it were a sponge, I can by no means imagine,) can you not withdraw it to your side, and keep

it in the station where nature and comfort alike tell you it ought to be? Do you think your breeches' pocket the most proper place to push your hand into? Do you put it there to guard the solitary half-crown from the rapacity of your friend; or do you put it across your breast in case of an unexpected winder from your apparently peaceable acquaintance on the opposite side?

Who, in the name of wonder, taught you to touch your hat? Do you imagine that any lady will be pleased by your dosing your castor, as if it hurt your head, or throwing your hand up to it, as if to hold it on against a sudden gust of wind, or tapping it on the brim with the point of your forefinger, as if it were the interior of a snuff-box? Why will you be so awkward? Most learned expounder of the intricacies of law, remember when your hat is fairly and genteelly off, the best thing you can do is to put it quietly and calmly on again. Recollect in these easterly winds that you have left your wig in the Parliament House, and besides, that some booby of a phrenologist will set you down in his next philosophical essay, as endowed with an enormous organ of offhattiveness, and the proportions of your neck may be quite as well concealed. Stop, my dear George, you intended to take off your hat to the ladies in the blue pelisses,—your nod was pretty well, but your salute, as we say in the army, was bestowed upon two lady's maids and three children in a window three doors farther on.

Is it not quite absurd that a man can't even take a glass of wine without an appearance of infinite difficulty and pain? Eating an egg at breakfast, we allow, is a difficult operation, but surely a glass of wine after dinner should be as easy as it is undoubtedly agreeable. The egg lies under many disadvantages. If you leave the egg-cup on the table, you have to steady it with the one hand, and carry the floating nutriment a distance of about two feet with the other, and always in

a confoundedly small spoon, and sometimes with rather unsteady fingers. To avoid this, you take the egg-cup in your hand, and every spoonful have to lay it down again, in order to help yourself to bread; so, upon the whole, we disapprove of eggs.

But the glass of wine—can any thing be more easy? One would think not—but if you take notice next time you empty a glass with a friend, you will see that, sixteen to one, he makes the most convulsive efforts to do with ease what a person would naturally suppose was the easiest thing in the world. Do you see, in the first place, how hard he grasps the decanter, leaving the misty marks of five hot fingers on the glittering crystal, which ought to be pure as Cornelia's fame? Then remark at what an acute angle he holds his right elbow as if he were meditating an assault on his neighbor's ribs; then see how he claps the bottle down again as if his object were to shake the pure ichor, and make it muddy as his own brains. Mark how the animal seizes his glass,—he will break it into a thousand fragments! See how he bows his lubberly head to meet half way the glorious cargo; how he slobbers the beverage over his unmeaning gullet, and chucks down the glass so as almost to break its stem after he has emptied it of its contents as if they had been jalap or castor-oil! Call you that taking a glass of wine? Sir, it is putting wine into your gullet as you would put small beer into a barrel,—but it is not—oh, no! it is not taking, so as to enjoy, a glass of red, rich port, or glowing, warm, tinted, beautiful caveza! Men are decidedly more awkward than “all-commanding woman,” every where, except on the road.

A newly married couple are invited to a wedding-dinner. See when they enter the room, how differently they behave.—How gracefully she waves her head in the fine recover from the withdrawing curtsy, and beautifully extends her hand to the bald-pated individual grinning to her on the rug!

While the poor spoon, her husband, looks on, with the white of his eyes turned up as if he were sea sick, and his hands dangle dangle on his thighs as if he were trying to lift his own legs. See how he ducks to the lady of the house, and simpers across the fire-place to his wife, who by this time is giving a most spirited account of the state of roads, and the civility of the postilions near the Borders.

Is a man little? Let him always, if possible, stoop. We are sometimes tempted to lay sprawling in the mud fellows of from five feet to five feet eight, who carry the back of their heads on the extreme summit of their back-bone, and gape up to heaven as if they scorned the very ground. Let no little man wear iron heels. When we visit a friend of ours in Queen Street we are disturbed from our labors of conversation by a sound which resembles the well-timed marching of a file of infantry or a troop of dismounted dragoons. We hobble as fast as possible to the window, and are sure to see some chappie of about five feet high stumping on the pavement with his most properly named cuddy-heels; and we stake our credit, we never yet heard a similar clatter from any of his Majesty's subjects of a rational and gentlemanly height—We mean from five feet eleven (our own height) up to six feet three.

Is a man tall? let him never wear a surtout. It is the most unnatural, and therefore the most awkward dress that ever was invented. On a tall man, if he be thin, it appears like a cossack-trowser on a stick leg; if it be buttoned, it makes his leanness and lankness still more appalling and absurd; if it be open, it appears to be no part of his costume, and leads us to suppose that some elongated habit-maker is giving us a specimen of that rare bird, the flying taylor.

We go on a visit to the country for a few days, and the neighborhood is famous for its beautiful prospects. Though, for our own individual share, we would rather go to the catacombs alone, than to a splendid view in a

troop, we hate to balk young people; and as even now a walking-stick chair is generally carried along for our behoof, we seldom or never remain at home when all the rest of the party trudge off to some "bushy bourne or mossy dell." On these occasions how infinitely superior the female is to the male part of the species! The ladies, in a quarter of an hour after the proposal of the ploy, appear all in readiness to start, each with her walking-shoes and parasol, with a smart reticule dangling from her wrist. The gentlemen, on the other hand, set off with their great heavy Wellingtons, which, after walking half a mile, pinch them at the toe, and make the pleasure-excursion confine them to the house for weeks. Then some fool, the first gate or stile we come to, is sure to shew off his vaulting, and upsets himself in the ditch on the opposite side, instead of going quietly over and helping the damosels across. And then, if he does attempt the polite, how awkwardly the monster makes the attempt! We come to a narrow ditch with a plank across it—He goes only half way, and, standing in the middle of the plank, stretches out his hand and pulls the unsuspecting maiden so forcibly, that before he has time to get out of the way, the impetus his own tug has produced, precipitates them both among the hemlock and nettles, which, you may lay it down as a general rule, are to be found at the thoroughfares in every field.

Long, long ago, (and the mists of thirty years are lifted from our retrospective vision as we speak,) we went with a party of amiable girls to see one of the grandest objects in England. Shall we forget the sunny day which lighted us merrily over valley and plain, till we entered at last on the magnificent defiles of the Cheddar Cliffs, in Somersetshire?—Never!—We still, with the minuteness of which, as we look at our diminished legs—which are at this moment swathed in flannel—we are half-ashamed, remember the fawn-colored pelisse, and white straw bonnet, of a

young and beautiful maiden of the party. We remember the beauties of her flexible form, and the moving lights which danced across her countenance as she spoke, and still more the bright wild innocence which sealed Love's seal upon her downy cheek, whene'er her soft sweet lips were curled into a smile. On we went, the maiden and ourself, and what we talked of, or if we talked at all, we do not remember, or at least we have no inclination to reveal. As we wandered up the pass, and the gradual winding of the ascent brought us every instant into view of some more sublime and grander aspect of the scene, our conversation became less sustained, till when we came to the middle of the steep, where on each side of us rose, "in wild and stern magnificence," the grand and rugged crags, with their rude projections clothed in brushwood, and mellowed by the warm tints of the noon-day sun, we should have thought it a profanation of nature's holiest mysteries, if we had uttered one word even of admiration to the mute and interesting girl who rested on our arm. The hawk poised himself on his broad and moveless wing, far up within the shadow of a beetling cliff, and then dashed into the sunshine and away! a joyous and delighted thing, down the windings of the mountain. The wild pigeon, too, came sailing with a flood of light upon his wings, and circling for a moment round a jutting ledge, folded his pinions on that desolate pinnacle, and brought to our fancy, amid all the wildness and majesty of the scene, thoughts, humbler and more gentle, of the quiet cottage in the far-off land which had been the shelter of our boyhood, and which, with such a companion as we then possessed, might be the no less fondly cherished shelter of our age. Yes, young and beautiful Honora! even amid the sternness of Nature's works, our heart was softened by thy calm and lovely smile! But what you could see in that thin-necked curate, it passes our comprehension to divine.

He was the most enormous eater we ever encountered in our life. Could such a being, after swallowing two pounds of mutton, fourteen potatoes, three rounds of bread, two quarts of beer, besides pudding and cheese, dare to hint a syllable of love towards any thing but a Southdown sheep? Could he have soothed thy young heart in its lonely, and perhaps its melancholy thoughts, as we could have done? Could he have looked into the blue recesses of thy rich deep eyes, and forgotten every thing but gratitude to Heaven for having bestowed on him a creature so pure, so beautiful? Could *he* have wandered into the calm solitudes, by the side of some romantic burn, and pulled the long blue bells wet with the spray of the dashing linn, and twined them in thine auburn hair, and rested beside thee with a sweet and chastened affection, and read to thee "through the lang simmer day," on some heathery knowe, far from the noisy and observing world—a world within yourselves? Oh, no! But thou, Honora! thou art the mother, we hear, of nine boys and girls, while we are slowly recovering from a four month's fit of the gout!

Love, when successful, is well enough, and perhaps it has treasures of its own to compensate for its inconveniences; but a more miserable situation than that of an unhappy individual before the altar, it is not in the heart of man to conceive. First of all, you are marched with a solitary male companion up the long aisle, which on this occasion appears absolutely interminable; then you meet your future partner dressed out in satin and white ribbons, whom you are sure to meet in gingham gowns or calico prints, every morning of your life ever after. There she is, supported by her old father, decked out in his old-fashioned brown coat, with a wig of the same color, beautifully relieving the burning redness of his huge projecting ears; and the mother, puffed up like an overgrown bolster, encouraging the trembling girl, and joining her maiden aunts of full fifty

years, in telling her to take courage, for it is what they must all come to. Bride's-maids and mutual friends make up the company; and there, standing out before this assemblage, you assent to every thing the curate, or, if you are rich enough, the rector, or even the dean, may say, shewing your knock-knees in the naked deformity of white kerseymeres, to an admiring bevy of the servants of both families, laughing and tittering from the squire's pew in the gallery. Then the parting!—The mother's injunctions to the juvenile bride to guard herself from the cold, and to write within the week. The maiden aunts' inquiries, of, "My dear, have you forgot nothing?"—the shaking of hands, the wiping and winking of eyes! By Hercules!—there is but one situation more unpleasant in this world, and that is, bidding adieu to your friends, the ordinary, and jailor, preparatory to swinging from the end of a halter out of it. The lady all this time seems not half so awkward. She has her gown to keep from creasing, her vinaigrette to play with; besides, that all her nervousness is interesting and feminine, and is laid to the score of delicacy and reserve.

What a piece of work is man! In every situation he is infinitely inferior to the softer sex,—except, indeed, as we remarked before, upon the road. Here a man of the minutest intellect is fifty degrees more sensible than the trotting, plodding, weary-looking woman by his side. Do you see that bunch of red rags swaying from side to side on the back of that wandering Camilla? In it repose two clubby children, while the nine others, of all shapes and sizes, are straggling along the way. The insignificant individual, with the tail of his coat (for it has only one) dangling down nearly to the junction between his battered stocking and his hard brown shoe; that mortal with but the ghost of a hat upon his head,—a staff within his hand,—his shoulders not distinguishable beneath the ample sweep of his deciduous coat; that being is the

husband of the woman, and, in the estimation of the world, the father of the eleven children. A gig sweeps on, containing some red-nosed, small-eyed Bagman, with his whip stuck in the arm-rod, a book in his hand, and the reins dangling in easy flow over the long bony back of his broken-knee'd charger. Hey! hey! cries the conveyer of patterns. The paternal vagabond slips quietly to the side, but guineas to sixpences, the woman creeps steadily on, or even if she be on the right side, diverges into the path, as if on purpose to cause the Bagman's apprehension for careless and furious driving along the King's highway. Often and often in our own young days, when mounted on our friend Seekham's most knowing Stanhope, bowling along the beautiful road between Bicester and Summer-town, at the easy rate of thirteen miles an hour, have we halloed till our throats ached again to the female part of a pedestrian cavalcade,—but all in vain. And then, when we were inspired, partly by Deakin's imperial port, and partly by wrath at the impediment to our course, have we slang'd till our very self was frightened at our vehemence, and our sleeping friend has awakened and stared with mute horror in our face! But there the insensate termagant stands flatly in your way, and unless you have the eloquent vituperations of Jon Bee or Mr. Brougham to aid you, your best plan is to lay your whip on the right flank of your restive horse, and trot out of hearing of her abuse (*celerrimo* curse you!) Once, and once only, were we happy at such an interruption. It was in that beautiful tract of country between Stirling and the Tro-sachs. We were slowly driving our old horse, Tempest, in our quiet easy shandrydan, admiring, as all who have hearts and souls must do, the noble vistas which open every moment upon the sight. Far down we heard the gurgling of the joyous river leaping over rock and stone, yet saw not the glittering of its bubbling course for the thick leaves which clustered on

its precipitous bank. Then at a winding of the way we saw a smooth calm reach, circling with its limpid waters round a projecting point, and just below us the tiny billows glistening to the noonday sun, half-seen, half-hid by the brushwood which decked with greenness and beauty the rocky ledge over which we gazed. We gave Tempest a gentle hint to proceed, and not far had we gone, when, gliding before us in solitude and loveliness, we beheld a form—and by the quickened pulses of our heart—we knew whose only that enchanting form could be. Immersed in “maiden meditation,” she heard not the rolling of our chariot wheels. Nearer and nearer we approached, and at last, as if roused from a dream, she started and turned round. The large brown eye, glistening in its lustrous beauty, till it appeared almost in tears,—the dark arched eye-brows, the glowing cheek, and then the enchanting smile,—it was—it was our Ellen! Three years were passed since we had seen the fawn-like maiden. We had seen her in the lighted hall, where she was the cynosure of every eye,—the loadstone of every heart. We had gazed on the ringlets of her dark auburn tresses that floated in many a curl along the pure marble of her snowy neck; we had followed with admiration every movement of her graceful form, and looked with more than rapture on the twinkling of her small and fairy-like feet, and we had wondered that a flower so fair was still left alone, and was not gathered to bloom on in blessedness, the ornament and delight of some faithful and loving bosom. And here we saw her in this romantic region, communing with her own pure spirit.

We spoke in the words of overflowing friendship. And old as we were, our heart yearned with kindness and affection to a being so young, so beautiful. Again we heard her voice as we used to delight to hear it, gay, joyous, free. She spoke with an enthusiasm, which made her still more lovely, of the beauties of the wild

scene around us. “Go on, blessed creature,” thought we, in the fulness of our heart, as we descended from our vehicle, and trusted Tempest to his own discretion up the hill,—“Go on, blessed creature, spreading light with thy pure smiles upon the darkness of a clouded and care-disturbed existence,—be the pride of some youthful bosom, that will beat only as thy wishes point! For ourself! we are old and failed, but thy beauties have scattered a leaf of the tree of happiness upon the dull and lagging course of our thorn-encircled thoughts.” We wondered, but inquired not the reason of her being solitary in so desolate and wild a scene; our thoughts were otherwise employed, and we were regretting that we had fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf, and picturing scenes of happiness and delight, had fate and fortune willed it otherwise. Even yet, could we win the heart of one so beautiful, we might be happy; attention would atone for disparity of years,—and Ellen, the lovely, the accomplished Ellen, might deign—

“——— to bless

With her light step our loneliness.”

Yet why for our vanity or selfish gratification doom a creature so young to waste her best years in the dull and joyless society of an infirm old man?—perish the ungenerous thought!—but would not she herself laugh at the mere idea! Perchance even now she is musing on some young and betrothed admirer; perchance she is dreaming of her future happiness, when the wife shall make it her pride to compensate for the coyness of the maiden. In the midst of our reverie and regrets, a carriage swept up the hill; a venerable old man looked out of the window as it stopped, and said, in an almost surly tone,—“We have got the shoe replaced—how fast you’ve walked; come in.” And Ellen, the young, the pure, the innocent, the beautiful, was the wife of a man older by a good dozen years than ourself! We handed her in without a word, bowed, as she said

farewell, and stood gazing after the carriage long after a turning of the road concealed it from our view. We remember, that on re-

mounting our shandrydan, we caught ourself muttering something, which we are afraid sounded almost like an oath.

THE TRAVELLER DYING IN THE DESERT:

*Suggested by reading Major Denham's Africa.**

THE traveller lay in the desert alone,
Deserted, and wounded, and heart-sick,
and wan;
The coolness and calmness of night had all
flown,
And the thirst and the fever of morning
came on.

No tree gave him shelter, no well was there
near—

No being to succor him greeted his eye;
No sound but the hyena's growl met his ear,
That waited impatiently till he should die.

The bones of the many, deserted like him,
Whom the spear of the robber or hunger
had slain,
Were saddening to view, and his eye-ball
grew dim,
As death grimly whispered, so his should
remain.

Yet, dauntless in spirit, around him he gaz-
ed—

No sigh left his dried lip, no tear did he
shed,
But smiled as to heaven his last look he
raised,
Where the halo of glory seem'd circling
his head.

He thought of his home, of the days of his
youth,

Of the friends who had loved him, and
those who'd deceived;
And the soft mournful words which he now
felt were truth,
That at parting she spoke who his ab-
sence still grieved.

"I have loved thee, fair Science—for thee
I've immured

My youth in the closet of wisdom," he
cried;

"For thee has my manhood all suffering
endured,

And for thee, on my tomb, be it said that
I died.

My tomb!—but what tomb, save this waste,
shall be mine?—

Yet to what Heaven wills be my spirit
resigned!

Though no friend can witness my being's
decline,

Still my name shall be found in my works
left behind.

Some traveller, more gifted, more happy,
shall come,

He shall find in this desert these relics of
me!

He shall carry my books to the land of my
home,

And my words, though I've perish'd, im-
mortal will be."

Thus, inly exulting, his spirit arose,

On the pinions of virtue, to regions afar;
The spot where he moulders no being now
shews,

But in every nation his monuments are.

His glory you see for his sorrows atone—

From examples like this future heroes are
made:

'Tis thus that a Denham we claim for our
own,

And long may it be ere his memory fade!

GUESSES AT TRUTH:

THIS book is the offspring of good thoughts and good feelings, and inherits the excellence of its parents. Why, then, has it not become popular? It is not on account of difficulty or abstruseness, for it is made up of simple and often detached observa-

tions; nor of errors of style, for it is clearer, more elegant, and more vigorous English than three-fourths of the most admired works of the day; nor of any direct opposition to general belief, for the authors are both Christian and Constitutional, and have ob-

* These lines have a peculiar interest from the recent death of the lamented traveller whose work suggested them.—*Ed.*

† *Guesses at Truth.* By Two Brothers, 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 702. London, 1828.

viously endeavored, as far as possible, to conciliate prejudice. But the truth is, that it does not fall in with the views of any party or sect; and, as even an honest party, or a liberal sect, cares more for the thread which separates it from mankind than for the cables which unite it to them, it will not do anything towards spreading the popularity of a work which deals much in matters of universal concernment and agreement, and scarcely treats at all of particular and accidental differences. No one can read these little volumes without feeling more sensibility to beauty, more reverence for truth, more love for man, more devotion towards God. But, as it is not one of its objects to enter into the question of infant baptism or episcopacy, it can never become the manual of those who, like the religious people of England, think such questions of more importance than the deepest principles of the human mind. When men coalesce into sects and parties, they club together the folly of all to establish a power which shall be stronger than the reason of any.

Another reason why the "*Guesses at Truth*" have not become more fashionable is, because they do not profess to be a system. The fault is not that they *are* "guesses," but that they do not *profess* to be anything else. If you tell a man you are guessing, you leave him the labor of thinking whether you are right or wrong; and labor takes time and trouble, both of which are reserved by our generation for their counting-houses and dinner-tables. Write a system, and your readers have nothing to do but learn it by rote, and they are saved from thought, the curse of enjoyment, with regard to the whole subject of your book. If we had it in our choice to establish in London a School of Wisdom or a Delphic Oracle, a Socrates or a Sibyl, though we believe the one to be the means of arriving at truth and know the other to be an imposture, we should instantly choose the divination and reject the philosophy, because we may cheat ourselves into a persuasion

that the dogmatism is right, and so avoid the trouble of examination, while thought can only address itself to thought, and truth be won only by those who will toil to gain her. If Mademoiselle le Normand and Mr. Celeridge would each of them advertise to answer questions at the Egyptian Hall, we would wager that the lady would be as generally visited as if she had a pig-face or a Hottentot protuberance; and that, after the first three days, the teacher would be as completely deserted as if he were really inspired. Those who, like the authors of the "*Guesses at Truth*," make it their great object to set free their own minds and those of their fellow-men, to feel as deeply and think as earnestly as they can, and to teach others to do so,—who would bring us to truth, not by tumbling us into a stage-coach, (none of which travel that road, and) which would certainly take us wrong, but by lending us a staff and a lantern, and setting us forward on our way for ourselves—such persons as these, whether in Rome, London, or Cambridge, are very certain to meet at first with but scanty audiences, jealous reception, and niggard entertainment.

We have said that this work has not found its due level, because it does not put forth opinions after the approved manner of sectarians and partisans, and because it does not pretend to be a code or a system. It is also comparatively unrenowned for two opposite, though not contrary, reasons. The authors do not chime in with the weary "ding-dong-bell" of class doctrines; but they have strong convictions of their own. They do not put forward a system, but they think systematically.

Society has a natural dislike to an earnest belief of any mind on any subject. It has no such belief itself, and has an antipathy to all who have: for they rouse the slumbers, or interrupt the business, of the crowd, and in either case are equally disagreeable. If a man feel deeply the truth of that which is only held in words, only seen

in shadows, by the mob, he will utter it with an energy which is as startling and painful to them, as if it were the expression of some dangerous heresy or evident falsehood. Where they are accustomed to mutter and lisp, he speaks with boldness and emphasis; where they dogmatise with indifference, he reasons with zeal and resolution; where they decide in their dreams, he inquires with all the best and most awakened faculties of his nature. This is worse to them than the curled rose-leaf to the Sybarite,—it is as if he had been transferred from his luxury to “Damien’s bed of steel,” or to the spiked couch of an Indian devotee. The world, till the innovator who dares to feel and to think has been justified by success, never forgives the disturbance he causes. The only excusable case is when some old-accustomed persuasion, which has been in the mind till it no longer breaks the rest thereof, has been brought into dispute, and some “air from heaven, or blast from hell,” has shaken the dulness of “the fat weed, that rots itself in ease on Lethe’s wharf,” some mole, working beneath, has stirred its roots, or some lark from his airy poise has sunk upon its leaves, and thrilled them with the tremblings of his song. Then, as a mere expedient for preserving as far as possible the previous insensibility, some momentary exertion is permitted till the invasion has been repelled. The Heathens combated Christianity by rationalising and spiritualising Paganism. The Roman Catholic Church endured a small reform, to prevent the success of the great one, and permitted a feeble development of energy to keep off the impulse begun by Wickliffe and Luther; and, at this moment, in India, Brahminism is strengthened against the missionaries by a modification or interpretation of its doctrines, of which, about fifty years ago, there was scarcely a glimmering to be discovered. Except in such circumstances as these, the bold and eager enforcement of any principle, the out-breaking of any powerful feeling, agi-

tates and frightens the crowd; its nature is like that of the beasts who hate light, merely because it is light; and it never becomes reconciled to the torch which any philosopher has kindled, until time has rendered it such a feeble, fluttering, and dim illumination, as alone its weak and bat-like eyes can bear without annoyance. So fresh and bright a flame as burns over the pages of the “Guesses at Truth,” is almost always sure to be made the mark, like the light held by the Duc D’Enghien, at which the bullets of the vulgar will be aimed.

Again, we have said that a great obstacle to the wide circulation of this book is the unhappy circumstance that its authors think systematically. This is an immense drawback from its chance of boudoir and circulating-library celebrity; for, though people like to have systems—no matter on what principles founded,—meaning by systems things that entitle their readers to pronounce opinions upon every point connected with a subject—works which none but men of the highest genius are fit to write,—yet they do not at all like, that in a book, not pretending to settle the *omne scibile* of dress or political economy, cookery, or Christianity, there should be evidence of its writer having thought with fixed principles; and for this obvious reason, that a principle, like the flying horse of the “Arabian Nights,” is an unmanageable power, which will not stop when it is bidden, or go on when it is whipped. It is true that many a man who thinks that he is mounted upon a principle, and careering among the stars, is, in fact, seated, like Don Quixote, on a wooden hobby, which does not stir an inch. But, on the other hand, no one is more unhappy than a vulgar man,—a man of moderation, and compromise, and “sound practical sense,” who has long ago “made up his mind” out of the parings of this orthodoxy, and that prejudice, and the dust shaken from the feet of the wise,—when he finds himself suddenly mounted on some master truth, which, instead of taking him a quiet amble along the

turnpike-road he has been accustomed to all his life, dashes away through puddles which he has always believed to be an unfathomable abyss, and overleaps a hundred mounds and hedges which the unfortunate equestrian has been accustomed to consider as impassable as were the walls of Eden to fallen Adam. Now, such a John Gilpin in philosophy is one of those persons who are accustomed, by virtue of having read "The Spectator," and "The Book of the Church," to

"Give the nod,
The stamp of fate, and fiat of the god,"

in most English coteries, when he by accident falls in with some such truths as are scattered in scores through these volumes. They take their rise in admitted reasonings, or outward revelations, but however do not stop at the ordinary conclusions which most men of cultivated minds would perhaps agree with. They hold on their course desolating the after-dinner homily of the rector, and annulling the warrant-like dictum of the justice. They humble the pride of the attorney, and lay waste his shrubbery of quibbles, and teach the philosophy of the merchant to prop itself no more upon "The Westminster Review."

Some of the qualities which we would attribute to the "Guesses at Truth," may be inferred from the preceding observations. Besides their freedom from the spirit of party, and their inculcation of great universal principles, they are written throughout with a vividness of style which is now very rarely found in connection with so little of conceit or affectation. We also meet in every page the touches of as picturesque a pencil as has ever been at work except in first-rate poetry. There is often an earnest, sometimes a quaint, conciseness, which gives exceeding character and strength to the style; but this quality frequently degenerates, especially in the shorter "Guesses," into obscurity and *far-fetchedness*. There is also in some instances evidence of a tendency to substitute a mere jingle of words for

sense and wit. We must even be allowed to say, that the book contains some sentences ludicrously and despicably trivial, and some in which, though one may trace the thought that the authors had in their minds, it is yet utterly worthless, and very ill expressed. As to the particular acquirements, tenets, and characters of the writers, we shall only say, that they are evidently scholars, gentlemen, and Christians, in no small degree conversant with literature, nature, and the human mind, among the best critics of our day, enthusiastic admirers of all things admirable, and profound reverers of Mr. Coleridge.

We shall now make some extracts almost at random. The best things in the book—such as the inimitable essay on poetry and sculpture—are too long to be quoted, and too good to be curtailed.

"Some people would have us love, or rather obey God, chiefly because he outbids the devil."

The next seems to us very odd and amusing.

"Many nowadays write what may be called a dashing style. Unable to put much meaning into their words, they try to eke it out by certain marks which they attach to them, something like pigtails sticking out at right angles to the body. The perfection of this style is found in the articles by the Editor of 'The Edinburgh Review,' and in Lord Byron's Poems, above all in 'The Corsair,' deservedly his most popular work, seeing that all his faults came to a head in it. A couplet from 'The Bride of Abydos' may instance my meaning:

"A thousand swords—thy Selim's heart and
hand—
Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy com-
mand!"

How much grander this is, than if there had been nothing between the words but commas! even as a pigtail is grander than a curl, or at least has been deemed so by many a German prince. Tacitus himself, when translated, is drest after the same fashion, with a skewer jutting out of him here

and there. The celebrated sentence of Galgacus becomes :

‘He makes a solitude—and calls it—peace!’

The noble poet places a flourish after every second word, like a vulgar writing master. But perhaps they are only marks of admiration, standing prostrate, as Lord Castlereagh would have termed it. Nor are upright ones spared.”

“How easy it is to pass sentence against a work! All we understand in it, is common-place: all we understand not, is nonsense.

“A mother should give her children a superfluity of enthusiasm, that after they have lost all they will lose on mixing with the world, enough may still remain to prompt and support them through great actions. A cloak should be of three-pile, to keep its gloss in wear.

“The best criterion of an enlarged mind, next to the performance of great actions, is their comprehension.

“Fickleness is in women of the world the fault most likely to result from their situation in society. The weaknesses which they know are the most severely condemned, and the good qualities which they feel to be most highly valued, in the female character, by our sex as well as their own, have alike a tendency to render them generally obliging, to the exclusion, so far as nature will permit, of strong and durable, unmingled, uncourtenanced attachment to individuals. Well! we deserve no better of them. And after all, the flame is only smothered by society, not extinguished: give it free ventilation, and it will blaze.

“Poetry is to philosophy what the sabbath is to the rest of the week.

“It is well for us that we are born babies in intellect. Could we understand and reflect upon one half of what most mothers at that time say and do to us, we should draw conclusions in favor of our own importance which would render us insupportable for years. Happy the boy whose mother is tired of talking nonsense to

him before he is old enough to know the sense of it!

“Since the generality of persons act from impulse, and not from principle, men are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to imagine them.

“Beauty is perfection unmodified by a predominating expression.

“The progress of knowledge is slow, like the march of the sun. We cannot see him moving, but after a time we may perceive that he has moved onward.

“Too much is seldom enough. Pumping after your bucket runs over prevents its keeping full.

“The mind is like a trunk: if well packed, it holds almost everything; if ill packed, next to nothing.

“We hurry through life fearful, as it would seem, of looking back, lest we should be turned, like Lot’s wife, into pillars of salt. And, alas! if we did look back, very often we should see nothing but the blackened and smouldering ruins of our vices, the smoking Sodom and Gomorrah of the heart.

“Many persons seem to keep their hearts in their eyes: you come into both together, and so you go out of them.

“The history of philosophy is the history of a game at cat’s cradle. One theory is taken off; and then the taker off holds out a second to you, of the same thread, and very like the first, although not quite the same. According to the skill of the players, the game lasts through more or fewer changes: but mostly the string at length gets entangled, and you must begin afresh, or give over; or at best the cat’s cradle comes back again, and you have never a cat to put into it.

“Men harm others by their deeds, themselves by their thoughts.

“Heliogabalus is said to have calculated the size of Rome from ten thousand pounds weight of cobwebs amassed within it. Mr. Colquhoun and the Reports of the Police and Mendicity Committees have furnished us with similar materials for estimating the grandeur of our own metropolis. Only the dirt is moral.

I returned again to the spot of my birth ;
But change had come on its cheerful hearth :
Some were now wanderers o'er the far wave,
Some were at peace in the lonely grave :
There were still some hearts that were not
estranged ;
But, except their affections, all things were
changed !

There were voices beloved, but the tremu-
lous tone
Told of the years that had over them gone ;
There were brows that, scarce touched by
Time's darkening wing,
Looked like the lingering flowers of spring ;
There were smiles—but they only shone on
decay,
Like the fading light on the dying day.

There were heads with whose sunny clus-
tering hair
Was mingled the early snow of care ;
There were eyes—but where was their once
bright hue ?
A mist of tears had come over their blue :
Oh ! I brook'd not to look on such altered
things,
And I stayed not there my wanderings.

I went to fair cities, and in the crowd
I mingled awhile with the gay and the proud ;

I strove to be happy, I strove to smile,
But the days pass'd heavily on the while :
And though every hour with mirth was
fraught,
It bore not within it the peace I sought.

I fled away into solitude,
I hoped to find quiet by mountain and
wood ;
But, alas ! when the spirit would use its
wings,
And mingle with grand and glorious things,
'Tis fetter'd by clay to its mortal sphere :
—Rest there was none for my bosom here.

I sat me down 'neath the midnight sky,
The bright stars sparkled like gems on
high ;
Before me lay the mighty deep,
Still murmuring on in its peaceless sleep—
And I thought, as I looked on its heaving
breast,
"There is indeed no place of rest !"

But there came a still small voice through
the gloom—
"Thing of the dust ! return thee home :
Is it thine to repine at the will of Him
Before whom yon glorious stars are dim ?
Pray that thy sins may be forgiven ;
Hope for a resting-place in heaven."

MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT REVEREND REGINALD HEBER, LATE LORD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

(With a Portrait.)

REGINALD HEBER, the second son of the Rev. Reginald Heber, Master of Arts of Brazenose College, Oxford, was born at Malpas, April 21, 1783. The rudiments of his education he received under the parental roof, from whence he was removed at an early age to the grammar school of Whitchurch, in Shropshire, and next, to a private seminary near the metropolis, kept by Dr. Bristowe. At the age of sixteen, he was entered a student of Brazenose College, and the year following gained the chancellor's prize for his "Carmen Seculare," an elegant Latin poem on the commencement of the new century. In 1803 he distinguished himself by his exquisite English poem, entitled, "Palestine," which obtained the gold medal, and was recited with great applause in the theatre. On that occasion the venerable father of the young poet was present, and the effect upon his

nerves was such, that he died shortly afterwards.

To relieve his mind under this loss, Mr. Heber accepted an offer to accompany Mr. Thornton in a tour through Germany, Russia, and the Crimea. Of the value of his journal some idea may be formed, from several passages which the late Dr. Clarke was permitted to extract for the illustration of his travels.

While abroad, Mr. Heber was unanimously chosen fellow of All Souls' College ; and upon his return, he gained another academical prize for an essay in prose, on "The Sense of Honor." Soon after this, Mr. Heber relinquished his fellowship, on being presented to the family rectory of Hodnet, in Shropshire, and marrying the daughter of Dr. Shipley, dean of St. Asaph.

In 1808 he took the degree of master of arts as a Grand Compounder,

and the next year appeared his poem, entitled, "Europe, or Lines on the present War," a piece which, though not professedly a satire, exhibits in some parts much of the Juvenalian character on the vices and follies of the age. About the same time came out a quarto edition of the "Palestine; with a Fragment on the Passage of the Red Sea;" written in the highest style of descriptive poetry. Four years afterwards, the author printed a small volume of "Original Poems and Translations," which, for vigor of conception, beauty of imagery, and harmony of versification, may vie with some of the finest productions in our language.

In 1815 Mr. Heber preached the Bampton Lecture before the university of Oxford, on which occasion he took for his subject, "The Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter." The course was well attended, and the preacher gained great credit, by the manner in which he discharged this important duty. Yet, when the discourses, pursuant to the will of the founder of the lecture, appeared from the press, some of the positions advanced therein were called in question by the editor of the *British Critic*, in such a manner, that the author, though little disposed to controversy, felt himself under the necessity of replying to the anonymous reviewer, in "A letter addressed to the Head of a College." The next publication of Mr. Heber was an admirable sermon, preached by him in the cathedral of Chester, and printed at the desire of Dr. Law, then bishop of that diocese, and now of Bath and Wells. The last literary performance of Mr. Heber was, a *Memoir of the Life and Writings of the eloquent and eminently pious prelate, Jeremy Taylor*, prefixed to a uniform edition of his works.

In the spring of 1822 the preaching of Lincoln's Inn became vacant, when the whole bench of that honorable society concurred in soliciting Mr. Heber to accept the situation; which had always been an object of

distinction, and never was filled but by men of preëminent talents. The proposal was too flattering to be rejected; but within a few months after his appointment to this place, another of a higher and very different description was offered him, which put his mind in a painful state of suspense, whether he could prudently accept, or conscientiously refuse it.

At the close of the above year, the melancholy intelligence reached England of the sudden death of that excellent man, Dr. Middleton, the first protestant bishop in British India. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, who were the principal means of procuring, what had long been wanting, the establishment of an episcopate in the East, immediately assembled upon this occasion, and, after paying proper respect to the memory of the deceased prelate, began to look out for a person qualified in every respect to be his successor. They were not long in consultation, but with one heart and one voice the venerable body fixed upon Mr. Heber as the man in whom were combined all the requisites that could be wished, for the arduous situation.

"Here," to use the language of a great writer on a similar occasion, "were to be found diligence, patience, activity, candor, and integrity; here was religion without formality, liberality without ostentation, seriousness without moroseness, and cheerfulness without levity: here was gentleness to others, and self severity: here was useful learning, and a love of those who loved and pursued it: here was a contempt and dislike for detracting sycophants and fawning parasites: here was affability to inferiors: here were other bright virtues and endearing accomplishments which need not be recounted; for there is already reason to fear that justice has not been done to the dignity of the subject."

The Society having come to a resolution upon this important concern, immediately communicated it in the handsomest terms to Mr. Heber, who was much affected by the application.

Ambition and emolument were here out of the question; for, as he was already at perfect ease in his circumstances, and happy in his connexions, with fair prospects of higher advancement in the church, if he should ever think of seeking it, the present offer, flattering as it might be, was one which, in a worldly point of view, had more to repel than to court desire. Young men, ardent for fame, or needy characters anxious to secure an independence, might be, and often are, ready enough to encounter the perils of the sea, and the dangers of an unhealthy climate, in order to gain honor and wealth. The motives by which such persons are actuated take from them the merit of making any sacrifice for the sake of knowledge, religion, humanity, or conscience. On the contrary, adventurers like these lose nothing in any case; for whether successful or not, they have their meet reward,—perishable riches and contempt if they prosper; and an unlamented end, if they fall by a calenture or an apoplexy.

Mr. Heber could not be classed with such as these; for however highly he might estimate the episcopal station, it was not the title, but the office, which he contemplated. A mitre in his eyes was not so splendid an object, as to render him indifferent to the obligations which it imposed upon the wearer. The one now held out to him for his acceptance, was of a very peculiar kind, and appeared more like a crown of thorns, and an emblem of martyrdom, than of honorable distinction and enjoyment.

On being apprised of the recommendation of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the cheerful acquiescence of the East India Company and the Government, he hesitated, took time to deliberate, and then declined the appointment. This was not the effect of timidity, for on his own account, he had no fear; but when he reflected upon the situation of his beloved partner and only child, he very naturally doubted whether the present invitation was such a call

as superseded every other tie, whether of parochial or social relation. The matter then underwent a further consideration; counsel was held upon it; and his scruples being removed, Mr. Heber consented to take upon him the momentous charge.

A single glance at the map of Hindostan must convince any one of the inability of an individual to superintend all the churches scattered over such an extent of territory; and those too, in many parts, separated widely from each other by tracts of country dangerous to travel over.

Dr. Middleton, the first bishop, was a man of strong constitution and powerful energies, yet even he fell under the weight of the burden, declaring with his last breath, that whoever came out to India with the same general commission would experience a similar fate. Notwithstanding this, the British government continued the narrow plan which had been originally adopted, and Mr. Heber, with the melancholy example and gloomy pre- sage before him, received consecration at Lambeth, May 14th, 1823.

Previous to his departure from England in the month of June, the university of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of doctor in divinity, by diploma, which is the highest mark of distinction in the power of that learned body to bestow.

On the 11th of October the bishop arrived at Calcutta, where he set himself diligently to the discharge of his pastoral office.

On the 27th of May, 1824, he entered upon his first visitation, comprising northern India, Bombay, and the island of Ceylon. Having completed this circuit, he returned to Calcutta, and at the beginning of 1826 made preparations for his visitation to Madras.

On the 28th of March, the bishop, attended by his chaplain and several missionaries of the district, paid a visit of ceremony to the rajah of Tanjore, under the customary honors; and the next day his highness returned the compliment, by waiting on the bishop.

The two following days were taken up by Bishop Heber in visiting and inspecting the mission schools and premises. The number of children in these seminaries, English and Tamulian, amounted to two hundred and seventy-five boys and girls. He heard them read in both languages, and expressed himself highly gratified at the progress which had been made by the scholars.

On the 31st, the bishop left Tanjore amidst the blessings of the people, and proceeded to Trichinopoly, where he arrived apparently in good health and spirits, on Saturday, the 1st of April. The next day he preached to a large audience, and the same evening confirmed forty young persons, to whom he also delivered a suitable address. On the following morning, at six o'clock, he went to the Fort Church, where he confirmed eleven native Christians.

When he reached home, he went to visit Mr. Robinson, his chaplain, who was indisposed; after which he repaired to dress, and bathe. Having remained in the bath longer than usual, his servant entered the apartment, and found his master lying senseless in the water. Assistance was immediately procured, but every attempt to restore animation proved unsuccessful.

Upon examination, the vessels of the head were found much distended with blood, whence it was the opinion of the medical gentlemen, that the death of the bishop was occasioned by apoplexy. He had exhibited unusual symptoms of heaviness when called from his repose, and while undressing for the bath; which disposition was probably induced by previous exertion, and rendered fatal by a sudden immersion into cold water. The corpse was deposited, with every demonstration of respect and sorrow, on the north side of the altar of St. John's church, Trichinopoly.

The awful event was no sooner made known at the different seats of government, than it produced a general gloom, and every one, high and low, felt the loss as a personal concern.

Meetings were held at the several presidencies, to consider of the best mode of paying a tribute of respect to the memory of the lamented prelate. From the excellent speeches which were delivered on these occasions, we shall select that of Sir Charles Grey, the chief justice at Calcutta, as exhibiting an admirable portraiture of the good bishop, in his early days.

"It is, (said the learned judge,) with real agitation and embarrassment, that I find it my duty to mark out the grounds on which this meeting appears to me to have been called for. Assuredly, it is not that there is any difficulty in finding those grounds; or that I have any apprehension that you will not attend to a statement of them with willingness and indulgence. But this is a very public occasion, and my feelings are not entirely of a public nature. Deep as my sense is of the loss which the community has sustained, yet, do what I will, the sensation which I find uppermost in my heart, is my own private sorrow, for one who was my friend in early life.

"It is just four-and-twenty years, this month, since I first became acquainted with him at the university, of which he was, beyond all question or comparison, the most distinguished student of his time. The name of Reginald Heber was in every mouth; his society was courted by young and old; he lived in an atmosphere of favor, admiration, and regard, from which I have never known any one but himself, who would not have derived, and for life, an unsalutary influence. Toward the close of his academical career, he crowned his previous honors by the production of his 'Palestine;' of which single work, the fancy, the elegance, and the grace, have secured him a place in the list of those who bear the proud title of English poets. This, according to usage, was recited in public; and when that scene of his early triumph comes upon my memory,—that elevated rostrum from which he looked upon friendly and admiring faces—that decorated theatre,—those grave forms of ecclesiasti-

cal dignitaries, mingling with a resplendent throng of rank and beauty,—those antique mansions of learning, those venerable groves, those refreshing streams, and shaded walks,—the vision is broken by another, in which the youthful and presiding genius of the former scene is beheld lying in his distant grave, amongst the sands of Southern India!—Believe me, the contrast is striking, and the recollections are most painful!

“But you are not here to listen to details of private life. If I touch upon one or two other points, it will be for the purpose only of illustrating some features of his character. He passed some time in foreign travel, before he entered on the duties of his profession. The whole continent had not yet been re-opened to Englishmen by the swords of the noble Lord (Combermere) who is near me, and his companions in arms; but in the eastern part of it the bishop found a field, the more interesting, on account of its having been seldom trodden by our countrymen: he kept a valuable journal of his observations; and when you consider his youth, the applause he had already received, and how tempting, in the morning of life, are the gratifications of literary success, you will consider it as a mark of the retiring and ingenuous modesty of his character, that he preferred to let the substance of his work appear in the humble form of notes to the volumes of another.

“There is another circumstance which I can add, and which is not so generally known: this journey, and the aspect of those vast regions, stimulating a mind which was stored with classical learning, had suggested to him a plan of collecting, arranging, and illustrating, all of ancient and of modern literature, which could unfold the history, and throw light on the present state of Scythia—that region of mystery and fable—that source, from whence, eleven times in the history of man, the living clouds of war have been breathed over all the nations of the south. I can hardly conceive any work for which the talents of the au-

thor were better adapted; hardly any which could have given the world more delight, himself more of glory. I know the interest which he took in it. But he had now entered into the service of the church; and finding that it interfered with his graver duties, he turned from his fascinating pursuit, and condemned to temporary oblivion, a work, which I trust may yet be given to the public.

“I mention this chiefly for the design of showing how steady was the purpose, how serious the views, with which he entered on his calling. I am aware that there were inducements to it, which some minds will be disposed to regard as the only probable ones; but I look upon it, myself, to have been with him a sacrifice of no common sort. His early celebrity had given him incalculable advantages; and every path of literature was open to him; every road to the temple of fame, every honor which his country could afford, was in a clear prospect before him, when he turned to the humble duties of a country church, and buried in his heart those talents which would have ministered so largely to worldly vanity, that they might spring up in a more precious harvest. He passed many years in this situation, in the enjoyment of as much happiness as the condition of humanity is perhaps capable of; happy in the choice of his companion, the love of his friends, the fond admiration of his family,—happy in the discharge of his great duties, and the tranquillity of a satisfied conscience.

“It was not, however, from this station that he was called to India. By the voice, I am proud to say it, of a part of that profession to which I have the honor to belong, he had been invited to an office, which few have held for any length of time without further advancement. His friends thought it, at that time, no presumption to hope that ere long he might wear the mitre at home. But it would not have been like himself to chaffer for preferment; he freely and

willingly accepted a call which led him to more important, though more dangerous—alas ! I may now say, so fatal labors. What he was in India,⁴ why should I describe ? You saw him : you bear testimony. He has already received, in a sister presidency, the encomiums of those from whom praise is most valuable. What sentiments were entertained of him in this metropolis of India, your presence testifies ; and I feel authorized to say, that if the noble person (Lord Amherst) had been unfettered by usage, if he had consulted only his own inclinations, and his regard for the bishop, he would have been the foremost, upon this occasion, to manifest his participation in the feelings which are common to us all. When a stamp has been thus given to his character, it may seem only to be disturbing the impression, to renew, in any manner, your view of it : yet, if you will grant me your patience for a few moments, I shall have a melancholy pleasure in pointing out some features of it, which appear to me to have been the most remarkable.

“ The first which I would notice, was that cheerfulness and alacrity of spirit, which, though it may seem to be a common quality, is, in some circumstances, of rare value. To this large assemblage, I fear I might appeal in vain, if I were to ask that He should step forward, who had never felt his spirit sink when he thought of his native home, and felt that a portion of his heart was in a distant land ; who had never been irritated by the annoyance, or embittered by the disappointment, of India. I feel shame to say, that I am not the man who could answer the appeal. The bishop was the only one, whom I have ever known, who was entirely master of these feelings. Disappointment and annoyances came to him, as they come to all ; but he met and overcame them with a smile ; and when he has known a different effect produced on others, it was his usual wish, that ‘ they were but as happy as himself.’

“ Connected with this alacrity of spirit, and in some degree springing out of it, was his activity. I apprehend that few persons, civil or military, have undergone as much labor, traversed as much country, seen and regulated so much as he had done in the small portion of time which had elapsed since he entered on his office ; and if death had not broken his career, his friends know that he contemplated no relaxation of exertions. But this was not a mere restless activity, or result of temperament : it was united with a fervent zeal, not fiery nor over ostentatious, but steady and composed ; which none could appreciate but those who intimately knew him. I was struck myself, upon the renewal of our acquaintance, by nothing so much as the observation, that though he talked with animation on all subjects, there was nothing upon which his intellect was bent, no prospect upon which his imagination dwelt, no thoughts which occupied habitually his vacant moments, but the furtherance of that great design of which he had been made the principal instrument in this country.

“ Of the same unobtrusive character was the piety which filled his heart ; it is seldom that of so much, there is so little ostentation. All here knew his good natured and unpretending manner : but I have seen unequivocal testimonies, both before and since his death, that under that cheerful and gay aspect there were feelings of serious and unremitting devotion, of perfect resignation, of tender kindness for all mankind, which would have done honor to a saint. When to these qualities you add his desire to conciliate, which had every where won all hearts—his amiable demeanor, which invited a friendship that was confirmed by the innocence and purity of his manners, which bore the most scrutinizing and severe examination—you will readily admit, that there was in him a rare assemblage of all that deserves esteem and admiration.”

The meeting then came to the resolution of erecting a monument by sub-

scription, in the cathedral of Calcutta, to the memory of the late bishop, and that what surplus should remain after defraying the expense, should be applied to the foundation of an additional scholarship in the bishop's college. The committee were also empowered to appropriate a portion of the subscription to the purchase of a piece of plate, to be preserved in the family of Bishop Heber. At Bombay, it was resolved to raise a fund for the endowment of one or more scholarships in the college. And at Madras, it was resolved to erect a monument to the bishop's memory in St. George's church.

In England the death of Bishop Heber was scarcely less keenly felt than in the East. Special meetings of different societies were held, when various resolutions were passed expressing their deep sense of the loss they had sustained.

We shall conclude this imperfect sketch of a life which deserves a very ample and minute narrative, with a poetical effusion by Bishop Heber.

Happiness.

One morning in the month of May
I wandered o'er the hill;
Though nature all around was gay,
My heart was heavy still.

Can God, I thought, the just, the great,
These meaner creatures bless,
And yet deny to man's estate
The boon of happiness?

Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,
Ye blessed birds around,
In which of Nature's wide domains
Can bliss for man be found.

The birds wild caroll'd over head,
The breeze around me blew,
And Nature's awful chorus said—
No bliss for man she knew.

I question'd Love, whose early ray
So rosy bright appears,
And heard the timid genius say
His light was dimm'd by tears.

I questioned Friendship: friendship sigh'd,
And thus her answer gave—
The few whom fortune never turn'd
Were wither'd in the grave!

I ask'd if Vice could bliss bestow?
Vice boasted loud and well,
But fading from her wither'd brow,
The borrowed roses fell.

I sought of Feeling, if her skill
Could soothe the wounded breast;
And found her mourning, faint and still,
For others' woes distressed!

I question'd Virtue: virtue sighed,
No boon could she dispense—
Nor virtue was her name, she cried,
But humble penitence.

I question'd Death—the grisly shade
Relax'd his brow severe—
And "I am Happiness," he said,
"If Virtue guides thee here."

SPANISH FABLE.

The wit of the following fable, though not broad, appears to us keen and cutting; it is evidently directed against those who

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

THE SCRUPULOUS CATS, OR THE CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

It was eleven o'clock, or more,
When Susan from the kitchen door
A little visit went to pay
To her neighbor o'er the way.
And, alas! the larder left
Of her guardian care bereft.
Here Selim—there Abdallah lay,
Two fannish'd cats, alert for prey;
Quickly—for hungry cats we know,
But little ceremony show—
They both to the provisions went,
Attracted by the sight and scent,
And on an ollah keenly fix'd,
Yet as if some disgust were mix'd:
"Fah," cried Abdallah, "far from good:"
"Fah," answered Selim, "cursed food."

But grumbling still, they still ate on,
And in a trice the whole was gone.
A spitted fowl arranged with grace,
Placed at some distance from the fire,
Next warm'd their bosoms with desire;
And Selim springing to the place,
Such skill in carving soon display'd,
As left court-carvers in the shade.
The victory gain'd o'er every joint,
Abdallah touch'd this tender point;
Whether in conscience it was fit
And proper they should eat the spit.
"What! eat the spit? what?" Selim cries,
With voice exalted, starting eyes.
"What madness this! what, eat the spit?
The greatest of all crimes commit."

Do you not know the smith received
 A sum that scarce will be believed
 For this same spit, and that the kitchen
 Is not by any means so rich in
 All that you see so good and fit,
 As in this venerable spit?
 Oh! whither has thy passion led?"
 Abdallah, moved by what he said,

Gave up the project, and in fact
 So scrupulous these cats became,
 Had Satan lured them to the act,
 With spits, (for fowls I do not name.)
 With spits by thousands placed in sight,
 Not one a year, if I am right,
 Could he have tempted them to touch,
 Not one—perhaps not half so much.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

"Serene Philosophy!"

She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
 Above the tangling mass of low desires,
 That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
 The heights of Science and of Virtue gains,
 Where all is calm and clear."

BEAUTY OF FLOWERS.

It is a notion of many, says Miss Kent, in a pretty paper in Loudon's "Magazine of Natural History," and one that I the better understand, from having once partaken of it,—that the study of botany detracts from our pleasure in the beauty of flowers. There is in flowers something of a poetic character, pleasurable and imaginative, which we fear to destroy by associations so mechanical as classes, orders, genera, petals, stamens, &c. The fear is groundless—we should rather look upon these systematic niceties as a foreign grammar, which opens new stores of poetry hitherto unintelligible to us. The mystery that lies in the heart and first cause of every thing still remains the same—let us know as much as we can.

The beauty of flowers does not lie wholly in their vivid colors and bright contrasts. The starry capsule of the corn-poppy, when its ephemeral petals have been carried away by winds, is still beautiful; the common blue-bottle of the cornfield (*centaurea cyanus*) wears a bright coronet of sky-blue florets, every floret a fairy vase, in which nature has stored up sweet nectar for the butterfly and the bees, and when these have disappeared, there is beauty also in the winged children which they have left, rocking each in its green cradle. In some of the species these winged offspring are peculiarly beautiful. They seem like fairies' shuttle-cocks, elegantly variegat-

ed at the base, and set with the most delicate feathers of a jet black, but so delicate as to show no bigger than hairs to the unassisted eye.

VOLCANO IN THE MOON.

Captain Rater observed in the moon a luminous spot, which he designates a volcanic appearance rather than a volcano, with a proper degree of scientific doubt upon a subject so incapable of proof. The luminous spot appeared in the dark part of the orb, and in the centre would blaze brightly for a few seconds and instantly become duller again. It appears to us equally probable that the phenomenon in question might be caused by the conflagration of a lunar forest (if they have forests in the moon) as by a volcano.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

In the examination of human bodies after death, nothing is more common than to find the body charged with inflammable gases, whence the insufferable odor that exhales from it. That so great a quantity of these gases might accumulate, so as to support combustion, is, perhaps, not impossible; but it is to be remembered that they are the result of decomposition, and that such decomposition cannot take place to any extent in the living fibre. When animal matter runs to decay, it parts with many of the laws which vitality imposed upon it, and enters under the dominion of others; but chemists, who in general are in-

different physiologists, have neglected these facts, and have thus been the means of introducing into medicine much that is erroneous both in theory and practice.

Mr. Macnish, in his clever little work on Drunkenness, mentions several cases of spontaneous combustion, all of them more or less doubtful, at least in the details, though it would certainly be carrying scepticism too far to doubt of the occurrence altogether.

DIAMONDS AND PEBBLES.

It being familiarly known that the diamond cuts glass, many imagine that a crystal of quartz (rock crystal), or a pebble (chalcedony), which are hard enough to scratch glass, must be diamonds, or something approaching them. This is not to be wondered at, when it is considered how few have seen rough diamonds, or have ever reflected on the vast difference between scratching glass and cutting it. The diamond cuts it so that it breaks in the line frequently under the very act; other mineral substances merely scratch it. The diamond also weighs at least two-thirds heavier than any pebble, and it cannot be worn down like pebbles by a file, emery, nor even by the lapidary's wheel.

MUSICAL ANIMALS.

The fabled feats of Orpheus are not, perhaps, so wondrous as they at first appear. Certain notes, for example, sounded on a flute or other wind instrument, will cause a dog to set up a lamentable howl, evidently from the pain it produces, either in the ear itself, or the nerves connected with it. The war-horse seems to derive new life and vigor from the sound of the drum and trumpet; and at the Circus, the horses will not pace regularly without music. Outrageous bulls have likewise, in several instances, been calmed into gentleness by music. Of this musical feeling in oxen, Mr. Southey gives a singular instance in his letters from Spain. The carts of Corunna make so loud and disagreeable a creaking with their wheels, from the want of oil, that the Governor once

issued an order to have them greased; but it was speedily revoked, on the petition of the carters, who stated that the oxen liked the sound, and would not draw without its music. Even fish, upon good authority, independent of Amphion and the dolphin, and of the old harper, who, as the ballad has it, "harp'd a fish out o' the salt water,"—are said to have showed signs of being affected by music; and seals crowded to hear a violin, as we are told by Mr. Laing, in his voyage to Spitzbergen. Scoresby, junior, also tells us that music, particularly a person whistling, draws them to the surface, and induces them to stretch their necks to the utmost extent so as to prove a snare, by bringing them within reach of the shooter. "*Gaudabant carmine phocæ*," says Valerius Flaccus; which Sir Walter Scott translates:

"Rude Heiskar's seals through surges dark,
Will long pursue the minstrel's bark."

ROOTS ACCOMMODATE THEMSELVES TO SOILS.

It is a fact well ascertained, that roots are materially determined in their form by the nature of the soil in which they grow, and the different nature and character of the plants or trees. Their development is most luxuriant in ground that is neither too loose nor too dense. In stiff and poor soils, they are spare and scraggy; whereas, in such as are at once deep and loose, the minutest fibres both expand and elongate with facility, and render the mouths that search for food to the plant almost innumerable, (Du Hamel, "*Physiques des Arbres*," i., 82.) This is remarkably exemplified in the beach and the sycamore, and still more in the ash, of which the fibrous roots sometimes amount to millions. Such soils, accordingly, furnish the best rooting ground, and are always favorites with the planter. To fit trees for removal to situations of great exposure, the roots may, by artificial methods, be multiplied to a degree far beyond what can be accomplished by unassisted nature; and thus, by art

discreetly employed, the business of vegetation, that is, the circulation of the sap, is prevented from standing still, during the extreme violence which transplanting, in its best form, must inflict.

ZINC ROOFS.

Roofs covered with malleable zinc are very numerous in the Low Countries, but have one bad quality which is against them. In cases of fire, the zinc being very combustible, causes the dispersion of inflamed portions of

the metal, which falling all around, occasion great danger to those who approach the building.

GARDENERS.

In Germany, and other northern states, it is customary for those who devote themselves to gardening to serve an apprenticeship of three years in a royal garden. After that period is completed, they receive an indenture, elegantly written on parchment, with the head-gardener's name, or sign and seal attached.

THE FORSAKEN HEARTH.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

“ And still the green is bright with flowers ;
And dancing through the sunny hours,
Like blossoms from enchanted bowers
On a sudden wafted by,
Obedient to the changeful air,
And proudly feeling they are fair,
Glide bird and butterfly :
But where is the tiny hunter-rout,
That revelled on with dance and shout,
Against their airy prey ?”—WILSON.

THE Hearth, the Hearth is desolate—the fire is quenched and gone,
That into happy children's eyes once brightly laughing shone ;
The place where mirth and music met is hushed through day and night :
Oh ! for one kind, one sunny face, of all that here made light !

But scattered are those pleasant smiles afar by mount and shore,
Like gleaming waters from one spring dispersed to meet no more ;
Those kindred eyes reflect not now each other's grief or mirth,
Unbound is that sweet wreath of home—alas ! the lonely Hearth !

The voices that have mingled here now speak another tongue,
Or breathe, perchance, to alien ears the songs their mother sung ;
Sad, strangely sad, in stranger lands, must sound each household tone—
The Hearth, the Hearth is desolate—the bright fire quenched and gone !

But *are* they speaking, singing yet, as in their days of glee ?
Those voices, are they lovely still ? still sweet on land or sea ?
Oh ! some are hushed, and some are changed—and never shall one strain
Blend their fraternal cadences triumphantly again !

And of the hearts that here were linked by long-remembered years,
Alas ! the brother knows not now where fall the sister's tears !
One haply revels at the feast, while one may droop alone ;
For broken is the household chain—the bright fire quenched and gone !

Not so !—'tis *not* a broken chain—thy memory binds them still,
Thou holy Hearth of other days, though silent now and chill !
The smiles, the tears, the rites beheld by thine attesting stone,
Have yet a living power to mark thy children for thine own.

The father's voice—the mother's prayer—though called from earth away—
With music rising from the dead, their spirits yet shall sway ;
And by the past, and by the grave, the parted yet are one,
Though the loved Hearth be desolate, the bright fire quenched and gone.

VARIETIES.

“Come, let us stray
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk.”

ANECDOTE.

MR. ANDERSON, in bearing testimony to the general acuteness of the Irish, and their love of knowledge, relates the following anecdote. Patrick Lynch was born near Quin in County Clare, in the year 1757. He was educated near Ennis by *Donough an Charrain*, i. e. Donough of the Heap. His master knew no English, and young Lynch learned the classics through the medium of the Irish language. After acquiring, in this way, an excellent knowledge of Greek, Latin and Hebrew, he was compelled by family misfortunes to turn farmer, and for five years held a plough. From this employment he was relieved, and was subsequently able to better his condition. Six years he passed as tutor in a gentleman's family, and, after sundry experiments of the same kind, he settled at Carrick-on-Suir. Here he commenced author. He had written a *Chronoscope*, but had no means of publishing it. In concert with a barber in the town he procured some types, and, by means of a bellows-press, he actually set and printed his first work with his own hands, and established the first printing press ever seen in the place. He next wrote, and printed at the same press, a *Pentaglot Grammar*, in which he instituted a comparison between English, Greek, Latin, Hebrew and Irish, correcting several errors in the Saxon etymologies of Johnson. From Carrick he removed to Dublin, where his abilities were soon recognized. He was one of the first persons employed under the Record Commission, and was afterwards engaged in investigating the records of Ireland. He was secretary to the Gaelic Society of Dublin, and among various publications, before his death was employed in a *Geographical and statistical History of Ireland*.—With such

an example on record, what young man should be discouraged by adverse circumstances in his literary career?

ANECDOTE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

When the Editor of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* made what he now (in private conversation) calls his “raids into Liddisdale,” in order to collect the materials of that work, he found the country almost inaccessible, and the people as *strange* to the appearance of a visiter as the Indians were at the advent of Columbus. On his visiting the house of Willie o' Milburn, in company with a friend from Jedburgh, the gudeman happened to come home just as he was engaged in tying up his horse in the stable. The farmer, like all the other people of Scotland, entertained a profound respect for the character of a lawyer; and this added considerably to the embarrassment which he felt regarding his visiter. In a little while, however, he came up to Sir Walter's friend, who had gone into the house, and asked *if yon was the advocate*. Being answered in the affirmative, he slapped his thigh with joy, and exclaimed, “De'il a me's feared for him—he's just a chield like oursells!” What idea the honest farmer had formed of the person of the future great unknown, must forever remain a mystery.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In a town of Belgium is to be seen a sign with the following announcement: “Monsieur Arlheim teaches reading, religion, and *how to make pens!*”

EDUCATION IN AFRICA.

M. L'Épinat, to whose disinterested labors in the cause of Education the Colony of Senegal is already so deeply indebted, has been invited by the King of Benin to

establish a School of mutual Instruction in the capital of his kingdom. In a few years, therefore, should the glorious career of this friend to humanity remain unimpeded, we may safely predict that the first elements of education will be as familiar to the black population of this part of Africa, as they are now to the whiter and more pretending inhabitants of some of the kingdoms of Europe. M. L'Epinat was introduced to the world by the venerable Duc de la Rochefoucauld, who early foresaw what might be expected from a man so feelingly alive to the sufferings of humanity, supported by a zeal so ardent in the cause of all that is useful and beneficial to his species.

MARCH OF ORATORY.

At the meeting of the Manchester Pitt Club, thirty speeches were made—twenty-five by the Chairman!

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL CHURCH.

This officer owed a thousand piastres to his tailor, who came to dun him even in his tent. Unable to pay, and desirous of getting rid of an importunate creditor, General Church offered him a captain's commission, promising to make him an aide-de-camp to a general officer. The tailor's vanity was greater than his avarice; he took the commission, and set out to join the army.

MONUMENT TO DUGALD STEWART.

The subscriptions to this work, so honorable to Scotland and literature, already amount to 1000*l*.

HUMAN LIFE.

A variety of curious calculations has lately been made in France, with respect to the average duration of human life, &c. in Paris, during the eighteenth century. It appears, that the average age of marriage was, for men, about twenty-nine years and three quarters—for women, about twenty-four years and three-quarters; and that the average age of parents, at the birth of a son, was, for women,

about twenty-eight years and a quarter—for men, about thirty-three years and a quarter. It follows, that there were nearly three generations in Paris during the last century. It is a remarkable fact, that this estimate coincides with that of the Greeks in their chronological tables.

DR. GALL.

This celebrated person, who may be called the founder of the phrenological sect, died at Paris, on the 22d of August.

LAME SINGING.

A few days since, a musicseller's boy was sent to the publisher's for a number of copies of the song "I'd be a Butterfly, arranged for *two trebles*;" when, on being desired to repeat his order, he replied, "I'd be a Butterfly, arranged for *two cripples*."

TURKISH CEMETERY.

The great cemetery at Constantinople lies on the Asiatic shore, and extends its dark, cypress groves for a considerable distance in the vicinity of Scutari. This is, perhaps the largest burial-ground in the world, being one hour, or three miles in length; and it has increased to its present size in consequence of the extraordinary predilection the Turks of Constantinople entertain for it. They are persuaded they will again be compelled to retire to Asia, whence they came; and they wish their bodies to be laid in a place where Christian infidels cannot disturb them. The great majority, therefore, of those who die in Constantinople, are transported by their friends across the Bosphorus; and the stairs or slip at which they embark, is called, for this reason, Meit-iskelli, or the Ladder of the Dead.

NEW WORK.

A new volume, by Robert Montgomery, the Author of "The Omnipresence of the Deity," &c. is expected shortly to appear, entitled, "An Universal Prayer, a Poem; Death; a Vision of Heaven; and a Vision of Hell."





Pendleton's Lithograph.

BALL DRESS.

WALKING DRESS.

For Cotton's Athenæum.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THIRD SERIES.] BOSTON, NOVEMBER 1, 1823. [VOL. 1, No. 3.

A DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.

THE salmon of our own waters, or the land crabs of tropical regions, are not more periodically and unerringly impelled towards the sea than myself;—at that precise period of the season when the heat of vernal mid-day begins to render the thought of a fresh breeze delightful, and when the light curl on the distant waves makes them smile in the sunbeam, like the fast-fleeting, but as quickly renovated, hopes of youth.

Is there, can there be, to the mind or eye of man, a more glorious prospect than is yonder unfolded—when the gaze first rests on that shoreless expanse of proudly girdling ocean—upon which the beacon islet, with its seemingly baseless tower, shows like a pillar of some erl-king's submarine palace—and the homeward bark, deep-freighted with the weal and woe of thousands, like a flitting carrier-dove upon the far horizon!

“Ocean exhibits, fathomless and broad,
Much of the power and majesty of God!”

says Cowper, and never did poet's remarks find a more universal echo in the human breast. Yet who has not experienced in the end, a sense of monotony and humiliation in that very illimitable breadth and depth, which mock alike the puny vision, the scanty knowledge, and bounded faculties of man? The Creator, alone, methinks, is qualified to contemplate, without satiety, that ocean, whose abysses *His* glance can fathom, and whose waters (to borrow the only adequate language

on the subject) have been “meted in the hollow of *His* hand!”

It is not, at this season, the distant panorama that will content me—and an instinct I never dream of questioning, turns my horse's head towards the beach the first spring day, when the unchecked melody of birds, and the untired industry of bees, and a certain balmy softness in the air, against which (like the downy shield impervious to the keenest weapon) winter's icy arrows must surely fall powerless—seem to warrant a belief that spring has fairly set in.

After clearing the smooth expanse of intervening downs, they are exchanged for the rude bulwark of rocks, on which is inscribed in characters of adamant the decree—“Here shall thy proud waves be stayed.”

In pity to Dunple, and indulgence to myself, I dismount, and, leaving him to the novel luxury of the short salt herbage peeping from among the crags, I ramble in happy forgetfulness along the sunny sands, now lifting an eye of shuddering wonder to the beetling cliffs and overhanging caves, (to whose perilous shelter, fear of death could alone have reconciled mortality)—now stooping with almost infantine delight, to pick up each shining pebble at my feet, as if I thought its glittering texture a radiant specimen of that elder world, whose triturated relics form my noiseless path. Seated upon a jutting rock, I watch the restless sea-birds, skimming

like giant swallows upon the watery plain, and ever and anon the dark unwieldy porpoises heaving, like inky bubbles, on the glassy wave. I love to gaze upon the slow receding of the ebbing tide, and muse upon its counterpart in human fortunes,—when, their fickle stream withdrawn, many a gay rainbow-tinted mollusca lies stranded in unseemly reptile-reality on the desert shore.

But amid all the magnificence of nature, amid even the animated sparkling charms of ocean, *man* will after all be not only, according to the didactic poet, “the proper study,” but the irresistible magnet, of his fellow mortals. I no sooner, while pursuing the ramble to which I have been alluding, along the beach, caught, from a projecting rock, a peep of the snug little harbor of X—, thronged with boats, and exhibiting an unusual appearance of bustle and activity,—than I felt impelled, by sudden interest in the scene, to recollect the propriety, nay, even necessity, of a long-intended visit to its worthy pastor, Mr. Men-teith.

I found, on calling at the Manse—lying between me and the village, in a little sheltered cove, which nothing ruder than the “sweet south” could ever visit—that the worthy minister was from home; nor did a garrulous old nurse (the only member of the family unwillingly remaining on the premises) fail to make me acquainted with the reason.

“The town’s a’ asteer the day, sir,” said she; “and ye canna wonder at it. There’s four-and-twenty as gude men and lads to sail this tide for Greenland, as ever tried the cauld uncanny trade; and there’s sair hearts enow nae doubt, amang wives and mothers; and the minister, ye’re sure, couldna bide awa’ at sic a time, when the women ’ll need comfort, and the lads counsel. Yestreen was our Greenland preachings, as we ca’ them, and weel I wot, if an honest man’s prayers can bring a blessing, they werena spared for them that ‘go down to the sea in ships.’—But will

ye step in, sir, and rest ye?” added my garrulous informant, “or shall I send the herd laddie down bye for the master? He’ll be vexed to miss you, and you sic a stranger!—And really you look sair forfoughten wi’ scrambling amang our rocks.”

I thanked old Elspeth, but declining her hospitality, pursued my walk towards the village, along a line of the same rugged rocks which formed the rest of the shore, but amid which a rude path was now discernible. It led to the little primitive kirk, whose site, selected by a shipwrecked monarch in memorial of deliverance, almost among the very breakers from which he had escaped, rendered it a most appropriate place of worship for a seafaring population. Even in calm weather, the hoarse murmur of the waves against its rocky base was heard with reverential awe during the pauses of the solemn service; but when storms arose, the tempest’s roar had proved at times too powerful for the puny voice of man to struggle with. It always reminded me of that most impressive of services, prayers at sea; nor was the illusion likely to be dispelled by the hardy weather-beaten faces that filled the galleries, or the grotesque seafaring emblems by which they had been in ruder times adorned. Ships—figures taking observations in the costume of Dutch skippers of the last century, were blended with quaint Scripture sentences in black letter, to distract the eyes, and disturb the devotions of many successive generations; and I love to engrave them by description on my memory, ere the hand of regretted, but necessary improvement, shall sweep them all for ever away.

From the abrupt rocky knoll on which the church is situated, I had a full prospect of the hamlet, shut out by the impending cliffs from the view of nearly all mankind beside. Its population all in motion, yet without apparent aim or purpose, reminded me of an invaded ant-hill, or a swarm of bees, whose queen has been deposed. Women ran in bustling impor-

tance from house to house—fishermen lounged about in desultory groups, regardless of their usual preparations—the children seemed to have got a holiday—the very school-house door stood open—all indicated the deep and engrossing interest the maritime population felt in an embarkation, with which, indeed, scarce a family in the place was altogether unconnected.

The village of X—consisted, like most other Scotch villages, of a main street; but if any one exclusively attaches to that title, the idea of a level causeway, regularly bordered with parallel lines of houses, he has only to visit the one in question to be undeceived. Accessible at one end only over rocks, scarce partially levelled into the semblance of a road, and terminating on the other in an abrupt and perpendicular ascent,—the middle of the town presented a narrow deeply rutted lane, (reminding me, by the way, in both these particulars, of the old Roman streets of Pompeii,) and its scanty dimensions were, moreover, so abridged by invading outside stairs, that collision with a cart left little alternative save being impaled on a basket of fish hooks, or imbedded in the fragrant lap of a mussel-midden.

The presence of a well-dressed stranger—one whom not even Hamlet, in his wildest mood, could have mistaken for “a fishmonger”—seldom failed to excite an unusual sensation in its amphibious race; but on this eventful day I might have perambulated the village long enough, without attracting more than a transient glance from a truant scholar.

The first dwelling to which I was directed as likely to contain the minister, was one of such small dimensions, as indicated that its occupant, in removing, ere long, to the “narrow house” appointed for all living, would make no very violent, or probably unwelcome, transition. When I lifted the latch, which I did so gently as to be unperceived, there stood, with his back to me, on the scanty floor, a stout young sailor, his bundle in his

hand, as if in act to depart, yet lingering in reluctance to quit the aged venerable being, who, from an elbow-chair beside the fire, was giving him her trembling benediction.

There appeared a struggle in his mind, between the love of enterprise and the sense of filial duty. The latter had just triumphed, and as I came in, I heard him say,—“*Dinna greet sae sair, mother!—If ye downa bide to see me gang sae far away frae ye, I’ll just stay, and try what I can do for ye at hame. There’s mair to be made yonder, nae doubt—and*” (with a sigh) “*mair to be seen for a young lad that wad fain be neibour-like—but I’ll bide wi’ ye, mother, gin ye like—and there’s as gude fish in the sea here,—if they’re no just sae muckle,—as ever cam out o’t in Greenland.*”

“*Ye’ll no bide wi’ me, Johnny!*” answered the sorrowing, yet resigned parent,—who, a neighbor whispered me, had lost a husband and three sons by the perils of the deep,—“*Ye’ll gang in the Lord’s name, like them that gaed before ye—if it be the Lord’s will, ye’ll come safe hame again—and if*”—but the alternative that might be submitted to, could not be expressed in words.—“*Gae’ your way, my bairn, and follow your lawful calling—the widow’s ae laddie will no want Ane to keep him skaitless.*”

I drew back out of sight, while the meek emaciated being, who looked as if sorrow had nearly done its last, and perhaps not worst office, of loosening the ties that bound frame as well as spirit to this world, wrung her son’s hand, and feebly sighing—“*The Lord gae wi’ ye,*” sunk exhausted in her chair.

“*She’s right, sirs,*” said a grave old man of primitive aspect, in his Sunday’s suit—one of the elders, who had been evidently employed in reconciling her to the separation. “*It’s baith useless and sinfu’ to wrestle against duty and Providence. There’s Marion Jamieson down bye has been fret fretting, and wishing for something to keep her ne’er-do-weel spoilt callant frae the fishing—and didna he fa’ into*

the draw-well yestreen in the darkening, and near lose his life on an errand o' her ain devising! A demented woman she was, when she fand her muckle-made o' wean—that she was feared to trust on the sea wi' his Maker—lying, feet upmost, in her ain yard well!—Whether he'll ever wower wi't is but doubtful—but a blythe mother wad she hae been, to see him sailing, stout and hail, wi' the lave o' our lads to Greenland the day!"

I listened with deep respect to the white-headed elder's practical homily—and at its close, requested him to tell me where he thought I should most probably find Mr. Menteith, with whom I had a few minutes' business. "He'll readily be sitting awhile wi' Helen Lonie, that has the sairest heart in the town the day—for her man, that was wont to be the flower and king o' our Greenland lads, and cam hame sae often skaithless frae the deep, dwined awa' this winter wi' a slow decline, and her fatherless bairns are no auld enough to do ony thing for her. I've a trifle o' siller here to gie her, that the lads scraipt thegither for her yestreen—for she's kent better days, and her heart's no just resigned to tak Session help yet. So we made a bit subscription, and she'll no refuse it, at the hand o' her Willie's loving comrades. The minister's no to tell her how muckle it comes to, that he may slip in what he likes frae the Session frae time to time. It's no a'thegither a right frame o' Helen's to be sae pridefu'—but if she thinks she can wrestle up her bairns without parish help, it'll prevent her sinking under her distress."

I was too sincere a friend to the lingering feeling of honest repugnance to parochial aid, long the boast and pride of my country, not to contribute my mite to keep Helen, in *effect* as well as idea, off the list of its dependents. The elder seemed, on the score of my subscription, to think me entitled to the *entrée* of the house of mourning; and I accompanied him,

with real sympathy, to the door, though I declined going further till I should learn the state of the widow's feelings.

The dwelling, still that of her more prosperous days, afforded two apartments; in the outer and unoccupied one of which, the elder left me for a few minutes. There was much in the aspect of this little cabin—for such, in many of its features, it might have seemed—to render it trying to the feelings of the poor bereaved one. To the full-rigged miniature ship, the characteristic ornament of many a skipper's parlor, were added shells of the Torrid Zone, (the gifts of shipmates,) in strange contact with pieces of whalebone, and teeth of seals and walruses. The massy silver watch, hung by a black ribbon over the mantle-piece, and still regularly taking note of that time with which he, whose movements it had so long directed, had ceased to have connexion, was a striking and melancholy memento. A mark on the wall indicated the recent disappearance (probably from poverty) of a clock, whose occupation was now, alas! superseded by the stationary position of a watch, not to be parted with for gold, nor displaced till claimed by its owner's curly-headed eldest boy.

In the window lay a large Bible, on whose ample boards was printed, "William Lonie, mariner;" and beside it a well-thumbed collection of shipwrecks, and a Natural History of the Whale. A scrupulously clean bed, with its elaborate patchwork quilt, spoke of former luxury and opulence—but at its foot a little hastily arranged curtain concealed something, which, in a Catholic cottage, might have been supposed a relic, or a patron image. Whatever it was, it was here alike precious and painful to memory—and excluded from the eye, lest it should be too much for the heart. I lifted, more in sympathy than curiosity, the veil aside; and behind it, mute for years at least, perhaps for ever, hung the light-hearted sailor's fiddle!—whose merry tones

had, doubtless, whiled away many an interminable polar day, and gladdened the hearts of the bairns during many a winter night at home. As if to mark the latter destination of its jocund strains,—just beneath it stood that cradle whose occupation was for ever gone!

The examination of these wrecks of past happiness had brought me close to the slight partition; and I could hear, amid suppressed and gentle weeping, a glad young voice exclaim, “Mother! ye’ll send me and Willy to the schule now—and we’ll be men in no time, and gang to Greenland like our father!”

“Dinna think,” at length sobbed out the soft, mild, weeper,—“that I’m no grateful, John Donaldson, because I canna speak to tell you and my puir Willy’s kindly neibors, how muckle I think o’ your kindness—God alone kens—and I tak it the mair freely, that mony’s the time the puir fellow has done the like for them that needed it!”

“Ay, Helen, that did he,” answered the canny elder; “and is it no a true text that says, ‘Cast your bread upon the waters, and ye shall find it after many days?’”

“But, neibor,” said the oppressed widow, “I canna think upon world’s gear the day,—no even to gie the praise whar it is rightly due,—when I wad gie a’ that men ever wared or won, to see Willie Lonie standing feckless and plackless,—as I ance saw him after a shipwreck,—wi’ naething on the earth but his leal heart and his stout arm to trust to!—But,” added she, sighing, and suddenly changing her tone, “Gae wa’, John Donaldson, and thank the lads for me; and tak wee Johnny in your hand—that’s his puir father’s picture. The blessing o’ the widow, and the thanks o’ the fatherless, will be muckle thought o’ the day amang them.”

“There’s one no far off, Helen,” said the good elder, “who wad maybe like to hae them too—though he’s a douce landwart gentleman, and no about encountering ony jeopardy.—

He’s a friend o’ the minister’s for-bye.”

“Is he indeed?” cried the widow—“then he is welcome to me, though he had never put his hand in his purse for me or mine! I whiles grieve that I canna repay the gude I get at mony a hand; but the minister, honest man, never lies on my conscience,—for his heart, and his treasure, and his reward, are a’thegither in Heaven.”

I opened the door cautiously, and, introduced by the good old man, laid my hand affectionately on the heads of the dark rosy boys, and then held it out to their sorrowing mother. How impartial is Nature in her distribution of personal advantages! How omnipotent the regality of mind and character! Had a painter wished to pourtray a Roman matron of the softer stamp—the mother to whose caresses Coriolanus must have yielded—or the Eponina whose smiles could cheer long years of famine and proscription—here might have been his model. Yet there was a Madonna expression in her downcast eye, that spoke rather of Christian firmness than Roman stoicism; and a royal martyr of the early church, meek though undismayed, amid a hostile army, might have perhaps found in Helen Lonie a still meetter representative. I really shrunk back, half unable to proffer condolence to so commanding a being.

“I thank ye, sir, kindly,” said she, “for me and mine, for your Christian help to a lone woman, that has been e’en ower little used either to work or want. While Willie lived I had little need to do either; but if I do the best for the tane, Providence will take care o’ the other. This is to be my last day o’ sinfu’ repining. The Lord has sent this supply, to rebuke my heartlessness and quicken my diligence. Tak it wi’ ye, John Donaldson, and set me up in a bit shop wi’t—and see if it winna be like the widow’s cruise of oil, and grow aye the langer the mair! But ye maunna forget the kind givers, John—oh! dinna let the lads sail without my blessing! And

stop, John, I promised Peter Morrison *his* spyglass, for a token o' the love he bore him. I've never looked at it since the day *he* tried to see his ain vessel as she came up the Firth. 'It winna do, Helen,' said he, quietly. 'There's a glaze on my ee that winna let me see ony thing muckle langer.' I tried to look and tell him how the Nancy stood in the water—but the tear blinded me; and he said, 'Helen! look by the glass—I'll never need it mair!'—As the widow repeated these last words, the key turned in the lock of the old-fashioned scrutoire, and, along with the glass, many familiar objects, long carefully excluded, rushed upon her sight and memory. All her fortitude at once forsook her, and exclaiming, "Tak it yoursell, John, I'm no able"—she escaped through an inner door into the other room. We respected her sorrow too much to interrupt its vent, so, taking each a hand of the boys, and lifting, like a precious relic, the honest sailor's spyglass, we stole out of the house.

Chance soon threw in our way the comrade for whom the token was designed. He received it with a burst of rude emotion, to cover which he rattled to the children, and hurried away, with one in each hand, to treat them with gingerbread. The elder strove to detain him, to deliver Helen's message of thanks to this spokesman of the benevolent crew; but he only shook his head, and ran the faster out of hearing. "I maun get the minister to say a bit word for her, puir thing! he'll do it better than I can. I mind where he'll be now—nae doubt asking a blessing on the grace-drink at Sandie Nicol's, the auld sailing-master's. He's been to Greenland mair times than I can reckon, and makes aye a ploy o't, just like ony laddie, and sae does the haill family. There's twa o' his sons gawn wi' him this trip; the gudewife's stout heart 'll be tried—but it never failed her yet: she's an unco woman for cantiness."

We soon got in front of the man-

sion, one of the best houses in the village, two stories high, and *self-contained*, viz. with its stair inside. Sounds of merriment certainly issued from an upper room; and not all the other perfumes of X— could entirely counteract the savory steam of pies and punch which emanated from the open window. It was not a day for etiquette, and up walked the elder; and I ventured to follow the more readily, that I heard, even amid a chaos of voices, young and old, the soft subdued tones of Mr. Menteith.

"Ye're welcome in, John Donaldson!" cried the gudewife, whose manners corroborated the elder's description. "It will be a braw fishing, nae doubt, that has baith the minister and his doucest elder to ask a blessing on't! and ye're welcome, too, sir, I'm sure," said she, cordially though respectfully to me, as she saw Mr. Menteith, not reluctantly, I believe, quit the post of honor beside her, and advance to shake me by the hand. He would have excused himself, and retired with me from the scene of rude hospitality; but the whole party violently interfered—"Na, na, minister!" said the cheerful but cautious old sailor, "if ye were to leave us sae lang afore the turn o' the tide, some o' us might get the maut aboon the meal. Drink may be a gude servant, but it's an ill master. Folk may forget themselves wi' baith feet on dry land; but wi' ae fit on the water, its cleau nonsense! I never took aff a crew the waur o' drink since I steered boat, and that's no yesterday."

"Besides," said the gudewife, (who would rather hear Mr. Menteith preach than her husband at any time,) "the stranger gentleman, if he can just put up wi' our sea-faring way, wad may be like to hear some o' your auld warld Greenland stories. Ye ken ye aye tell the bairns some ferlies before starting."

It is almost impossible to come in familiar contact with honest industry, without becoming better; and in Scotland it is generally coupled with

so much intelligence, that one may expect to be wiser also. I was soon deep in all the mysteries of whaling and harpooning, and, catching animation from the weather-beaten faces round me, a partaker in all the various excitements of a Greenland voyage. The climate alone of the old patriarch's chamber of *dais* dispelled the illusion; nor could "thinking of the frosty Caucasus" itself, or all the snows of Nova Zembla, enable me to bear it much longer.

Just as I began to pant like the exhausted Leviathan of my old friend's narration, and like him to meditate an expiring effort to reach another element, I perceived that the minister had already disappeared; in consequence, I was told, of a summons to a parishioner in distress. Delicacy equally forbade my further intrusion on this family circle, and any efforts on their part to detain me, now that the only guest of my own rank had retired—so drinking off a glass to their successful voyage, and promising to witness the embarkation, I sallied gladly into the open air.

The beach was my natural resort, and on strolling towards it, I found there a knot of two or three young unmarried men, apparently too slightly connected in the village to excite any of the overwhelming feelings called forth by the more endearing relations of life—yet, who seemed to find some compensation in the friendly adieus, and lively banterings of a bevy of bright-eyed damsels, who, lounging about in gay caps and top-knots, formed a striking contrast to the general complexion of the village.

Amid this group of lads, however, I soon recognised one, who, seemingly either unable or unwilling to join in the laugh, or retort the good-humored jest, stood apart, from his comrades; with the lingering look and reluctant demeanor of one whose heart was on a spot, from which, at the same time, he ever and anon testified impatience to escape, by pulling his companions by the arm, and more than once going down to the harbor to ascertain how

soon the boat might be got afloat. This being still out of the question, he sat down on a rock at some distance, and seemed lost in meditations of no very pleasing character. There was something in his moody and unsocial deportment, which, coupled with his fine manly person, and evident youth, interested me, I knew not why; and I might have stood longer observing them, had I not seen Mr. Menteith at the other end of the Quay—and hastened to join him. He almost looked as if he could have dispensed with my company, but merely apologizing for the inevitable hurry of such a day, he allowed me to walk by his side, till we came to a small house of mean appearance in a by-lane, one of the very few whose door on this day of privileged intercourse was carefully closed—while no sound from within indicated the presence of inhabitants.

Giving me a sign not to follow him, the good pastor gently lifted the latch, and I was soon made sensible by suppressed moanings, of the participation, "not loud but deep," of some inmate in the general desolation. Feeling and propriety alike prohibited my listening to an apparently agonizing colloquy—during which the stifled groans gave place to a burst of hysterical emotion—but I could not avoid hearing the minister say, on leaving the room—"Marion, pray to God to bless my endeavors. It is little I can do for you—but the hearts of all are in His hand!"

Again hastily pressing my hand, and hurrying past me, I saw the worthy pastor walk rapidly towards the spot I had lately occupied, and, connecting involuntarily his present haste with the young sailor I had left sitting in gloomy abstraction on the rocks, I resumed the position from whence I had first descried him, and had a full view of the dumb show of a scene, on which I had no right farther to intrude.

The communication, whatever it might be, which the minister was about to make, was evidently more unwelcome than unexpected; for the

youth, instead of rising, as under other circumstances he would have done, on his pastor's approach, sat doggedly still, with his face averted, and his wallet between his knees, in the attitude of one who may be lectured, but cannot be convinced. Nay, the hand, which in the course of his pastoral admonition the mild man laid on his young parishioner's shoulder, I could see indignantly shaken off by an uncourteous gesture of his refractory hearer.

I gathered—though the youth by degrees assumed a more respectful attitude—from the whole air of my worthy friend's figure, that he was an unsuccessful pleader. It was soon put beyond a doubt, by the melancholy shake of the head and disconsolate step with which he at length turned away from the inexorable culprit.

I was on the point of moving, to join and condole with him, when I saw the lad suddenly start up, and run after the minister—appearing by the respectful touch of the hat, which replaced his late rude deportment—to solicit in his turn a renewal of the conference. It was instantly, and with true Christian benignity, accorded—and here again sounds would have been superfluous to convey to me the tenor of the conversation. I saw that the proud heart of the young man was fairly melted—that the figures he still drew with his stick in the sand, were the result of awkwardness and absence, not of sullenness and incivility. The whole air of proud defiance in his form, gave place to submission and even humility—and when the pastor's hand was kindly stretched out to his penitent disciple, I knew as well how it all was, as if I had been an impannelled juror on the case.

As the minister began to ascend from the beach to the height I stood on, I saw the lad hang back a little, and seem to stipulate somewhat, though timidly and with hesitation. The pastor nodded assent, and outstripping his now tardy companion, came up to me and said, with a benign smile,—“If you are disposed to punish me

for treating you so cavalierly, you have a fair opportunity, for I am about to trespass on your good nature for a favor.”—“Which I am quite disposed to punish you by granting, according to your own mode of retaliating injuries,” said I, with a cordial shake of the hand, which was warmly returned.—“You must know,” said the good man, “that I have been making up a marriage since I left you, and as for good reasons the young bridegroom desires present secrecy, I wish you to be a witness, along with the bride's mother, without taking any of the village gossips into our counsel. You will not grudge having a hand in averting from a very bonnie, but very simple lassie, a broken promise and a broken heart; and William, as I have been telling him, will keep his watch all the heartier, and sleep all the sounder, that he has no betrayed maiden to haunt his waking or sleeping dreams. There's little time to lose—the tide is making fast. I'll step forward and prepare the bride.—There will be joy in her heart, though, on many accounts, it will be a tearful bridal.”

I looked round when Mr. Menteith had left me for the bridegroom, but found he had taken a circuitous route to his intended's dwelling, lest his being seen there with the minister should give rise to surmises which, as the son of austere and avaricious parents in a neighboring farm, he was anxious to avert, till his return from a successful fishing might render him comparatively independent.

I arrived, consequently, before him at the cottage, whence I had so lately heard issuing sounds of hopeless and seemingly inconsolable affliction.—The same gentle voice was weeping still—But, oh! how different are tears of joyful emotion and sanctified penitence, from the bitter overflowings of a broken, yet *not* contrite heart! I knocked—a decent subdued-looking matron opened the door, and bade me welcome. A beautiful girl, apparently scarce seventeen, stood twisting her apron before the minister, and, on my

entrance, covered her face with both her hands, through which tears trickled down upon the old deal table.—“Marion!” said the minister, “compose yourself, and lift your heart to Him, in whose presence you are so soon to exchange a solemn vow.” She looked up, dried her eyes, and showed a countenance, lovely even in tears, when the door hastily opened, and she again buried her face in her hands.

The young man came up to her with the same firmness of manner which had characterised his whole deportment. He took her hand with gentle kindness, kissed off the tears that flowed faster than ever, and then said, with a gravity far beyond his years,—“Marion! ye’ll hae time enough to greet when I’m far far awa!—and need we baith hae to repent our sin and folly. But we are here now to thank God and his minister for bringing me to a better mind, and sparing you a sair heart. Ye’ll be able now to think o’ me living wi’ peace and comfort; and if I never come hame, there’s nane can forbid ye to put on a black gown for me. If trouble comes, and ye get unkindness from folk o’ mine, the minister ’ll no see ye wrangled. But oh! be canny wi’ my puir mother, for she’s had her trials sair and mony, and downa bide to be contraird in her auld days.”

“I give you joy, Marion!” said the pastor, benignly; “a good son can never prove an unkind husband. But time wears, and I must join you for eternity!” The word, thus seasonably uttered, poured its heavenly unction on the waves of human passion. In silence and composure was the simple rite performed—the friendly greeting proffered—the pastoral and maternal benediction given—and the mute, long, desperate farewell embrace exchanged! I glided out ere yet its hallowed clasp was loosed, and sought relief to my feelings on the busy shore, now crowded with the fast-departing mariners.

The prominent figures in the group were honest Sandie Nicol, his stout-

hearted wife, and a tall, slender, modest looking daughter, alike employed in ministering to his parting comforts. I heard him say, in one of his stentorian whispers, casting a long look of parental fondness after his girl, who had been sent to fetch something forgotten,—“I maun see Jeanie blyther and fatter ere I come hame. I doubt that sutor callant’s near her silly heart—And what for no? It isna every man can hae the luck to be a sailor; and your ain landward wabster body o’ a father, thought as little o’ me for gawn sticking whales, as I do o’ Jock for sitting boring holes in leather. It’s Jeanie’s ain affair, and if she likes rather to bind shoes than bait lines, she maun just please hersell, silly taupy. Sae dinna hinder her, but mind how ye dwined aff the face o’ the earth yersell lang syne, for me!”

The idea of the portly rubicund gudewife pining for thwarted love, was irresistibly ludicrous, and the good-humored smile it called forth on her jolly countenance, augured well for Jeanie’s hopes. She tied her father’s Barcelona with a tearful eye, but lightened heart. All now was serious haste and joyous bustle among the crew. The sails flapped somewhat idly, as if reluctant to accelerate their motions; and it was exhilarating to behold the fine athletic fellows, most of them scarce arrived at manhood, doffing at once hats, handkerchiefs, and jackets, and bracing each muscle for a hardy rowing match. Last, but not least active or conspicuous, leaped in the young bridegroom; no longer weighed down by misconduct and remorse, but so unlike his former self, as to be hardly recognised. His eye no longer sought the ground—and in the deafening cheer that marked their pushing off, I heard his voice triumphant.

I might have caught the buoyant spirit of the hour, and seen the boat recede with kindred lightness of heart—but in the stern a fiddler had been stationed to cheer the tedious passage. I thought of Willie Lonie’s shivered

strings, and his wife's saddened hearth, and my eye, like hers, when gazing on her dying husband's vessel, grew dim with natural tears !

The minister and I were returning slowly from the beach, with the feelings of those who have looked, perhaps for the last time, on a band of fearless human beings, courting, under the strong excitement of enterprise, certain hardship and probable peril, when a striking contrast to the bustle and spirit of their departure presented itself, in the languid movements and desponding air of a solitary individual who, with a spyglass, had been watching them from a height, and whose retiring footsteps I could not help following with my eye. There was something about this "ancient mariner," for thus, though hardly past middle age, I could scarce forbear to designate him, which spoke him subdued more by sorrow than years. I felt assured that he had a history, and read somewhat of its sad character in a gait that had lost its elasticity, and a homeward walk that had seemingly little either of hope or purpose to animate it.

I perceived just then the rising chimneys of a little recently built marine abode, which an irregularity in the cliffs had till now concealed, and begged to hear from Mr. Menteith some account of its inhabitant.

"There is a good deal of romance," said the worthy man, sighing, "in the story of that same humble seafaring man, whom I remember the gayest and most reckless among my playmates at the village school, and whose buoyant spirit would probably have risen above calamity in any of its ordinary and less appalling forms.

"Adam Wilson, like nine-tenths of our boys, would be nothing but a sailor; and courage and the blessing of Providence made him a skilful and a prosperous one. He soon rose to be mate of a trader to Holland, and in one of his trips to its northern provinces, he saw and loved the daughter of a wealthy skipper, whose dowry was in reality, as well as in honest Ad-

am's eyes, the least of her attractions.

"Her father, however, rated it at its marketable value; and having matches of at least equal solidity in his power, was disposed to let the poor sailor's pretensions kick the beam. Annchen's favorable disposition, however, had its weight, even with her grasping father, and he at length promised (not foreseeing much chance of being called on) to give his consent, whenever Adam should have made the certain number of rix dollars, which was the lowest price of his daughter's hand.

"This was not to be done in the northern hemisphere, at least not within any time lovers could bear to look forward to, so Adam thought himself the luckiest of men, when the captain of a Dutch East Indiaman offered him a third mate's berth, with room in his Patagonian vessel for a lucrative investment. God alone (to whom the blind elation of many a confiding human heart must be matter of deep commiseration) knows how infallible this opportune proposal seemed for completing the already exquisite happiness of the lovers. The Scotsman forgot his caution—the Dutch maiden her composure—in fond, undoubting, joyous anticipations of the future. Any misgivings they had, were of the safe return of the 'Vrouw Margarita,' from her distant voyage—but even these were quickly banished. 'God willing, I shall come home to you,' said Adam. 'I *feel* that you will,' replied Annchen.

"Return he did, poor fellow! rich beyond his hopes, beyond his very father-in-law's ambition. The vessel, deep-laden and becalmed, lay off the beloved coast, from which for more than a year its crew had met no tidings. Adam's impatience grew unbearable. His captain's Dutch immobility yielded to the energy of passion, and he let Adam have a boat and a couple of rowers, to make a run to V—— and inquire for Annchen.

"It was spring 1824 when this happened, and Adam and his comrades,

on nearing V—, wondered that the face of the country seemed unaccountably altered. In vain they looked along the flat horizon for the well-known windmills—the little cove with its beacon had disappeared—the waters seemed to stretch far beyond their usual limits. They touched land at length, though not exactly certain where, so bewildering were the changes in the aspect of the scene. They sprang ashore, and seeing from a sand-hill the church tower of V—, on it they steered their anxious course—but over what? Not as three years before, across fertile meadows, enlivened by herds of cows, and sprinkled with neat smiling villas—a sedgy lake occupied the site of the flourishing village, and the gay, cheerful *Lusthaus* of Annchen's father was swept by encroaching billows off the face of her native earth!

“Adam looked on the desolation before him, and with an instinct no longer fallacious, felt that he need ask no more. ‘Take me away,’ he said to his sad comrades, ‘this is no place for me!’ He heard men tell, scarce moved, of raging floods that burst their barriers, and swept all before them,—of hundreds, young and old, engulfed by the invading waters. ‘I knew she was dead!’ was all the commentary his stunned soul could utter, and in a merciful oblivion of some months, even that sad truth seems to have been entombed.

“For when these had elapsed, Adam, composed, collected, though the grief-worn shadow you behold him—returned to his native place—shunning familiar intercourse as much as in his happier days he courted it. To me alone he imparted, not his sorrows—for these could find no vent in words—but his purposes. He brought me a plan, traced by memory with painful fidelity, from the dwelling of his beloved, and asked me, with all the calmness of perfect sanity, to recommend him an honest builder, and save him the harassing details of the previous contract. The superintendence would, he told me, (with the first

quick glance that betrayed the latent aberration,) be the business and solace of his life—for, in a confidential whisper, he added, ‘It is for Annchen—her own house is gone, they tell me—and I have promised to build her one just like it. When it is finished, she will come and live in it with me!’

“I looked up in the pale, mild countenance of poor Adam; and, as the delusive smile of baseless hope played over it, felt that to detain it there, if possible, was all that charity could dictate, or good will accomplish. I set about his building, therefore, with all the real tardiness such a purpose implied, yet with sufficient apparent energy to keep the hope on which he subsisted alive. One summer passed in selecting a site, and planting a garden, adorned, as you will see, at no small cost, with the choice flowers of Annchen's native land. No tulip-fancier of the olden time ever more cheerfully gave its weight in gold for a new species, than poor Adam for a favorite sort of hers, who he fancies will one day come and recognise it.

“The house at length, with all our delays, would rise! Spite of contrary winds and dilatory captains, the red bricks came from England—the Dutch tiles and earthen stoves from Rotterdam. The dairy was duly stocked with shining brazen vessels—the kitchen shelves with all the wares of Delft. Alas! no Annchen came to claim these kindred treasures! No! not even when Adam, with affecting solicitude, added to them a piping bulfinch, taught by himself to sing the very notes of her favorite air,—nay, the identical parrot she fondly bade him bring her from the Indian seas—which, spurned from his presence in the first bitterness of his grief, he had since traced back with incredible trouble, and purchased, for what the owner chose to demand!

“Alas! love can devise no more—and Annchen still delays—but Adam, persuaded it is the winds and waves that are alone in fault—watches their every variation with unwearied solicitude. His spy-glass in his hand,

he follows from day-light till dark each sail that appears on the horizon, and with hope deferred, but unextinguished, resumes his task again at dawn."

As the minister finished this sentence, we were drawing near the cottage, of which I now had a full view—its gay parterres, and florid cheerful exterior, so mournfully contrasted with the solitude, bereavement, and alienation within.

A hasty step aroused us, while lean-

ing on the garden rail—and the sad occupant (whom we had lost sight of in a hollow, and supposed before us) suddenly came up. "A fine night, Adam," said the worthy minister, in his most sympathetic accent. "A fine night, Dominie!" replied the widowed one—(using unconsciously the Dutch familiar term for pastor)—and, with a smile that made my very heart ache,—“A fine fair wind for Annchen; she will be here *to-morrow*!”

THE LYRE'S COMPLAINT.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"A large lyre hung in an opening of the rock, and gave its melancholy music to the wind. But no human being was to be seen."—*Salathiel*.

A DEEP-TONED lyre hung murmuring
To the wild wind of the sea ;—
"O melancholy wind," it sigh'd,
"What would thy breath with me ?

"Thou canst not wake the spirit
That in me slumbering lies ;
Thou strik'st not forth th' electric fire
Of buried melodies.

"Wind of the lone dark waters !
Thou dost but sweep my strings
Into wild gusts of mournfulness
With the rushing of thy wings.

"But the gift, the spell, the lightning,
Within my frame conceal'd—
Must I moulder on the rock away,
With their triumphs unreveal'd ?

"I have power, high power, for Freedom
To wake the burning soul ;
I have sounds that through the ancient
hills
Like a torrent's voice might roll :

"I have pealing notes of Victory,
That might welcome kings from war ;
I have rich deep tones to send the wail
For a Hero's death afar :

"I have chords to lift the Pæan
From the Temple to the sky,
Full as the forest-unions,
When sweeping winds are high.

"And Love—for Love's lone sorrow
I have music that might swell
Through the summer-air with the rose's
breath,
Or the violet's faint farewell.

"Soft—spiritual—mournful—
Sighs in each note enshrined ;—
But who shall call that sweetness forth ?
Thou canst not, Ocean-wind !

"No kindling heart gives echoes
To the passion of my strain ;
I perish with my wasted gifts,
Vain is that dower—all vain !

"I pass without my glory,
Forgotten I decay—
Where is the touch to give me life ?
—Wild fitful wind, away !"

So sigh'd the broken music,
That in gladness had no part ;—
—How like art thou, neglected lyre !
To many a human heart !

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS, STATESMEN, &c.

NO. II.—MR. SHIEL.

WHATEVER nature may have done for the mind of Mr. Shiel, she has given him few of the external qualifications of an orator. He is a man of diminutive size, with dark and uninviting

countenance ; but the sombre hue of his face is enlivened by an eye of fire. His voice is weak and slender, and totally incapable of sounding the high notes of passion, or the deep bass tones

of earnest vehemence. It has been disciplined and cultivated with the greatest care, but will probably never be of that order which can rivet the attention and still the breathing of a crowded assembly. In a small room, or in presence of the Association, where every flash of fancy is welcomed with an applauding cheer, Mr. Shiel gets on well. But when cast among a large and discordant audience, when the passions of the orator should be roused, and the full measure of his powers put forth,—when a look or a tone should silence murmurs and fix every eye,—he sometimes loses self-command, and breaks into a violent and disagreeable scream. Beside his more fortunate fellow actor, Mr. O'Connell, he appears to little advantage. The "great leader" is a tall muscular man, with shoulders as broad as the burden which he has to bear. There is always some ore in the most common-place of his speeches—some touch of feeling that proves him in earnest, and compensates for a multitude of sins. His manner and himself he seems equally to forget: he wishes to pour all his information upon his subject, and to persuade. Mr. Shiel, with his saturnine visage and flashing eye, insensibly reminds one of an angry spaniel rushing to the attack in company with a noble mastiff. He strains after displays, of which he is incapable; he wishes to be strong, and works himself into a passion—vigorous, and he becomes boisterous. He cannot make so much noise as his companion; but he barks more wickedly—and woe to the unfortunate passenger on whose heels he fastens. If his teeth be small, they are at least sharp, and freely enough applied. One would sooner, however, think of striking him over the ribs with an umbrella, than of grappling him by the neck, and straining every sinew to fling him down. We do not mean to undervalue his powers, or to hang him on the cross of ridicule; we acknowledge his abilities with cheerfulness, but think them overrated by himself and his admirers. Display is the soul of his oratory, the

pivot on which all his movements turn. His words are selected with care, and marshalled in imposing array; every resource of rhetorical artifice is employed to produce effect;—but still Mr. Shiel is the prominent figure in the group. He labors to strike and to dazzle—to create a sensation, and be admired. In the highest pitch of excitement, when rising to the summit of his climax—even when trembling on the brink of his beloved *aposiopesis*—he remembers that the reporter for the *Weekly Register* is by his side, and that his speech will appear in the next day's newspaper. Hence there is an appearance of want of feeling—a palpableness of artificial passion and studied rhetoric—which mar the real effect of talents that would otherwise be powerful:—for talents he undoubtedly possesses, and of a high order. He has a clear head and strong fancy, and wonderful command of rich and splendid language. He argues with force and judgment; and though not gifted with much of what is correctly termed imagination, he sprinkles over his speeches abundance of gaudy and glittering ornaments. To his figures we must apply our former observation: they are flashy, and wrought up with great ingenuity and care; but they are all French figures, more ornamental than useful, the offspring of industry rather than genius in the hour of excitation. He allows his fancy to roam too much abroad; it is with him a principal instead of a subsidiary faculty, and is not sufficiently curbed by a correct or polished taste. He seems to be a tolerable classical scholar, and is doubtless indebted for much of his power of language to his acquaintance with the masters of the literary arena. But he has not gone far enough; he has not chastened his mind by the contemplation of the simple grandeur and pure majesty of ancient authors. The gorgeous magnificence of Asia is dearer to him than the austerity of the Roman senate, or the republican orators of the Athenian forum. He has not followed the advice of

the poet about the “*exemplaria Græca* :”

Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.

His quotations are numerous and appropriate ; but facility in quoting is scanty proof of classical learning. The man who devotes himself in honest earnestness to the cultivation of an intimacy with the great and gifted of other days—who has a heart to seek, and a mind to appreciate their friendship—who can think with their thoughts, and feel as they felt—who will not deem the hour misspent when his fancy lingers amidst the breathless listeners of the forum, or hovers round the Academic retreat of poetry and wisdom—who will not stay to watch the running sand, when he holds beneath his eye the page which genius has filled, and time hallowed—such a man will betray the employment of his leisure hours by tokens widely different. It will flow in the stream of his language, and smooth without weakening the current of his eloquence. It will show itself in his taste and judgment, and forbid the flight of fancy to sink into coldness and bombast. It will check the wandering tongue, and pour the rushing stream with more rapid force along its natural channel. Original power, indeed, this learning cannot confer ; without considerable power it cannot be even acquired—but it will sharpen and improve. The iron is ground in vain upon the stone to which the steel owes its polished edge. And whilst it enables us to feel and value the merits of contemporary writers, it will prevent the danger of being misled by those false meteors “ whose light but leads astray.”

In these remarks upon the value of ancient literature, we mean of course to embrace the luminaries who have flung the radiance of their genius over the domains of our native language. To undervalue them would betray an absurdity of taste, as gross as that which unfortunately prompts the ignorant of the present day to decry the importance of knowledge which they do not comprehend. We advocate

neither the theoretical antiquarian, nor the servile copyist who can sacrifice his individual endearments on the shrine of the ancient giants. We have simply shown our reasons for dissenting from what we consider an unfortunate prejudice, which has probably had more effect than is generally supposed in causing the mediocrity so perceptible in most of our modern writers.

We have, however, wandered so far from the ambitious little gentleman of whom we were speaking, that we must borrow a little of his own abruptness, and get back as best we may. The change in policy which now seems likely to be adopted will soon reduce Mr. Shiel from the eminence on which he stands. If he were once seated in the House of Commons, his inflated style and theatrical arts would be feeble aids in buoying him up, or keeping his name afloat on the tide of popular favor. The breath of party has raised him ; he has been an indefatigable champion of a body which sent from its own ranks few who could take a leading part in public and passionate discussions. Called into consequence by the Association, he has endeavored to gain distinction by a forwardness in violence which O’Connell feels to be unnecessary. Mr. Shiel is always struggling for the mastery ; and perhaps the very consciousness of his own deficiencies hurries him beyond the limits of moderation. He would be a disagreeable antagonist for a friendly match at the foils. But he should remember that bitterness is not strength ; neither can ribaldry pass by the name of sarcasm. He is the author of several tragedies, which have been consigned to the tomb of the Capulets sooner than might have been anticipated. There were many of the scenes far from deficient in force and pathos ; and the language rolled on in a stream of magnificence, well suited for the purposes of declamation. They are less disfigured by bombast than most of his speeches, and are, on the whole, very favorable specimens of his abilities.

Yet they are not of that class which we would place under our pillow, or sit eagerly down to peruse for the second time. We remember the manager of a country theatre complaining that the whole rage of fashion was for comedies and farces, and that people seemed to have lost all taste for the tragedies of Shakspeare and Otway and Shiel—that is, as was sarcastically remarked on the occasion, Otus, Ephialtes, and Tom Thumb!

When the committees of Parliament were examining witnesses on the state of Ireland, Mr. Peel pressed the poor poet very hard about an anecdote which he had related in one of his speeches to the Association, accusing the Irish government of an action at once dishonorable and impolitic: Mr. Shiel was compelled to confess that he had sacrificed the truth for the sake of “rhetorical effect.” It will readily be presumed that he returned home not much prejudiced in favor of the minister. When he next addressed the Association, he thus alluded to an attack made on him in the House of Commons. “The sarcasms of the Home Secretary were not wholly unprovoked; for I had ventured to intimate that his language was bald, his reasoning disingenuous, his manner

pragmatical and overweening; and that to his opinions more than to his talents he was indebted for his elevation. Mr. Peel retorted—he *spoke of fustian, and I talked of calico: he touched on Covent Garden, and I referred to Manchester: he alluded to ‘Evadne,’ and I glanced at spinning-jennies.*” There is a good deal of point in this. “Evadne” is one of Mr. Shiel’s deceased tragedies: it is unnecessary to explain the allusions to the Right Hon. Secretary.

We have now done with Messrs. O’Connell and Shiel. The only other speaker in the Association who deserves notice is Mr. Lawless. He is a good declaimer, possesses much fluency, and delivers himself with considerable animation. He is perfectly at home when addressing an assembly of the forty-shilling freeholders, with whom he is a great favorite. But his influence in the Association is rather small; for he wants prudence in steering his course. When O’Connell and Shiel are in a rage, Mr. Lawless is downright mad. Hence, in all his disputes with the leader, he has been uniformly worsted, even when he had common sense on his side. It is not, however, necessary to pursue this subject farther.

MONTECO.—AN ITALIAN STORY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.*

IN the mean time Monteco descended the winding staircase, till it brought him upon a level with the surface of the canal. He then moved forward rapidly through the labyrinth of vaults which supported his palace. After opening more than one iron gate, which cut off all communication with the neighborhood of her prison, various passages of great length, and all in complete darkness, except where the lamp he held illumined them, conducted him, at last, within sight of a low and massy door. A narrow slit above enabled a tall man, by

reaching upwards, to drop into the prison whatever was not too large to pass the orifice; and it was thus that the provisions of the miserable captive were daily introduced. As Monteco drew near, he heard his daughter singing, with feeble and lingering notes. He heard her, however, but for an instant. So soon as he had gained that point at which the light could pierce the loop-hole, so as to inform the prisoner that some one was approaching, the song ended in a groan. Even Monteco paused for a moment at the door, and his hand mov-

* See page 49.

ed slowly to unfasten the bar which confined it. He entered the dungeon, but the maiden was not there. She had passed from its outer to its inner division, and was kneeling before a rude stone figure of the Virgin, which stood in a corner of the cell. This image had become very dear and holy to her, as the only symbol of comfort contained in her narrow dwelling. A small grated window, in this division of the prison, threw for a few hours of the day a faint beam upon the form of the Madonna. She had so long ceased to hope, that she did not even look round when she heard the grating of the door; and when she recognised her father's footsteps, she pressed closer to the wall, and buried her head in her hands.

"What," said Monteco, "you will not deign to look upon me?"

The complying girl turned her head for an instant; but, dazzled with the light, and terrified at her father's presence, again averted her face. That glance startled her parent, and he was silent, till, recovering herself with an effort, she leaned against the wall, looked at him, and endeavored to stand up; but she was too feeble, and she fell with her face upon the stones. Monteco lifted her with one strong grasp, and seated her on a stone bench, built into the wall close to where he stood. She regained her senses in few seconds, and her gaze wandered round the dungeon, till at last she fixed her eyes upon his face, when she sank slowly upon her knees, and, clinging to his cloak, shrieked with all the strength of her faint voice, "O! Father, Father, save me." He again raised her; but he this time continued to support the form which trembled so violently as almost to escape from his hand. He watched her shrunk and pallid face, while he said, "Foolish and disobedient girl, for that purpose I am come hither. I have visited thee only that I *may* save thee from those consequences of thy own madness, which, if it continue, must as inevitably follow as the blood flows from a wound."

"A wound—a wound—oh, that you would bestow upon me a mortal one!"

"This is trifling. Do as I command; and you shall have freedom, wealth, honor, and pleasure. Disobey me, and this cell shall remain your dungeon till it becomes your tomb."

"I have often prayed to God that it were so already."

"Yes; I doubt not you would willingly escape from performing your filial duties, by escaping at the same time from life. But mark me—what will be your doom hereafter if you die without the rites of the church?"

"Oh God!" said the terrified girl, "will you permit him to kill both soul and body?"

Monteco replied, without hesitation, though with something of a subdued sneer, "God himself hath commanded you to honor your father. Think you he will fail to punish your rebellion?"

"Alas! Alas! what shall I do, holy Mother!" she proceeded, looking at the image of the Virgin, "save me from sin!"

"Nothing can save you from sin, and from misery, unless you marry Marco Soradino."

"Never," she replied, while her father hastily grasped at his dagger, and she fell for the third time to the ground. But he returned the half-drawn weapon to its sheath, and listened to her while she said, "Father you may do with me what you will. The blow that would at once destroy—but for that I may not hope;—the rack that would crush my limbs, the imprisonment from the very air of heaven, which will achieve what it has already half accomplished, the overthrow of my reason—any thing that you will you may subject me to, for you *can*; and not on me be the responsibility: but in wedding the wretch Soradino, I should bring down guilt and pollution on my own soul. I should swear love, where there is abhorrence; respect, where there is disgust; fidelity to one whose touch would be contamination; and obedience to him whose every word and thought is evil.

Your cruelty has denied me light and motion, and almost breath, and debarred me from communion with my kind, till my own words sound strange in my ears, and I scarce know what are my own thoughts; but I have one feeling as strong as on the day I was shut into this prison—it is loathing for the name of Soradino. He shall never have my hand till it is that of a maniac or a corpse."

"Now, by heaven, by the memory of my sires, that malignant spirit shall be broken. The Roman Father had the power of life and death over his children: and for them the Turk hath still the narrow rack, and the deep sea. If there be privations that can wear, or torments that can crush obstinacy, thou shalt wed the man I have chosen."

He turned to leave the dungeon; and his departing form was clearly defined to the eyes of his daughter by its interception of the light of the lamp he carried,—a mournful emblem of that paternal interference which deprived her life of all its natural illumination. He was stooping under the low portal, when she threw herself towards him with all her remaining energy, and exclaimed—"O! my father, I have sinned against heaven."—He turned his head, and interrupted her—"Will you then at last return to your obedience? Do you perceive the necessity as well as the duty of wedding the bridegroom I have chosen?"

"Hear me," she cried in accents of piercing yet broken supplication, "hear me before you again depart. A prisoner who never sees the sun has little means or inclination to keep count of time; yet if I remember right, it must now be nearly four months since I last saw you. Why, when God was perhaps prompting you to relent, and to depart from the commission of this great wrong, why did some evil spirit put into my heart to answer you, my father, with words of defiance and almost of scorn. Rather I will implore you, by the faith of Christ, and by the memory of my mother, to abstain from urging me into this hateful prostitution.

I have been told, that my birth cost my mother her life. Oh! if she were now living, how would her unstained conscience and matron purity have been outraged by the attempt to force her only child into the arms of a ruffian and a debauchee. Nay, must you not believe that at this moment her holy spirit can see through the gloom of this dungeon, and pierce into the recesses of that heart which was a sworn offering to her, but which you have hardened against her daughter with plates of steel, as if you dreaded that I would raise my feeble hand against your life."

Monteco did not attempt to interrupt her; but nearly the only touch of human feeling which he displayed during the whole of this agonizing interview, was the almost unconscious action by which he drew his cloak over his breast so as to hide the cuirass. For he had thought it necessary to place a mantle on his shoulders when entering, but for a quarter of an hour, the vaults in which his child had been imprisoned for a year.

Isabel went on with an impassioned and almost frenzied vehemence, to which her physical strength but ill responded: "Alas! when as an infant I climbed your knees," and again she embraced his knees as she spoke, "when you seemed almost pleased that my little hands should play with your chains of honor, and well-won badges, if some wizard had predicted to you that while yet scarce more than a child, I should be grovelling at your feet on the floor of a dungeon, to entreat with a voice worn and hoarse, by many months of sighs and lamentations, for the enjoyment of the common air, for the preservation of my life, for that choice in the bestowal of my person, which is granted to the poorest fisherman's daughter in Venice, to the rudest herdsman of the mountains,—if this had been foretold you when I was an infant by your side,—would you not have obtained from the Tribunals, that the lying prophet should be scourged and branded for defaming a noble of the Republic?"

Monteco now broke in with that cold, yet wrathful tone, which is of all the best fitted, when uttered by the stronger party, at once to silence complaint, and defy remonstrance.

"Fool!" said he, "how long shall this raving last?"

"Nay speak to me not, my Father," replied the maiden, "in that fierce and bitter accent. O! will you not relent for an instant, and give me but one glance of the earth and the heaven, and that dear balcony with all my flowers, where I used to sit with Lorenzo, and watch for the return of your gondola from the council? Grant me to see my poor brother but an hour, and indeed, indeed, Father, I will not ask for more. It is very hard for me to die so young in the darkness and damp of this prison. I used to be so happy when you let me run as I pleased, from my chamber into the shade of the veranda, and again to my lute and my embroidery. But since I have been shut up here, my heart has grown cold, and my brain has learned to whirl round from week to week, giddy, and sick, and weary, and burning." She raised herself feebly from her knees, and half ventured to embrace him, and to approach her face to his, while she sobbed out, "can you not see, dear, dear Father, how my poor cheeks are shrunk in? and I am sure they must be as withered as dead rose-leaves. But unless you are kind to your poor Isabel, I shall never see a rose again."

The father did not attempt to return her caress; he stood firm as a granite column, while he said with a calm and determined utterance—

"Isabel, it is for you to yield, and not for me. You shall see the sun rise this morning over the Adriatic, on the one condition, that you wed Mark Soradino." Her eyes closed before he spoke the detested name, and while he pronounced it, she fainted, and fell backwards. He made no attempt to support her; but withdrew and left her in complete darkness. He then carefully and deliberately fastened the door, and regained his chamber.

Monteco found Pietro on his post.

He did not say one word to his attendant of the result of his visit; but, accomplished dissembler as he was, his confident readily perceived some unwonted perturbation of the lip, and some additional compression of the brows. The Noble merely said: "Take care of the door, and dispose yourself as usual. I shall want no aid to-night in preparing for rest. Let me be awakened the moment any despatches arrive." So saying, he passed from the ante-chamber into the inner apartment; having locked the door which had admitted him to the vaults. For the hundredth time he unfolded the copy of the contract binding him to forfeit all his estates on the main land, provided his daughter did not wed Soradino before her sixteenth year. He read it word by word in hopes to find a flaw, or loop-hole, or defence of some kind. But his subtle brain was at fault; he returned the parchment to its case, and flung off his cloak. His mind was intensely and painfully sensitive with regard to every thread in those meshes of public and private policy, wherewith he had spent his life in surrounding himself. He was heated, disturbed, and anxious; and when he had hastily laid aside his coat of mail, and his weightier garments, he put on a silken wrapper, drank a large dose of a strong narcotic, and threw himself upon his couch, to obtain if possible those few hours of sleep which were necessary for enabling him to think with vigor and clearness of his present situation. Pietro, half-determined to revolt from his master, half-retained in awe of his predominant spirit, drew, as usual, a pallet across the door-way which opened between Monteco's chamber and the ante-room, and stretched himself upon it. Wine, fatigue, and watching were omnipotent, and he was speedily in a deep sleep. Meantime Sidney and Lorenzo had made their preparations; and at three in the morning they set out for the Monteco Palace. The night was fortunately dark. They made their boatman, whom they knew they could so far

trust, avoid both the main entrance, and a large arch at one corner of the building, opening on the water from the vaults, among which Isabel was confined. Within both of these entrances, as the Dwarf well knew, armed retainers of his father stood sentinels. He rowed them to the other corner which joined the canal; and Lorenzo gave a low whistle, after which, in a few seconds, a window near the top of the palace opened, and a rope ladder was let down. The nurse of Isabel had agreed to secure in this way the undiscovered return of her young master. They gave the gondolier his directions, and mounted singly and safely. They then traversed the vast silent palace till they reached the corridor, which led to the chamber of Monteco. The portraits of a long and illustrious line looked cold and motionless from the walls on their descendant. The pair stopped at some distance from the door of the ante-room, before a recess of some depth. In this Sidney was to conceal himself. "Wait my return," said Lorenzo, "for a quarter of an hour, unless in the mean time you should hear a noise in yonder apartments; in the latter case, or otherwise, at the end of the time appointed, make your escape as secretly as you can to the ladder by which we entered, and so depart. I fear in that case you will have to swim at least as far as to the spot where we are to find the gondola. I shall be able to give you no assistance, for if you do not see me before the time, and undiscovered, my doom is fixed." The young soldier stood in the recess so hidden, that a strong and general light would have been necessary to render him observable. He laid his hand upon his sword, and held his breath. Meantime Lorenzo went on his way to the door of the ante-room. He opened it with a pass key; and between him and his father's chamber Pietro lay, stretched upon his pallet, with a sword on his pillow, and a dagger in his hand. To pass him was impossible; and moreover the descent to the vaults was

through a pannel of that very chamber. If he continued to live, the fate of Isabel was certain. The Dwarf listened for a moment whether he could hear a stir in his father's bedroom; he then took from his pocket a small essence box, opened it, and knelt beside the sleeping ruffian, holding in one hand the lamp, so as to afford himself light, and not to shine on the eyes of the slumberer. With the other hand he held under the nostrils of Isabel's gaoler the little scent-box. It contained a sponge, saturated with some chemical preparation. But whatever may have been the composition of the liquid, its vapor had a speedy and powerful effect. The brow of the sleeper had been bent and menacing; his lips worked rapidly, his hands were clenched, and the blood coursed in the arteries of his temples, and his face was flushed and dark. The intent and noiseless Dwarf held the box with motionless fingers; and his slow quiet breathing, contracted eye-brows, and closed lips, marked his resolution, and his power of restraining his own eagerness. After he had remained in this posture for the space perhaps of three minutes, the forehead of the victim relaxed, his cheeks grew pale, the veins of his temples sank, and his mouth no longer moved. His whole form became languid and loose, instead of being gathered up and distorted; and the poinard dropped from his fingers, and would have fallen upon the floor, but that the wary boy set down the essence-box on the pallet, and caught the dagger as it fell. Perhaps to retain his own stiletto, perhaps for the mere convenience of using the weapon which he held in his hand, Pietro being now so completely in a swoon, as to make it certain that he would neither shriek nor groan under the death-blow, the Dwarf lifted the dagger with an untrembling arm and watchful eye,—but paused for a moment to listen and discover if Adrian Monteco were awake, when, being satisfied that he had distinguished the breathings of his sleeping pa-

rent, he lifted the weapon again, but not this time to arrest it in its descent. It came down straight, and steady, and flash-like, and was buried to the hilt in the heart of the retainer. The blood started from the wound, and covered the right hand of Lorenzo. But the sleeping bulk remained motionless and silent. And so the deed was done. The Dwarf well knew that Sidney would have been likely to scruple at, if not to resist such an action, and had concealed from him every thing, but the one fact, that he was about to attempt gaining possession of the keys of Isabel's dungeon. Before he proceeded to undertake the yet more hazardous part of the enterprise, he looked down for a moment with a smile of grim and resolved triumph on the corpse, which, a moment previously, had been a living soul; and then, as through all that had gone before, since he first began to act instead of meditating, he seemed changed from a weeping and despairing boy, into a firm, subtle, and venturesome man. He gently and fearfully drew aside the pallet with its burthen, sufficiently to enable him slightly to open the door of the chamber. He opened it at first but a hair's-breadth, and found that there was light within, which would prevent any danger of disturbing Monteco, by a sudden glare, and would make the use of a lamp unnecessary. He therefore laid down that which he carried; and stood for a considerable time listening to the breathing of his father. It was heavy and irregular, starting into ejaculations, and broken with mutterings. The Dwarf was satisfied that there was sufficient chance of success to justify him in attempting the enterprise. He entered the chamber through the narrow opening, which was all he had room to make, and looked around him. He never before had been in the apartment in which his father slept. He faltered for a moment. But there was sufficient before him to give him new courage; for on a small carved table, close to the bedside of his parent, were laid

a purse of gold, a small flask of wine, several written papers, and lastly, a bunch of keys. To these it was that the longings of Lorenzo were directed. The slumberer pronounced faintly, "Your dagger, your dagger! Beltramo, make no half-blows." The Dwarf started at hearing these recollections of secret and bloody deeds; but he immediately stepped forward with a stealthy pace, and had gained the middle of the chamber, when again he heard, in the hasty and imperfect accents of a dream, "Ah! all, all my lands,—Monte Rico, Pallici, Orana,—ah, they must all go. Had she not died in prison, by heaven, she should have wedded Soradino." But these fearful workings of the slumberer's menacing and ambitious spirit, only gave additional earnestness to the resolution of the boy, and before the sentence was accomplished, his hands were on the keys. He left a crimson mark upon the spot from which he lifted them, and the same red witness was visible in a line along the floor, where the drops had trickled down his fingers, to the oriental carpet. The slumberer was silent, and when he murmured again in his disturbed sleep, Lorenzo was too far to hear the sound. He slid through the narrow opening of the door, drew it gently after him, and then disposed the pallet and the corpse as much as possible after the manner in which they looked before he had done the slaughter. To avoid attracting Sidney's attention, he washed his hands of the blood in a vase of water, which was intended for the use of his father, and then, for the first time, found leisure to contemplate his prize, to clasp it to his breast, and hastily repeat a thanksgiving. But every moment made the awaking of Monteco more probable, and he hurried off to the young Englishman. He found him tranquil, watchful, and hitherto undisturbed by any noise. They entered the ante-chamber together, and the boy who held the lamp, so carried it as not to throw its rays upon the spot where lay the cold and gory car-

case. They readily discovered the key of the door which led to the staircase, and they soon accomplished the winding descent to the vaults. By day these were readily accessible through the archway which opened on the canal, and Lorenzo had frequently traversed them. Through a narrow break in the walls, which his small form had enabled him to penetrate, he had even been able to get beyond the places where the various iron gratings would have been interposed between him and the dungeon, and more than once had thus reached its door. But he had now the keys, which would open these obstructions. Before, however, they had reached the first of them, they found themselves in a spot from which several gloomy aisles, and vast chambers of shadow branched, while in one direction, after creeping silently round a pillar, behind which they had deposited their lamp, Lorenzo pointed out to Sidney a faint broad glimmer, through which a few points of light were seen to twinkle. "There," said the Dwarf in a whisper, "a sentinel is stationed. Through that passage we must reach our boat; and the first of our proceedings must be to master and gag him. I have told you how this can be done; we must now attempt it." A double range of low columns divided the vault, and they stole along the wall, and left the centre for the pacing of the soldier, for such he was by profession, though now in the service of Monteco. His measured, but careless tread, the clanging of his weapons against the stones, and the snatches of military songs, with which he amused his leisure, sounded from afar through the vault, and served to conceal the stealthy noise of their approach. They reached almost the end of the aisle, and felt the wind blow colder on their cheeks, while they placed themselves between two of the pillars. The soldier was wrapped in his cloak, and walked so rapidly up and down the outermost twenty yards of the vista, that he had passed and repassed them several

times before they had arrived in their slower progress at the point they had pitched upon. When they stood ready for the onset, their unconscious antagonist was at the farthest part of this walk from them; he turned, and came towards them, and when he was opposite their stations, and in the act of turning to measure back his footsteps, Sidney seized his arms behind, while Lorenzo flung a cloak over his head, and prevented him from shouting for help. They then forced the soldier to stretch his tall form upon the ground, and tied his hands, and more completely gagged his mouth; after which, they proceeded half to carry, half to drag him, into the interior of the vaults, where he would not be likely to be found, by those who would come to relieve him. Here, having selected a pillar, in which an iron chain was fixed, they bound the captive to it with many convolutions, and left him in solitude and darkness.

They again seized their lamp, and hastened on their way. The keys which Lorenzo had bought, at so bloody and fearful a price, opened the iron barriers; and they speedily reached the door of the cell. It, too, was readily unfastened by Sidney, for the trembling Lorenzo was too agitated to find the lock. The Dwarf rushed into the prison, shouting, "Isabel! my sister! I am here." There was no answer, and the boy began to look in horror towards his companion, and whispered, "O! heaven! has she perished?" Sidney, however, who had not entered the narrow apartment, heard a feeble moaning, and, on looking more closely, they found, stretched before the doorway, the miserable and half-lifeless girl. In his first eagerness, Lorenzo had sprung into the dungeon, over that which was almost the corpse of his sister. They lifted up her weak and trembling weight, and, for one instant, she opened her eyes, but shuddered, and again closed them, apparently, without having observed who they were who supported

her. The boy began to tear his hair, and almost sank to the earth, but Sidney pointed out to him, that the best chance of reviving the maiden would be afforded by bearing her to the open air,—a measure which would also facilitate their escape. The Englishman raised her in his arms, where she lay like a withered and trampled flower, and bore her through the dark chill vaults, and sounding passages, to the arch which they had before visited. He whistled slightly, and after his signal had been returned, a gondola shot rapidly to his side. By this time the fresh air had, in some degree, restored Isabel, who had not previously recovered from the mournful state in which she was left by her father. They lifted her from the vault into the gondola, which bore them to the residence of Sidney. They there found a larger boat, in which were several of the cavalier's attendants, splendidly appointed and armed. They conveyed their master, together with Lorenzo and Isabel, for a few miles beyond the harbor, and Sidney then accompanied them on board a swift-sailing vessel, which he had hired to carry them to Ravenna. The dawn began to open before they entered the ship, and, while they raised the lady up its side, the full light of the morning broke, and breathed around her in all its glory. A year before she had been as fresh and lovely as that day-spring. She was now wasted, and bent by suffering. The light of her large dark eyes was gone: her cheeks were pallid and lifeless; and through the loose coarse robe which encircled her, her once bounding and graceful limbs were seen to fall overworn and motionless. Her little hand was thin, and quivering with a convulsive tremor; and the blue but pulseless veins rose in ridges on its meagre whiteness. Her long black hair fell round her, as if it already encircled her with the shadow of death. She remained a long time in the cabin of the vessel, tended by a poor nun, who was going from Venice to a convent of her order, at Ra-

venna. At last she desired to be borne on deck; and she was seated on cushions on the poop, supported by Lorenzo. Sidney, from a little distance, contemplated this wreck of so much beauty and gladness. Amid all that her form and face recorded of past misery, and foretold of quick decay, he perceived the evident traces and relics of splendid loveliness. Every feature, though now writhed by long agony, and subdued almost to death, was framed in delicate and exquisite proportion; and it was easy to discern that those pale and shrunken lips were rather designed for the laugh of a glad heart, and the kisses of affection, than for breathing the dank noisomeness of a solitary dungeon. The maiden looked round her feebly at the bright smooth sea, and the blue sky, and bursting into tears, laid her head on the breast of Lorenzo as he knelt beside her. He kissed her eyes, and spoke to her in words of hope and consolation. But she answered, with a broken and hesitating voice, "nay, deceive not thyself, my brother, I shall not live to see the setting of yonder sun. But for the kindness and courage which rescued me from —, but for you, I should now have been a corpse. Yet I thank you with all my broken heart, that before I perish, I breathe the breath of heaven, and look upon the sky, and upon you, Lorenzo." Amid some recollected snatches of their childhood, amid many words and gestures of affection, and sighs of adoration, some solemn tears, and some dim smiles, she lived the last hours of her life. She died before the evening, and was buried in a small cemetery near the shore.

Monteco did not long survive her. He was assassinated by a young Greek, who had spent several years in seeking an opportunity to revenge upon him some terrible cruelty which long previously he had perpetrated or permitted, against the family of the murderer. The death of Isabel cancelled the contract with Soradino, and Lorenzo inherited the estates of his family; but he transferred them all to

a monastery of Benedictines, in which he himself assumed the cowl, on condition that he was permitted to build a cell, and live as a hermit in the bu-

rial-ground which held the dust of his sister. He, too, died in his youth, even before the day which robbed the world of Sir Philip Sidney.

COLD WINTER IS COMING.

Cold Winter is coming—take care of your toes—

Gay Zephyr has folded his fan ;
His lances are couch'd in the ice-wind that blows,
So mail up as warm as you can.

Cold Winter is coming—he's ready to start
From his home on the mountains afar ;
He is shrunken and pale—he looks froze to the heart,
And snow-wreaths embellish his car.

Cold Winter is coming—Hark ! did ye not hear
The blast which his herald has blown ?
The children of Nature all trembled in fear,
For to them is his power made known.

Cold Winter is coming—there breathes not a flower,
Though sometimes the day may pass fair !
The soft lute is removed from the lady's lorn bower,
Lest it coldly be touched by the air.

Cold Winter is coming—all stript are the groves,
The passage-bird hastens away ;
To the lovely blue South, like the tourist, he roves,
And returns like the sunshine in May.

Cold Winter is coming—he'll breathe on the stream—

And the bane of his petrific breath
Will seal up the waters ; till, in the moon-beam,
They lie stirless, as slumber or death !

Cold Winter is coming, and soon shall we see
On the panes, by that genius Jack Frost,
Fine drawings of mountain, stream, tower, and tree—
Framed and glazed too, without any cost.

Cold Winter is coming—ye delicate fair,
Take care when your hyson you sip :—
Drink it quick, and don't talk, lest he come unaware,
And turn it to ice on your lip.

Cold Winter is coming—I charge you again—
Muffle warm—of the tyrant beware—
He's so brave, that to strike the young hero he's fain—
He's so cold he'll not favor the fair.

Cold Winter is coming—I've said so before—
It seems I've not much else to say ;
Yes, Winter is coming, and God help the poor !
I wish it was going away.

MR. COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS.*

WE are rejoiced to see these volumes, the collected fruits of one of the most original minds in our time. Scattered, unappropriated, neglected, and out of print, as many of these poems have been, yet what an influence have they exercised ! How many veins of fine gold has Coleridge, with all the profusion of genius, laid open for others to work ! In these pages how many lines start up old familiar friends, met with in quotations we knew not whence ! and how completely do they

bear the impress of the true poet !—thoughts whose truth is written in our own hearts ; feelings that make us lay down the book to exclaim, " How often have I felt this myself !"—touches of description so exquisite, that henceforth we never see a green leaf or sunny spot, like to what they picture, without their springing to our lips ; tenderness which, both in poet and reader, gushes forth in tears ; and imagination whose world is built of the honey extracted even from the weeds

* The Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge, including the Dramas of *Wallenstein*, *Remorse*, and *Zapolya*. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. W. Pickering.

of this.—Out on those who would melt down the golden strings of the poet's harp to be coined at the mint, and would cut up the ivory frame into tooth-brushes! Out on those who would banish Homer from their republic, declaiming against poetry as a vain and useless art! Is it nothing, in this harsh and jarring sphere of ours, to have our noblest impulses and kindest feelings called forth like fountains by the prophet? Is it nothing to have our selfishness counteracted by sympathy with others?—We appeal to these compositions; and if the reader does not rise from them, like their own marriage-guest, “a wiser and a sadder man,” he is, indeed, what such theories would make him—a machine, whose thoughts go by clock-work, and his actions by steam; and Coleridge is not so sure of his immortality as we had believed.

Yet even volumes like these are matters of regret: how much more might not, ought not, Coleridge to have done! His fine imagination has rioted in its own idleness; he has been content to think, or rather dream, so much of his life away:—too fanciful an architect, he has carved the marble, and planned the princely halls, but wandered continually away and left the palace in fragments, from which other artists may copy more finished works; and of which, like those from the Elgin Marbles, how few will equal the grace and beauty of the original! The first to break through the trammels of artificial versification, to deem nature in its simplicity meet study for the poet, Coleridge is the founder of our present noble and impassioned school of poetry: his spirit, like the fire which fertilises the soil it pervades, has impregnated the mind of most of our modern bards, “giving a truth and beauty of its own.”

We are now going to quote just a few fragments, just lines, stanzas, or but a single image, yet all of them bearing the stamp of everlasting fame, each and all of the finest poetry. Speaking of change produced in him by happy love—

“Even there, beneath that light-house tower
In the tumultuous evil hour,
Ere peace with Sara came;
Time was I should have thought it sweet
To count the echoings of my feet,
And watch the storm-vexed flame.

And there in black soul-jaundiced fit,
A sad gloom-pampered man to sit,
And listen to the roar:
When mountain surges bellowing deep
With an uncouth monster leap
Plunged foaming on the shore.

Then by the lightning's blaze to mark
Some toiling tempest-shattered bark,
Her vain distress-guns hear;
And when a second sheet of light
Flash'd o'er the blackness of the night,
To see no vessel there!

But fancy now more gaily sings;
Or if awhile she droop her wings,
As skylarks 'mid the corn,
On summer fields she grounds her breast:
The oblivious poppy o'er her nest
Nods, till returning morn.

O mark those smiling tears that swell
The opened rose! from heaven they fell,
And with the sunbeam blend.
Blessed visitations from above,
Such are the tender woes of Love,
Fostering the heart they bend!”

“A green and silent spot amid the hills,
A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place
No singing skylark ever poised himself.
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
Which now blooms most profusely; but the dell,
Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
As vernal corn-field, or the unripe flax,
When, through its half-transparent stalks, at eve,
The level sunshine glimmers with green light.
Oh, 'tis a quiet spirit-healing nook!
Which all, methinks, would love; but chiefly he,
The humble man, who, in his youthful years,
Knew just so much of folly as had made
His early manhood more securely wise!
Here he might lie on fern or withered heath.
While from the singing lark, (that sings unseen,
The minstrelsy that solitude loves best,)
And from the sun, and from the breezy air,
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame;
And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found
Religious meanings in the forms of nature!
And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
And dreaming hears thee still, O singing-lark,
That singest like an angel in the clouds!”

Never in any fiction has nature so finely blended with the supernatural as in the *Ancient Mariner*: what a picture of desolation, relieved by a gleam of hope, is in this verse!—

"At length did cross an albatross,
Through the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name."

How vivid the following :—

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

Then how exquisite the way in which
the charm begins to break !—

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes ;
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire :
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam, and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware.
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The self same moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea."

Then this description of music :—

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.
It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

Perhaps the supernatural was never
so depicted by a single touch as in
the ensuing :—

"But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made ;
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming."

And his return !—

"Oh, dream of joy ! is this indeed
The light-house top I see !
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this mine own countree ?

We drifted o'er the harbor bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God !
Or let me sleep away."

Never did poet compress into single
lines more of strength and beauty :—

"the silence sank
Like music on my heart."

"Large tears that leave the lashes bright !"

"Hope draws towards itself
The flame with which it kindles."

"And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !"

But the following exquisite ballad
we must quote entire.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve ;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve !

She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight ;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope ! my joy ! my Genevieve !
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
And old rude song that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined ; and ah !
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land !

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain,
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity.

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve ;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve,

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long.

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame ;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stepped—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace ;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

"Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride :
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride."

We shall insert but one other little piece, as a variety among our specimens ; a piece which well suits its playful title.

" Something childish, but very natural.

If I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear !
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly :
I'm always with you in my sleep !
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I ?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids :
So I love to wake ere break of day ;
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet, while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on."

From the mode in which the foregoing is introduced, it is evident that whenever Coleridge condescends to trifle he is aware of the fact, which is not always the case with poets, many of whom esteem their poorest productions more than their most successful efforts. It is curious, however, to remark, that with this just sense of the pure ore and the dross, even Coleridge frequently falls into the errors of puerility and doggrel. But this is not a review of censure : it is of well-earned admiration.

And we may boldly ask, what can be added to a mosaic of poetical gems like these ? We have only one other observation to make, which is,—how much the force of his description is increased by the reiteration of images : for instance, how the repeated allusion to the lark in our second quotation impresses it on the imagination. This is a part of his art in which he is eminently happy.

We shall not at present attempt to analyse the magnificent translation of Wallenstein : we have done enough for our readers in the specimens we have given of three of the most exquisite poetical volumes in the English language.

 ESSAYS ON PHYSIOLOGY, OR THE LAWS OF ORGANIC LIFE.*

ESSAY II.—THE DISTINCTIONS BETWEEN THE ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE KINGDOMS, AND THE POWERS BY WHICH THE OPERATIONS OF THE ORGANIC FRAME ARE CARRIED ON.

HAVING thus stated the *general* results, or *demonstrative characters*, of the vital principle, as manifested by organic bodies, we may proceed to examine the more *immediate* powers or agents, by which the living body is enabled to perform the various and multiform operations, necessary to its organic existence.—As it is to the animal system, however, that we purpose especially to direct our inquiries, it may be as well, for the sake of clearness, before entering on this branch of our subject, to offer a condensed sketch of the distinctions which separate the two great kingdoms of organic bodies,—namely, the *animal* and the *vegetable*. And here we may remark, that although, upon a cursory view, they may seem perfectly distinct and separate; yet, upon a more deliberate examination, the line of demarkation may not perhaps be so readily ascertained, as we were led at first to imagine; since it would appear that from the highest order of animals, to the plant, there may be traced a regular chain or series of gradations.—For instance: examine a plant; it will be found to consist of a multitude of tubes, capable of effecting a conversion in the nature of the fluids they absorb, and of propelling, also, those fluids onwards, as nutriment, through branches, leaves, and flowers, whence their freshness and their beauty are derived;—and although incapable of locomotion, the plant is enabled to obey the influence of warmth and air,—the buds unfold, and the leaves and flowers expand, and turn to meet the rays of the sun. In most cases, the plant is capable of being divided into slips, each slip having independently in itself every part and property equal to the parent stock, and producing flowers and seeds.

From the plant, let us next ad-

vance to the polypus, an animal as simple as the plant in organization, without volition, and forming one of the lowest links in the chain of animal existence. Here we find a tube composed of an homogeneous mass, capable of contracting and dilating,—or exerting itself by an involuntary power, in obedience to the action of external causes,—possessing, however, neither heart, nor vessels, nor distinct nerves;—fixed also, as the plant, while every part is endowed with complete vital independence; so that however divided, each portion becomes a new and perfect animal, capable again of re-division with the same effects.

Next to the polypus, are the worms, —a tribe unfurnished with a heart, but possessing sensibility, and considerable power of muscular motion;—capable, also, of reproduction by division, although not bearing it to so great an extent;—nor, indeed, is there so complete a vital independence of parts, as in the polypus.

Above these, again, rank the *crustaceous* tribes, including the *crab*, *lobster*, &c. In these, distinct muscles, nerves, and vessels, are discovered, and, although imperfect, a heart and brain;—they have, therefore, some degree of intelligence. With this more complete organization, they are consequently incapable of division into distinct animals, as the polypus or worm; nevertheless, however, they are endowed with the power of reproducing, on their loss or abscission, the claws, and parts non-essential to the continuance of life.

Rising still higher in the chain, with respect to indications of intelligence, and corporeal endowments, are the tribes of fishes, and reptiles, or amphibious animals;—above these, birds;—and again, the mammalia, with Man

at their head, towering high above them all—their intellectual lord. Thus may we trace the links rising gradually through the series of organized beings.—But though not so evident, as perhaps a superficial view would lead us to suppose, still, however nearly the two kingdoms may at one point approximate, distinguishing characteristics do exist, which draw a line between them.

First, then, animals differ from plants in the arrangement and combination of their constituent principles. The essential elements of organized matter appear to be *carbon*, *oxygen*, *hydrogen*, and *azote* or *nitrogen*,—together with *alkaline* and *earthy salts*:—now, the solid parts of all plants contain *carbon*, *oxygen*, and *hydrogen*, with scarcely a trace of *azote*. The solid parts of animals consist of *lime*, or *magnesia*, united with *carbonic* or *phosphoric acids*;—and in those beings of both kingdoms, which appear to be destitute of solid parts, the points of difference are even more numerous. We find the gum or mucilage of soft plants, differing widely from the gelatine, or albumen, of soft animals,—the former being destitute of *azote*, which enters as a constituent into the latter.—In the soft animals, there is no extensive combination of *carbon*, *oxygen*, and *hydrogen*, into which *azote* does not enter,—or, in other words, no substance of a vegetable kind. In consequence of this difference of composition, animal and vegetable matters may be easily distinguished when burning,—the odor of each being peculiar, and affording an infallible criterion. Besides, as vegetables abound in oxygen, they have a tendency, after death, to become acid, by its forming new combinations with carbon and hydrogen;—whereas, the soft parts of animals, after death, are disposed to become alkaline, the azote entering into new combinations with the hydrogen, and forming ammonia.

Secondly, animals and plants exhibit a difference in structure;—this, indeed, in the higher classes is ob-

vious,—and the same remark will, on close examination, be found to hold good, as it regards those animals and plants which bear the nearest affinity. For instance, the solid parts of vegetables consist of bundles of fibres, or threads, which lie parallel to one another,—each fibre constituting a tube, or vessel, for the circulation of the sap. Their construction is cylindrical throughout; and they are aggregated into bundles, the volume of which diminishes, as they proceed onward to the extremities of the plant; but it is not the subdivision of the tubes themselves, which occasions this decrease, but the separation of a certain number of tubes from the general aggregation, in order to form smaller bundles. Of these tubes, or fibres, we have observed the solid parts of plants to consist: but, on the contrary, the tubes, or vessels, for the circulation of the fluids, in animals, never constitute the solid parts,—they are all conical,—never proceed in bundles by a parallel course, and each vessel, giving off branches from itself, diminishes by subdivision.

Thirdly, animals differ from plants in their nutrition. Every animal is furnished with an apparatus, for the reception of food *internally*, where it undergoes certain changes, before its admission into the system,—and this admission is effected by means of a class of vessels, termed lacteals, or absorbents, which all originate on the *inside* of this apparatus. There is nothing similar to this in plants;—that is, they have no digestive apparatus of a similar nature. In these, the absorbing vessels of nutrition all arise *externally* on the *surface*. This, indeed, constitutes a most obvious and essential mark of distinction, and hence Dr. Alston was led fancifully to term plants *inverted* animals.

Fourthly, animals are endowed with *sensation*—the powers of *voluntary motion*—and for the most part, of *locomotion*. Plants possess not one of these qualifications. In all animals, it is true, a nervous system (on which sensation depends) cannot be disco-

vered; yet, as we observe this more or less developed, in the higher classes of animals, according to the station occupied by the species, we might almost venture to infer from analogy the existence of nerves in those lowest of animals, where their extreme minuteness may render it impossible to trace them by the dissecting knife, or ascertain their existence by the microscope;—or rather, perhaps, may we not admit, (and it seems probable,) that sensation, or a nervous power, very defined, it is true, resides or is diffused in such animals, (we allude to the zoophytes and others,) throughout the whole mass and texture of their composition,—thus rendering them, as it were, structures of nervous matter?—Be this, however, as it may, plants have no *nerves*, and are altogether unendowed with sensation. Unconscious, consequently, of their own existence, or of the existence of surrounding objects, they rise and flourish, and pass away, affording food to a multitude of animals, and man,—gratifying his senses by their beauty or perfume, adding to the comforts and luxuries of civilized life, and constituting the rich charm and loveliness of the landscape of the world.

The tribes of animals which give life and spirit to this landscape, and which are so numerous, and so varied in habits and kinds, are divided into *two* large groups or *general* families, namely, the vertebral, (or those possessing a vertebral column,) and the invertebral, (or those not possessing a vertebral column).—The group of vertebral animals is subdivided, First, into those whose skeleton is perfect; the heart consisting of *two* auricles, and *two* ventricles,—the blood warm and red. These are man, mammalia (that is, all animals that suckle their young), and birds. Secondly, into those whose skeleton is less perfect;—the heart consisting of *one* auricle, generally, and *one* ventricle;—the blood *cold* and red. These are amphibious animals, reptiles, and fishes.

The group of invertebral animals have *no internal* skeleton;—the heart

is imperfect, consisting generally of but *one* ventricle,—or is wanting. The *blood*, or more properly *sanies*, is cold, limpid, and colorless. These are insects, worms, moluscæ, zoophytes, animalculæ, &c. This group comprehends, as we may see, many classes of animals, differing widely from each other in structure and conformation,—yet all agreeing in certain particulars, and distinguished from the other groups, rather by what they want, than by what they possess, in common. Among those exhibiting the rudiments of a heart, its forms are very varied and different;—many, and especially the extensive class of worms, (*vermes*,) have no vestiges of this organ, their imperfect circulation being carried on by means of contractile tubes or vessels only.

In all animals, a certain process, termed respiration, is requisite for the preservation of life;—this, in the mammalia and birds, and most of the amphibia, consists in drawing into the lungs a certain quantity of atmospheric air, the oxygen of which acting upon the blood, deprives it of a portion of the carbon it contained, and renders it fit for the purposes of the animal economy.—The tribe of fishes inhabiting the water, have organs termed *gills*, adapted for respiring the fluid in which they live, and by the agency of which the necessary change in the blood is effected.—Insects and worms, unfurnished with lungs, or gills, have spiracles for breathing in a peculiar manner, extended over various parts of their bodies, by means of which the oxygen of the atmospheric air is enabled to come in contact with the blood or sanies, and effect that peculiar change in it, which the economy of these animals may require.

Having thus endeavored to render clear and distinct the boundaries which nature has established, as separating organic and inorganic bodies,—and fixed a line of division between the animal and vegetable kingdoms,—we may proceed with advantage to consider the powers, which, inherent in the living body, enable it to preserve

its organic existence. These are *sensibility* and *contractility*, to which may be added *instinct*.

The animal frame is composed of *solids* and *fluids*. The *solid* parts, in the more perfect animals, are,

1st. The *bones*,—hard unbending fulcra, giving support and determinate figure to the body, and serving as *levers*, upon which the moving powers of the body act.

2d. The *muscles*,—the moving powers, or active instruments of motion. The texture of each muscle consists of a multitude of fibres,—divisible to an infinite degree,—running parallel to each other; the whole being surrounded by a delicate membrane, or fascia. Under a broad survey, we may divide them into the *voluntary*, or those obedient to volition, and the *involuntary*, or those not under the control of the will;—but we must not forget that some of the *involuntary* muscles, as those of respiration, (which perhaps rather claim a middle place,) are so far obedient to the will, as to be accelerated, diminished, or for a time suspended, in their action, at pleasure; although, in their natural state, their action, as much so as that of the heart, is perfectly involuntary.

3d. The *nerves*, or organs by which the frame is endowed with sensation. These are fibrous in their texture, white, and firm to the feel, but ramifying to a minuteness beyond conception. In man, nine pairs of nerves are found taking their origin from different parts of the *brain*, and supplying the nose, the eye, and muscles of the eyeball, the ear, and the tongue. The first, spreading on the membrane that lines the nose, is so constituted as to be affected by the volatilized particles of odorous bodies, while, the sensation being transmitted to the brain, we are thus endowed with the sense of *smell*. The second pair, expanding into what is termed the retina of the eyes, receives impressions through the medium of the rays of light, and thus we become acquainted with the forms and colors of external objects. The third and fourth, the

principal branches of the fifth, and the sixth pairs, are distributed among the delicate muscles placed at the back of the eyeball, and by which it is moved. The seventh divides into two branches, one of which (*portio dura*) ramifies on the face; but the other, soft and frail, (*portio mollis*), and destined for receiving impressions from the vibrations of the air, is distributed in the internal parts of the ear, and affords to us the sense of hearing;—by this nerve we receive all our pleasure from the harmony of music, or hang upon the charmed breath of the speaker. The eighth and ninth pairs diffuse their branches on the tongue, and through them we are acquainted with the flavor of various substances; and to the ideas communicated by the impressions which they receive, we give the name of *taste*.

From the spinal cord, thirty-one pairs of nerves arise, distributed universally over every part of the body, communicating abundantly with each other, and forming, at various parts of their juncture, knots, or *ganglia*, the uses of which are not satisfactorily explained. These are the nerves on which depends general sensation, as well as those powers of the animal frame by which the existence and vigor of the whole is preserved.

4th. The *bloodvessels*: these are the *arteries*, conveying the blood from the heart to every part of the frame, to increase or repair it,—and the *veins*, which return the blood again to the heart, whence it passes immediately through the lungs, where it acquires properties fitted for its use in the system; from the lungs, it returns immediately back to the heart, and thence, in its now renovated state, it is poured through the aorta into all the arteries of the body, to be again returned by the veins as before.

5th. The *absorbents*: tubes adapted to supply, by means of nutriment, the loss or waste in the blood. There are two sets,—the *absorbents*, and, as they are commonly termed, the *lactals*, (from *lac*, milk,) alluding to the milky fluid they contain.

6th. The *exhalants*: vessels or tubes for throwing off, as by perspiration, various excretions of the system.

7th. The membranous portions of the frame and the skin.

The *fluid*, necessary to life, and from which every other is secreted, (or separated,) as well as all solid parts of the frame, is the blood, composed of serum, fibrin, and coloring matter, which is conveyed, as we have mentioned, through every part of the body; and, by the agency of the extreme arteries, or capillary vessels, builds up this curious fabric, and repairs its losses. In the human body, the fluids have been estimated to bear a proportion of *five-sixths* to the whole; so that when these shall have evaporated, what remains? A little earth, and a mouldering skeleton. With truth might the poet say—

“A little dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.”

Thus have we given a condensed sketch, *in limine*, of the composition of the organic animal frame, and now let us advance to a cautious examination of the powers by which it is enabled to maintain, and, to a definite period, continue its organic existence;—these we have already stated to be *sensibility* and *contractility*—to which we may add *instinct*.

By *sensibility*, is to be understood that faculty, peculiar to organic beings, and which, possessed by living organs only, renders them capable of receiving from appropriate agents, or stimuli, an impression which, stronger or weaker, alters, increases, or directs their respective functions.—These stimuli may be classed as external, by which we mean light, caloric, air, and various bodies,—or internal, by which we would imply volition, the passions or affections of the mind, and instinct.

By *contractility*, is to be understood that *power*, by which each organ, having received an appropriate impression, or, in other terms, the *sensibility* of which is affected, is enabled to call itself into exertion, and execute its office.

Sensibility is either *latent* or *percipient*. By latent sensibility is indicated that modification which some organs possess, and which enables them to receive a natural impression, and to act, in consequence of it, without transmitting that impression to the brain;—by percipient, that modification, by which an organ is enabled to transmit to the brain, as well as receive, the impression for which it may be adapted.

Contractility is either *voluntary*, and *perceived*,—or *involuntary*, and *unperceived*.

These are the two essential properties connected with organic bodies, and on which all the phenomena they exhibit appear to depend;—they ever accompany and coöperate with each other, and, except in abstract reasoning, are not to be separated;—hence, we often hear them spoken of, by physiological writers, under the common term *irritability*, as including each.

In plants, and the polypi which in many respects resemble them, the sensibility is latent, and the contractility is involuntary and unperceived. For instance; the capillary vessels of a plant obeying the stimulus of the sap, which is circulated in them, contract and propel it through the whole system. Hence, too, delighting as it were in the warmth of the solar rays, the flowers and leaves of many plants, as the sunflower, turn to meet the rising orb, and follow him in his daily course;—and hence the sensitive plant contracts on being touched. Now, we are not to suppose that the plant or its vessels have any *consciousness* of the presence of the sap, or of the general warmth of the sun;—no: it is true that the involuntary motions of plants do indeed depend upon *sensibility*, (*latent*,) but, possessing neither *brain* nor *nervous system*, they are in themselves unconscious of every action they perform;—for feeling, or a sentient power, (*percipient sensibility*,) is only found in animals possessing a brain and nervous system; and the more perfect these organs, the more perfect is sen-

sation. The polypus, constituted without brain or nerves, and endowed only with the same latent sensibility, may contract or expand, but it cannot be said to enjoy the power of perception.

In man, and the higher orders of animals, whose brain and nervous system are completely developed, the percipient powers (or the power of *percipient* sensibility) are in full perfection;—and by these powers we are united to surrounding objects, the brain being the centre to which every impression is referred. But we must observe, that in the higher orders of animals, and man, a complete *percipient* power is only possessed by particular organs, each in its own degree and modification,—while all those by which nutrition and the circulation are effected, are endued with *latent* sensibility.

The heart, for instance, contracts in obedience to the stimulus which the blood communicates,—but of the presence of this fluid we ourselves feel unconscious, nor do we perceive, in health, the usual and natural contractions of the heart, much less of the multitude of smaller vessels pervading every part of the system. Thus the animal frame in this light may be viewed as a compound machine, con-

sisting of two sets of organs,—one set, by which we become conscious of external objects, and of our own existence; by which the actions of the will are performed, and which administer to our convenience or pleasure;—the other destined for the internal or organic life, and preservation of the body. The former comprehends the organs of the senses, as they are termed, and the agents of voluntary motion;—the latter, the organs of digestion, circulation, and secretion. By experience and research only, do we know of the existence of these organic operations; and their actions, of which we are unconscious, manifest themselves but by their effects.—And here may we not pause to admire the wisdom of the Divine Architect! How well is all this ordered! For did we perceive the multitudinous workings of this organic machine,—were the contractions and labors of every tube, the beatings of every “petty artery,” cognizable by our senses, in what a state should we pass through life!—How little could we perform of our respective duties!—How would every trifling variation, every change, affright us!—But it is not so! Surely this is not by chance; “in wisdom hath He made them all.”

THE MESSAGE TO THE DEAD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

“Messages from the Living to the Dead are not uncommon in the Highlands. The Gael have such a ceaseless consciousness of Immortality, that their departed friends are considered as merely absent for a time; and permitted to relieve the hours of separation by occasional intercourse with the objects of their earliest affection.”

See the Notes to Mrs. Brunton's “Discipline.”

THOU'RT passing hence, my brother!
Oh! my earliest friend, farewell!
Thou'rt leaving me without thy voice,
In a lonely home to dwell;
And from the hills, and from the hearth,
And from the household tree,
With thee departs the lingering mirth,
The brightness goes with thee.

But thou, my friend, my brother!
Thou'rt speeding to the shore
Where the dirge-like tone of parting words,
Shall smite the soul no more!

And thou wilt see our holy dead,
The lost on earth and main!
Into the sheaf of kindred hearts
Thou wilt be bound again!

Tell thou our friend of boyhood,
That yet his name is heard
On the blue mountains, whence his youth
Pass'd like a swift bright bird.
The light of his exulting brow,
The vision of his glee,
Are on me still—oh! still I trust
That smile again to see.

And tell our fair young sister,
The rose cut down in spring,
That yet my gushing soul is fill'd
With lays she loved to sing.
Her soft deep eyes look through my dreams,
Tender and sadly sweet ;
Tell her my heart within me burns
Once more that gaze to meet !

And tell our white-hair'd father,
That in the paths he trode,
The child he loved, the last on earth,
Yet walks and worships God.

Say, that his last fond blessing yet
Rests on my soul like dew,
And by its hallowing might I trust
Once more his face to view.

And tell our gentle mother,
That o'er her grave I pour
The sorrows of my spirit forth,
As on her breast of yore !
Happy thou art, that soon, how soon !
Our good and bright will see ;
Oh ! brother, brother ! may I dwell
Ere long with them and thee !

MUCKLE-MOU'D MEG AND THE LANG GUN.

A REMINISCENCE OF A FOWLER.

THERE had been from time immemorial, it was understood, in the Mause, a duck-gun of very great length, and a musket that, according to an old tradition, had been out both in the Seventeen and Forty-five. There were ten boys of us, and we succeeded by rotation to gun or musket, each boy retaining possession for a single day only ; but then the shooting season continued all the year. They must have been of admirable materials and workmanship ; for neither of them so much as once burst during the Seven Years' War. The musket, who, we have often since thought, must surely rather have been a blunderbuss in disguise, was a perfect devil for kicking when she received her discharge ; so much so indeed, that it was reckoned creditable for the smaller boys not to be knocked down by the recoil. She had a very wide mouth—and was thought by us “an awfu' scatterer ;” a qualification which we considered of the very highest merit. She carried any thing we chose to put into her—there still being of all her performances a loud and favorable report—balls, buttons, chunky stanes, slugs, or hail. She had but two faults—she had got addicted, probably in early life, to one habit of burning priming, and to another of hanging fire ; habits of which it was impossible, for us at least, to break her by the most assiduous hammering of many a new series of flints ; but such was the high place she justly occupied in the affec-

tion and admiration of us all, that faults like these did not in the least detract from her general character. Our delight when she did absolutely and positively and *bonâ fide* go off, was in proportion to the comparative rarity of that occurrence ; and as to hanging fire—why we used to let her take her own time, contriving to keep her at the level as long as our strength sufficed, eyes shut perhaps, teeth clenched, face grinning, and head slightly averted over the right shoulder, till Muckle-mou'd Meg, who took things leisurely, went off at last with an explosion like the blowing up of a rock.

The “Lang Gun,” again, was of a much gentler disposition, and, instead of kicking, ran into the opposite extreme on being let off, inclining forwards as if she would follow the shot. We believe, however, this apparent peculiarity arose from her extreme length, which rendered it difficult for us to hold her horizontally—and hence the muzzle being attracted earthward, the entire gun appeared to leave the shoulder of the Shooter. That such is the true theory of the phenomenon seems to be proved by this—that when the “Lang Gun” was, in the act of firing, laid across the shoulders of two boys standing about a yard the one before the other, she kicked every bit as well as the blunderbuss. Her lock was of a very peculiar construction. It was so contrived that, when on full cock, the dog-head, as we used to call it, stood back at least seven

inches, and unless the flint was put in to a nicety, by pulling the trigger you by no means caused any uncovering of the pan, but things in general remained *in statu quo*—and there was perfect silence. She had a worm-eaten stock, into which the barrel seldom was able to get itself fairly inserted; and even with the aid of circumvoluting twine, 'twas always coggly. Thus too, the vizy (*Anglice* sight) generally inclined unduly to one side or the other, and was the cause of all of us every day hitting and hurting objects of whose existence, even, we were not aware, till alarmed by the lowing or the galloping of cattle on the hills; and we hear now the yell of an old woman in black bonnet and red cloak, who shook her staff at us like a witch, with the blood running down the furrows of her face, and, with many oaths, maintained that she was murdered. The "Lang Gun" had certainly a strong vomit—and, with slugs or swan shot, was dangerous at two hundred yards to any living thing. Bob Laurie, at that distance, arrested the career of a mad dog—a single slug having been sent through the eye into the brain. We wonder if one or both of those companions of our boyhood be yet alive—or, like many other great guns that have since made more noise in the world, fallen a silent prey to the rust of oblivion!

Not a boy in the school had a game certificate—or, as it was called in the parish—"a leeshance." Nor, for a year or two, was such a permit necessary; as we confined ourselves almost exclusively to sparrows. Not that we had any personal animosity to the sparrow individually—on the contrary, we loved him, and had a tame one—a fellow of infinite fancy—with comb and wattles of crimson cloth like a game-cock. But their numbers, without number numberless, seemed to justify the humanest of boys in killing any quantity of sprauchs. Why, they would sometimes settle on the clipped half-thorn and half-beech hedge of the Manse garden in myriads, midge-like; and then out any two of us, whose

day it happened to be, used to sally with Muckle-mou'd Meg and the Lang Gun, charged two hands and a finger; and, with a loud shout, starting them from their roost like the sudden casting of a swarm of bees, we let drive into the whirr—a shower of feathers was instantly seen swimming in the air, and flower-bed and onion-bed covered with scores of the mortally wounded old cocks with black heads, old hens with brown, and the pride of the eaves laid low before their first crop of pease! Never was there such a parish for sparrows. You had but to fling a stone into any stack-yard, and up rose a sprauch-shower. The thatch of every cottage was drilled by them like honey-combs. House-spouts were of no use in rainy weather—for they were all choked up by sprauch-nests. At each particular barn-door, when the farmers were at work, you might have thought you saw the entire sparrow-population of the parish. Seldom a Sabbath, during pairing, building, breeding, nursing, and training season, could you hear a single syllable of the sermon for their sakes, all a-huddle and a-chirp in the belfry and among the old loose slates. On every stercoraceous deposit on coach, cart, or bridle road, they were busy on grain or pulse; and, in spite of cur and cat, legions embrowned every cottage garden. Emigration itself in many million families would have left no perceptible void; and the inexterminable multitude would have laughed at the Plague.

O Muckle-mou'd Meg! and can it be that thou art numbered among forgotten things—unexistences!

"Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees!"

What would we not now give for a sight—a kiss—of thy dear lips! Lips which we remember once to have put to our own, even when thy beloved barrel was double-loaded! Now we sigh to think on what then made us shudder! Oh! that thy but were but now resting on our shoulder! Alas! for ever discharged! Burst and rent

asunder, art thou now lying buried in a peat-moss? Did some vulgar villain village Vulcan convert thee, name and nature, into nails? Some dark-visaged Douglas of a hen-roost-robbing Egyptian, solder thee into a pan? Oh! that our passion could dig down unto thee into the bowels of the earth—and with loud lamenting elegies, and louder hymns of gratulation, restore thee, butless, lockless, vizzless, burst, rent, torn, and twisted though thou be'st, to the light of day, and of the world-rejoicing Sun! Then would we adorn thee with evergreen wreaths of the laurel and the ivy—and hang thee up, in memory and in monument of all the bright, dim, still,

stormy days of our boyhood—when gloom itself was glory—and when—But

“Be hush'd my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns,
When the faint and the feeble deplore.”

Cassandra, Corinna, Sappho, Lucretia, Cleopatra, Tighe, De Stael—in their beauty or in their genius—are, with millions on millions of the fair-faced or bright-souled, nothing but dust and ashes; and as they are, so shall Baillie, and Grant, and Hemans, and Landor be—and why vainly yearn “with love and longings infinite,” to save from doom of perishable nature—of all created things, but one alone—Muckle-mou'd Meg!

THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

THERE are *three* Quarterly Reviews now published in the United States; one at Boston, one at Philadelphia, and one at Charleston. They are each exceedingly creditable specimens of the talents and attainments of our brethren of the New World; and we, whatever others may think, feel a real satisfaction, somewhat approaching to pride, in beholding the English language cultivated with such success, and made the instrument of diffusing so much valuable information through countries where the rude dialect of the Indian savage was, a century ago, the only medium of communicating the commonest thoughts and desires of the wild huntsman's life. The spread of our native tongue over the widest and fairest portions of the globe is a remarkable example of the influence of a great commercial nation in the civilization of mankind; and it is more than probable that, in a very few years, the use of the English will as far exceed that of all other languages, as did the Spanish within a century after the discovery of the passage of the Cape.

The North American Review, published at Boston, is now in its 60th

number. This work is well known in England, and is distinguished, if not for its brilliancy, for its calm good sense, and its general freedom from national prejudices.

There is nothing that we can see in it, of any jealousy of England and her institutions, or any vain parade of the power, the resources, and intelligence of our transatlantic brethren. It is, indeed, fortunate, that the unnatural animosities of children, boasting a common mother, and participating, each very largely, in the blessings of a free government, should no longer be fomented by the passions and prejudices of ignorant and flippant writers, on either side the water. It is to the real interest, both of England and America, that a constant feeling of kindness should be cherished between them;—those who desire friendship and peace cannot do better than promote their common literature, and freely interchange a tribute of respect for all those productions which belong to high principles and solid learning.

“The American Quarterly Review” is printed at Philadelphia, and has yet only reached its tenth number. It appears to us well adapted for popu-

larity, and conveys a great body of valuable information, not very new or very original, but well adapted to the wants of a people whose literary habits have yet to be formed. The subjects, and the mode of treating them, are rather more elementary than in the *North American Review*; and it is, perhaps, rather more distinguished for a strong religious tone, not in the least allied to fanaticism, but very decided.

Of "the *Southern Review*," two numbers only have yet appeared. The publication commenced in February, of the present year.

The first number of this work certainly displays much variety of talent;—for we have papers on the Calculus, Phrenology, Political Economy, Colonization, and Mineralogy;—and we must conscientiously say they appear to us each executed with talent and learning that reflect honor on the source from which American Literature has sprung.

There is a very forcible paper on Roman Literature in the second number, which appears to us from the same able pen as that of Classical Learning. It comes with peculiar interest from an American pen—and from a country where literature must necessarily be catholic rather than national—a reflection of the modes of thought and feeling in the Old World, rather than the exposition of any peculiarities in their own state of society. The United States have sprung up at once into the manhood of civilization, without having toiled to that eminence through the long contests which knowledge, in Europe, has had to wage with brute force, and which contests have left behind them the monuments and the associations upon which a national literature must be formed. The *antiquities* of North America are to be found in England.

The American periodicals, which we have rapidly noticed, present us with few favorable specimens of original works published in the United States, particularly in works of ima-

gination. Our Southern reviewer is inclined to be sufficiently severe upon his poetical brethren—and not without justice.

The interchange of literature between nations is like the reciprocity of commerce;—each party must profit by it. Although, for many years, England will supply America with books—for the more civilized country will have greater leisure to attend to the luxuries of life, while the settlers, the creators of fresh channels of commerce, the inventors and adapters of machinery, must be busy for a century or so, getting their new house in order—it is not therefore to be concluded that *we* shall derive no advantage from the literature of America. We apprehend that the writers of the United States, with occasional exceptions, will for some time put forth their strength in periodical papers rather than in bulky volumes. They have no literature to create. The wide extent of our common storehouse is open to them;—and they may range, fully and freely, amongst our plenteous garner. They were born in a happy time for the rapid attainment of knowledge. They live in an age of Encyclopædias—and all they have to do is to adapt the great mass of information to the leisure and temper of their own people. Science and literature must, in the United States, be for a long time elementary and popular. They have to enclose all the old, fat, blossoming, and fruit-bearing common-fields, before they have occasion to break up the wastes of knowledge. They will, therefore, reprint all our old glorious writers—the Shakspeares, and Bacons, and Miltons, and Popes, and Swifts, and Burkes—their inheritance as well as ours. For modern novelties, have they not the Murrays, and Longmans, and Colburns of England, to set their presses going? And, therefore, they will review, for half a century at least. But *we* shall still be gainers by this process. We shall see how our factitious modes of thought, growing out of our over-refinement in manners, and our intricate system of

compromises in politics, will look in the eyes of individuals and communities who are inclined to err in the other excess—who sometimes mistake rudeness for strength, and are too apt to apply the standard of utility to matters which have neither height nor breadth, and cannot be guaged by all the algebra in the world. One of their reviewers—and we think the most talented of them—reproaches his fellow-citizens, that they begin from the beginning and take nothing for granted. We, on the other hand, are mightily inclined to pride ourselves upon taking most things for granted, beginning at the practical point, according to our notions of that really ideal halting-place. Now, in our hatred of appearing ignorant, and of being suspected of moving in our leading-strings, both in learning and politics, we sometimes utterly forget those general principles—of liberty and all that, for instance,—which no refinement, real or imaginary, ought to allow us to neglect. The mirror of American literature may sometimes very happily show us, what a prim, affected, strait-laced, effeminate and powerless thing is that public mind, “which goes on refining,” till it has lost all relish for the plain food from which it must derive its strength—and minces along, the shadow of a

shade, “powdered as for a feast,” but “rank and foul within,” amidst all its perfumes. American literature will be for many years to the English, as the bold, sometimes rude, but honest and substantial yeoman, is to the polite, perchance sarcastic, but elegant and accomplished favorite of the opera-box. The one tells a plain tale in homely and vigorous language—does not repress his natural curiosity when he sees anything wonderful or new—and is often abundantly provoking with his rather ignorant boasting upon the subject of his own imperfect acquaintance with men and books, and most matters of taste. The other disdains to mention any single thing by its right name—remains in ignorance of any unfamiliar object rather than request to be informed—and is most contemptuously loud in his abomination of all those persons and matters which conduce to the ordinary comforts and satisfactions of life. Now these two individuals might learn a great deal of each other—if each would abate a little of exclusiveness and arrogance;—and just in the same way, two nations like England and the United States, might abundantly profit by an intellectual interchange, if they would agree to cast aside the prejudices which occasionally render each odious in the eyes of the other.

THE SPANISH GUITAR.

My gay guitar, my gay guitar!
When sleep the furious sounds of war,
The soldier's bosom, fresh and free,
Finds solace and delight in thee.
The stern array, the warrior pride,
The plume, the musket—dashed aside,
Those pulses that unmoved can brave
The burst of battle's fiery wave,
Dance light beneath the evening star,
When ring thy notes, my gay guitar!

O! what can smooth to joy but thou,
The toiling peasant's dusty brow?
When o'er Valencia's burning plain
No breezes fan the yellow grain,—
No shower to cool the parching sky,—
No shade to rest the wearied eye,—
While homeward slow he plods his way
In the red sunset's level ray,
He springs with glee to hear from far
The tinkling of the gay guitar.

When night's deep hue the horizon bounds,
Amid the ceaseless ocean sounds,
The dash of waves, the voiceful gale,
The sea-bird's cry, the shifting sail,
The fisher in his lonely boat,
Cheers the long darkness with thy note.
He looks where many a league away
His native shore lies dim and grey,
And wakes, to greet the moon's pale car,
The music of his gay guitar.

At vintage feast, when dance and song
Inspire with jollity the throng,
'Mid lips that gush with joyous tone,
And eyes the heart's delight that own,
O! then, my gay guitar, thy strain
Flings a new life through every vein;
In halls where high-born beauties glide,
'Mid brows of sway, and steps of pride,
The revel's blithest hour 'twould mar,
To want thy notes, my gay guitar!

In toilsome paths, o'er steep and glade,
Where waves the hoary cork-tree's shade,
Where loud the inland torrent roars,
Or rise the Atlantic's stormy shores,
Rings the slow mule's unceasing bell
From sea to plain, from crag to dell ;
And still his *seguidilla's* cheer
The wanderings of the muleteer,
And to his soul no joys there are
So dear as thine, my gay guitar !

The student pale, whose eyes are wrought
To dimness by excess of thought,
Whose vigor all is worn away,
And youthful locks untimely grey,
Who feebly runs to meet the tomb,
While wisdom lights him through the gloom ;
When beats the swelling heart with pain,
And anguish throbs in every vein,
O ! then with thee, my gay guitar,
He soothes his struggling bosom's jar.

My gay guitar, at midnight hour,
With thee I seek Louisa's bower :
Thy music round her slumber streams,
And blends amid her starry dreams,
Till opes the lattice and displays
Her form of light to bless my gaze,
Her trembling breast, and glowing cheek,
And eyes a timid joy that speak,
For pride and fear's reluctant bar
Yield to thy strain, my gay guitar !

When memory's shadows round me rise,
When hope departs, and pleasure dies,
And every gentler pulse has fled
The anguish'd heart, and aching head ;
When burning passion's wildest hour
O'er the dark soul asserts its power ;
In each dread change the soul can know
Of impulse fierce, or hopeless woe,
To calm the troubled spirit's war,
I touch thy strings, my gay guitar !

THE LATEST LONDON FASHIONS.

Explanation of the Print of the Fashions.

BALL DRESS.

A DRESS of pink gauze, with a rich white satin stripe. Three pointed flounces, set on rather scanty, ornament the border : one, the same as the dress, placed between two of white Japanese gauze : the flounces fall over each other, and all have the points bound with a narrow *rouleau*. The body is made slightly *en gerbe*, high across the bust, but low on the shoulders, and the sleeves are very short, plain, and full, with the stripes in bias. The hair is elevated *à la Giraffe*, on the summit of the head ; but this ornamental hair, which is carried so high, is not formed of wired loops, according to the first arrangement of that head-dress, but consists of innumerable curls in raised clusters, confined by narrow platted braids, which by being twisted round, support, and keep them firm together : at the base of this elevation is a wreath of large, full-blown, blush roses ; the hair in front is parted on the forehead, in very full curls, though not large, over the temples, and short at the ears. Madonna braids are next the face, and the curls beyond. The ear-pendants are of pearls, but not very long ; and the necklace is *à la*

Solitaire, formed of depending pear-pearls, from festoons of gold, in light chain work. The bracelets consist of two rows of gold beads, clasped with a cameo.

WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse of stone-color muslin, lined with sarcenet of the same color, and finished down each side the front of the skirt with points ; between each point is a *bouquet* of flowers in embroidery, of black. Over the bust and back is a *canezou*-spencer without sleeves, the same as the pelisse, finished by points, the same as those on the skirt, except that the *bouquets* are left out. The sleeves are *à la Marie*, and have a deep cuff at the wrist, edged with *antique* English points, which are finished round in the same manner as those on the pelisse and *canezou* : the throat is encircled by a double ruff. A white transparent bonnet is worn with this dress, with a *ruche* at the edge, and trimmed with pink ribbon, edged and spotted with black : though the bonnet is fastened under the chin by a *mentonnière* of blond, the strings are tied carelessly by a bow on the right side.

EVENING COSTUME.

A DRESS of turquoise-blue sarcenet, with two rows of points round the

border, set on flounce-wise : these points are trimmed at the edge with a narrow, full *ruche* of blue crape; and between each point is a scroll of blue *crêpe-lisse*, edged by a very slight and delicate pattern in embroidery : the scrolls are gathered full at the top under the points, and depend *en fichus*. The body is *en gerbe*, with a pointed zone round the waist. Long white sleeves of crape, are surmounted by those which are short *en ballons*, of the same color and material as the dress : at the termination of the short sleeves is a bow of blue ribbon at the

back part of the arm; and another bow is placed on the left side of the tucker, in which bow is mingled a portion of white ribbon. The white sleeves are terminated at the wrists by English, *antique*, pointed cuffs of blue saracenot; and a bracelet of white and gold enamel, with a white *agate* brooch, encircles the wrist, next the hand. A dress hat is worn with this costume, of white chip, with bows of blue and white ribbons under the brim, and a very beautiful plumage of white feathers, edged and tipped with blue, is tastefully disposed over the crown.

VARIETIES.

“Come, let us stray
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk.”

CHANGES OF SOCIETY.

THE circumstances which have most influence on the happiness of mankind, the changes of manners and morals, the transition of communities from poverty to wealth, from knowledge to ignorance, from ferocity to humanity—these are, for the most part, noiseless revolutions. Their progress is rarely indicated by what historians are pleased to call important events. They are not achieved by armies, or enacted by senates. They are sanctioned by no treaties, and recorded in no archives. They are carried on in every school, in every church, behind ten thousand counters, at ten thousand firesides. The upper current of society presents no certain criterion by which we can judge of the direction in which the under current flows.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF CURRAN.

One morning, at an inn in the South of Ireland, a gentleman travelling upon mercantile business, came running down stairs a few minutes before the appearance of the stage coach, in which he had taken a seat for Dublin. Seeing an ugly little fellow leaning against the door post, with dirty face and shabby clothes, he hailed him and ordered him to brush his coat. The

operation proceeding rather slowly, the impatient traveller cursed the lazy valet for an idle, good-for-nothing dog, and threatened him with corporal punishment on the spot, if he did not make haste and finish his job well, before the arrival of the coach. Terror seemed to produce its effect; the fellow brushed the coat, and then the trowsers with great diligence, and was rewarded with sixpence, which he received with a low bow. The gentleman went into the bar, and paid his bill, just as the expected vehicle reached the door. Upon getting inside, guess his astonishment to find his friend, the quondam waiter, seated snugly in one corner, with all the look of a person well used to comfort. After two or three hurried glances, to be sure that his eyes did not deceive him, he commenced a confused apology for his blunder, condemning his own rashness and stupidity—but he was speedily interrupted by the other exclaiming—“Oh, never mind—make no apologies—these are hard times, and it is well to earn a trifle in an honest way. I am much obliged for your handsome fee for so small a job; my name, sir, is John Philpot Curran—pray what is yours?” The other was thunderstruck by the idea of such an introduction to the most celebrated

man of his day : but the irresistible wit and drollery of Curran soon overcame his confusion ; and the traveller never rejoiced less at the termination of a long journey, than when he beheld the distant spires of Dublin glitter in the light of a setting sun. This deserves to be recorded among the many comical adventures into which Curran was led by his total inattention to personal appearance.

CHINESE PRISON.

Prisoners who have money to spend, can be accommodated with private apartments, cards, servants, and every luxury. The prisoners' chains and fetters are removed from their bodies, and suspended against the wall, till the hour of going the rounds occurs ; after that ceremony is over, the fetters are again placed where they hurt nobody. But those who have not money to bribe the keepers, are in a woful condition. Not only is every alleviation of their sufferings removed, but actual infliction of punishment is added, to extort money to buy "burnt-offerings" (of paper) to the god of the jail, as the phrase is. For this purpose the prisoners are tied up, or rather hung up, and flogged. At night, they are fettered down to a board, neck, wrists, and ankles, amidst ordure and filth, whilst the rats, unmolested, are permitted to gnaw their limbs !

REMEDY FOR DULNESS.

Lord Dorset used to say of a very goodnatured dull fellow, "'Tis a thousand pities that man is not illnatured, that one might kick him out of company !"

PICTURE OF LIFE.

In youth we seem to be climbing a hill on whose top eternal sunshine appears to rest. How eagerly we pant to attain its summit ; but when we have gained it, how different is the prospect from the other side ! We sigh as we contemplate the dreary waste before us, and look back with a wistful eye upon the flowery path we have passed, but may never more retrace. Life is like yon portentous cloud, fraught with thunder, storm,

and rain ; but religion, like those streaming rays of sunshine, will clothe it with light as with a garment, and fringe its shadowy skirts with gold.

POETRY AND PAINTING.

What the monk said of Virgil's *Æneid*, "that it would make an excellent poem if it were only put into rhyme ;" is just as if a Frenchman should say of a beauty, "Oh, what a fine woman that would be, if she was but painted !"

THE THREE TEACHERS.

To my question, how he could, at his age, have mastered so many attainments, his reply was, that with his three teachers, "everything might be learned, common sense alone excepted, the peculiar and rarest gift of Providence. These three teachers were *Necessity*, *Habit*, and *Time*. At his starting in life, *Necessity* had told him, that if he hoped to live he must labor ; *Habit* had turned the labor into an *indulgence* ; and *Time* gave every man an hour for everything, unless he chose to yawn it away."—*Salathiel*.

STONE-MASON'S CRITICISM.

Mr. Bowles, the vicar of Bremhill, Wilts, is accustomed occasionally to write epitaphs for the young and aged dead among his own parishioners. An epitaph of his, on an aged father and mother, written in the character of a most exemplary son—the father living to eighty-seven years—ran thus :—

"My father—my poor mother—both are gone,
And o'er your cold remains I place this stone,
In memory of your virtues. May it tell
How long one parent lived, and both how well," &c.

When this was shown to the stone-mason critic, (and Mr. Bowles acknowledges he has heard worse public critics in his time,) he observed, that the lines might do with a *little* alteration—thus :—

"My father, and my mother too, are dead,
And here I put this grave-stone at their head ;
My father lived to eighty-seven, my mother
Not quite so long—and one died after t'other."

The population of Brussels is estimated at 90,000, of which 20,000 are paupers.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THIRD SERIES.] BOSTON, NOVEMBER 15, 1828. [VOL. 1, No. 4.

THE DURRENSTEIN.

THE valley of the Wachau, or rather the whole tract of the Danube, from Rosenberg to where the river falls into the plain of Vienna, is proverbially one of the most fantastic and beautiful of the south of Europe. A succession of all that makes the romance of landscape, perpetually varies before the eye ; stupendous crags, deep and sunless defiles, solemn woods, that look as old as the days of Arminius, and whose paths had often heard the trampling and the shouts of the tribes on their march to shake the empires of the world ; wailing whirlpools, and the central mighty stream, the father Danube himself, that unites the cross with the crescent, and pours the waters of the German hills to wash the foot of the seraglio.

But this striking country is not yet plagued with the more than Egyptian plague, of being a regular haunt of summer tourists. The honest citizens of Vienna, almost within sight of the valley, are luckily born without the organ of tourism, and have substituted for it the organ of cooking, fiddling, and the patrician love of a Sunday's drive over the pavement of the Leopoldstat, or the plebeian love of a Sunday's walk in the Prater.

The Italian never travels, but for purposes which have more of philosophy than of the passion for sight seeing. He travels for the general good of mankind, for without him, half the dwellings of continental Europe would be buried by the soot of their own chimnies ; the fabric of

wooden spoons and plaster images would be lost to mankind ; and there would be a mortality among dancing dogs, and fantoccini, from Paris to Petersburg. The Frenchman never travels at all, and will never travel while he can find all the charms of coffee, *écarté*, quadrilling, and courtship, within the walls of one city.

Even the English have scarcely found their way to this fine tract. No circulating library has yet shown its front, placarded with new novels from top to toe. No newspaper establishment contributes scandal to the great, and perplexes the little with politics on the most puzzling scale. No steam-boat throws up its blackening column to disdain the blue of the native sky for many a league behind, and no spruce bugler on the top of the brilliantly varnished and high-flying stage coach, shoots along before the startled eye, at the rate of twenty miles an hour " stoppages included," making the precipices ring to the echoes of " I've been roaming."

All is solitude, loftiness, and sacred silence, broken but by a gush of the waters foaming round some rock, or the cry of the kites and falcons as they sweep over the summits of the wilderness of oaks and pines.

Yet the traveller sometimes makes his way into this scene of stateliness ; and twenty years ago, I ranged the region during a whole summer, until the doubt with the peasantry lay between my being a magician, a madman, or an agent of Napoleon, fraught

with a portfolio full of defiles, bridges, waters, and passes, which were to bring *La Grande Armée* headlong upon their cottages in the next war. But, luckily, the native love of tranquillity prevailed; and as I paid for my provisions with English punctuality, and without Austrian remonstrance at the little tax which they added to their price, as a cure for conscience in thus assisting the enemies of their country; as I made love to no man's female establishment, and shot no great lord's game, I was suffered, at pleasure, to ramble, draw, eat, and pay. Like the great globe itself, I was kept in my position by the "vis inertie."

But one evening my solitude was pleasantly varied by the sight of some berlines straggling along the road below the Castle of Durrenstein. The German postillions had of course lost their way, or pretended that they had lost it, as is the custom, when they know that a tolerable inn lies within half a mile of them, and feel more disposed to enjoy themselves there than "be borrowers of the night" for ten miles further.

I hailed the travellers, and found that they were a party of *attachés* to the foreign ministers at Vienna, who, finding the world at peace, the capital hot as an oven, and the dinner and dancing season at an end, had come to kill the month of indolence among the wonders of the Danube. My services were accepted, first as a guide to their berlines, and next, as a *cicerone* to themselves. I showed them the famous "rose-garden" of Schreckenwold, a name whose very sound is descriptive of its ruthless bearer, to any who can pronounce it and live. I pointed out the precise *locale* of the iron door, where this mountain chief thrust his unlucky victims over the precipice, and where those who had not their necks broken at once, were sure to die of famine. And, after startling my makers of manifestos with the atrocity of a robber who destroy-

ed mankind by one at a time, I relieved their humanity by showing the hole, at the foot of the rock, by which the knight had escaped from this living grave, who was to overthrow the power of the robber, and hurl Schreckenwold among the roses of his own garden.

With equal applause I showed them the hollow in the river side, where Rudiger, the merchant, entrapped the formidable brothers Hadmar the Kuenringer, and Heinrich van Weitra, both surnamed by the terrified peasantry, "the Hounds," and related to them the legend of these two brothers.

My hearers politely professed themselves charmed with the poetic justice of the story; and I should have probably proceeded to reap additional applause, and vindicate the dexterity of imperial robber-catchers on a larger scale, but for one of the customary incidents of mountain excursions—the settling of a mass of heavy clouds on the pinnacles above our heads. The sun sank sullenly under this purple veil. Murmurings were heard through the forest, with which mortals had nothing to do. Fires were seen glittering behind the solid shade of precipices, where never gipsy ventured to light them. The horses gave sensible signs of an inclination to find their way to the first stable; and the yawning postillions swore in twenty forms of imprecation against the crime of suffering themselves and their beasts to stay out sight-seeing, when all that could be got in exchange for supper and shelter was as thorough a wetting as ever drenched ambassadorial livery. We took their advice, seconded as it was by the gusty howlings of the forest, and the deeper volumes of vapor that now began to stoop from the pinnacles to the ravine. A dash of rain, the *avant-coureur* of a deluge, put us all in motion; and I had the honor of being appointed guide to the little Wirthshaus,* where I had pitched my tent

* Alchouse.

for the last week, and which its portly and pence-loving landlord, Herr Michael Squeezegelt, would have felt it as an affront of the blackest dye to hear called by a less title than Gasthaus.*

I invited my new visitors to make merry, ordered the best supper that our bustling and overwhelmed cook could give us on so brief a notice; produced some capital claret, a traveling companion, whose society I had often found indispensable to console me for the *désagrémens* of all other; and by the help of a large stowage of faggots on the hearth, and a bundle of wax tapers, which I fear had been consecrated at the shrine of "Maria Tapferl," the most famous sanctuary of this part of Austria, but now, in defiance of piety and pilgrimage, lighted for our profane supper-table, I contrived to make up a party as much disposed to be happy as if they were sitting round the gold plate, and under the silver chandeliers of his Serenity the Prince Lichtenstein.

The postillions had been perfectly in the right. The storm came on in full force before we had sent round the first bottle. Thunderclaps, bursts of rain, roarings of wind, and sheets of lightning, that made us all look blue, first followed each other with the rapidity of musket firing, then came all together, and at last, as they say of the compass in storms at sea, the land storm fairly stopped the rotation of the bottle. We left the feast upon the table, and crowded to the little casements to see the performance of the angry elements on so suitable a stage. Nothing could be finer or fiercer. The grim features of the mountains, under the changes of the light and the vapors, took the hue and aspect of every thing marvellous, and would have made the fortune of a new Goëthe, or a new Retesh. All the witcheries of the playmate hags of the Hartz, were peaceable and legitimate occupations to the furious fantasies that nature here disported before

our wondering eyes. The hills seemed nervously alive: the torrents danced and sprang about in the most direct contradiction to the laws of gravity; the forest tossed, groaned, and flamed, as if the days of old necromancy were come again, and every tree contained its tortured spirit. All was fire, hail, water, and uproar.

But the rock of Durrenstein, with its ruined fortress on its summit, a fitting crown for this monarch of the realm of ravines, still held its superiority over the less renowned victims of the storm. It stood in the centre of the conflict, and, alternately lost and seen as the sea of cloud rolled by, looked like some mighty ship of a hundred thousand tons, some huge leviathan of war, plunging and rising, battling with and baffling an ocean of mad billows. With the shifting of the clouds came perpetual changes, and every gazer had his favorite comparison. But at last all agreed in one; and every voice almost at the same moment cried out "the sorcerer." The tempest had lulled for a moment, and suffered the vapors to gather in a heavy white fleece round the summit of the hill; below this rolling turban the rocks were bare, and broken into the most striking resemblance of the withered and darkened visage that, from time immemorial, we attribute to the dealers in forbidden arts. While we looked, the costume was completed by a gush of waters which had forced its way through a hollow of the rock, and covered the magician's chin and front with a most venerable and sweeping beard of foam a hundred and fifty feet long.

The sight was curious enough to be worth some record. I had seated myself at the table, and taken out my crayon to sketch the outline, when a general cry from the window brought me back. I saw, to my astonishment, standing in the orifice, which we had established as the sorcerer's mouth, a figure which visibly moved—but whether man, bear or fiend, none could

* Hotel.

ascertain. It lingered for awhile on this tremendous spot, apparently quite at its ease, in a tumult, which would have startled Æolus himself. The night was falling fast, and we began to fear that we should lose sight of the phenomenon before we had determined its species. But, as if it heard our wishes, it came forward, and stood gazing from the edge of the precipice at the play of the torrent, as it tumbled down the magician's black bosom. The spot would have turned the head of a chamois; yet there stood this imperturbable being like a piece of the rock itself. The adventurer now occupied us all; and to ascertain what he was, became the grand business of life for the next half hour. A German, once *attaché* to the Austrian embassy in London, offered to settle the point *à-la-mode Anglaise*, by a bet of six to four, that it was any thing that any body else thought it was not, and *vice versa*. An old Italian envoy offered to make the discovery, by cutting the cards in the infallible way by which the Neapolitan ladies settle their affairs with destiny for the day, and are secure, from sunrise to sunset, against earthquakes, losses at play, the sickness of lapdogs, and the faithlessness of *cavaliere serventi*. A French colonel, who wore the *croix* of St. Louis, and the legion of honor, in amicable conjunction, at his button hole, proposed to settle the doubt by a long shot from his Tyrolese rifle; arguing, that "as it was utterly impossible that any man but a lunatic could venture to such a spot, no harm could be done by bringing him down, whom, if he escaped, it was so much gained, and if an end was put to him, it was but one madman the less in a world where there were so many besides. If it was a bear, we should have a couple of capital hams to add to our stock, in a place where another day's confinement would see us starved, unless we should eat the fat landlord. And if a demon, our firing at it might be a merit in another place, and wipe out a thousand years of purgatory."

The brilliant Frenchman had heated himself into so strong a conviction of the reasonableness of his proposal, that in scorn of our doubts, whether firing even at a ghost might not be punishable by law in a country so strict in the preservation of its game as Austria, he was hammering his flint for action, when the figure made a sudden bound from the edge of the gulph, disappeared, was seen again standing on a lower shelf of the precipice, again darted down the torrent, re-appeared from the side of the ravine, and, rushing across the road, knocked furiously at our door, dripping like a water-god.

A little altercation heard without between him and the landlord, who probably thought that he was not likely to benefit much by such an arrival, or that his house already contained unmanageable guests enough, induced my interference in favor of the laws of hospitality. I went to the door, and with many an ominous frown of Herr Michael, invited the stranger to take shelter for the hour. He was all polite reluctance, but the storm allowed of no medium, and he, at last, followed me into the presence of my fellow naturalists. As he entered, bowing on all sides, and with the language of a man of the world, I saw the French sharpshooter blush, at least as much as a Frenchman ever does, quietly deposit the rifle in a corner, and give that curiously-expressive glance round the circle, which tells how close one has run to the edge of some blunder of the first magnitude.

But we kept his secret with honor; and a fresh bottle, a new bundle of faggots, and the loan of my surtout, soon made the circle and its new addition the gayest of the gay. We found this scaler of mountains and swimmer of torrents altogether a very striking personage, speaking the several languages of our miscellaneous company with native ease; evidently familiar with Europe and with a considerable extent of Asia, and giving now and then a piquant anecdote of the great, which made our diploma-

tists raise their eyebrows in wonder at discoveries which they had treasured in their own bosoms as the "immediate jewels of their souls."

The hour flew, and the stranger was the first to remark that the storm had subsided. But to suffer him to take his leave for the night was out of the question. He at length consented, though with considerable difficulty, to remain. The Frenchman, who probably thought himself bound to make atonement for the favor which he had intended him, insisted on surrendering his bed, his wardrobe, or his bodily existence, for the benefit of his "bosom friend." While we were enjoying our cups, and enchanted into a round of pleasantries, which brought out every man, and promised to keep us from our beds till daybreak, I heard a heavy foot occasionally pass the door. Whatever might be our dialogue, there was no necessity for its being overheard; and I at length went out to put an end to the investigation. I found the landlord alone, in his nightcap and slippers, and seldom looked the Herr Michael less in good humor with the world.—"Twelve o'clock, Sir," he grumbled; "full time for all honest men to be in their beds."

I told him that there was nothing to prevent his honesty from its full indulgence in slumber, and that I would be responsible for the security of every iron spoon and wooden trencher under his roof.

The Herr's urbanity was not his most conspicuous virtue at any time. But I believe that he had due reliance on one who had so long resisted the temptations of his table equipage; and with some rough attempt at a bow, he set me at my ease on the point of honor, and said, that his only objection to our sitting up for the next twelve hours, or years, was the presumptuous nature of the thing. "This is an awful night, Sir," said he; "such storms seldom come for good. This is the 29th of September: St. Michael's night, my patron saint; and, heaven preserve us! the

night of the Red Woman of Durrenstein."

A burst of thunder, that tore the ear and shook the strong building round us, gave such authentic evidence to the Herr's opinions, that I could extract nothing more from him on the sacred subject; but, shrinking and startled, he left me, as he said, to examine what new damage had been done by the witch's annual visit, and implored me once more to get my noisy companions to bed as soon as possible.

But the landlord's beer-loving soul had never known the courage of Chateau Margot; and on my communicating his fears, my only answer was a general burst of laughter, and a pledge to see the adventure out, to defy St. Michael and his storms, and to receive the witch-queen of the mountain with bumpers, if she should honor us with a visit.

I had heard of her before, and the conversation turning upon the extraordinary propensity of the peasantry in all countries to add to the natural troubles of their station by imaginary evils, I gave such details as occurred to me of the "Red Woman of Durrenstein." The stranger followed, but if his knowledge on other topics was striking, here it was unbounded. He poured out a ready heap of curious anecdote and incident of the mountain superstitions; some nearly monstrous of course, but some picturesque, and which would have been a treasure to the painter; and even some so like what we deem a power above nature, yet within reality, a so subtle entwining of things that perplexed belief with facts easily comprehensible, and of no unusual occurrence, that we all listened with an interest which we probably should not have been ashamed to acknowledge in our most composed hours. But now, with the thunder rattling over the roof, St. Michael's night, the "bell then beating one," and the very palace of the she-sorcerer showing from our windows its wild battlements edged with perpetual lightnings, and,

it must not be forgotten, with a dozen of excellent claret already discussed, we gave the homage of our ears to the man of legend, as if he was Simon Magus himself.

"Yet, after all," said he, with a smile round the listening circle, as he closed a story whose strange mixture of oddity and horror had fixed us in silent attention; "what is this passion for being vexed and made hypochondriac by fancy, but an additional proof of the original foolery of man? the only fool, by the by, that creation exhibits. Every other animal has the due quantum of understanding. The bustard that betrays itself by its booming, the ostrich that leaves its eggs in the sand; all that we are in the habit of charging with want of brains, have a sufficient object in their contrivances: even the ass is libelled. He knows what he is about infinitely better than hundreds of his riders, and if his natural taste be for thistles, and his back be made for blows and burthens, he has a much better claim to respect than many a showy personage, who for the glories of a ribbon or a place, is content to swallow the thistle and bear the blow and the burthen, without the excuse of nature."

This was plain speaking among so many chevaliers, with so many stars and crosses. But boldness, when it is seconded by truth, goes far; and we were too much in good-humor with ourselves to think of examining the point for the present. "But do you actually believe in those preternatural influences?" said the Frenchman, turning to some remark of mine.

"I feel like Plato," was my reply; "the more I think on such subjects, the less I am able to come to a decision."

"For my part," said the German, palpably a student of the Helvetius school, "what I cannot see, I cannot believe."

"Strange," interrupted the Italian. "How then can you answer the innumerable evidences of interposition among us; you, who have seen the winkings of the Madonna's eyes, the

tears running down St. Catherine's cheeks, and the moving of the Magdalen's bosom."

"Those affairs make an exception to my maxim," replied the German, "for those I have seen, and cannot believe."

"But now for your opinion," said I to the stranger.

"Why, then, if you will have it out, I side with the gentleman who has made the eye the judge. We have not got those faculties for the purpose of being led into absurdity by them. I do not believe that there is a word of truth in any legend of witchery, red, blue, or green, from Bohemia to Lapland.—But, ha! look there."

A broad blue stripe of flame darted through the crevice of the shutter, and rested on the opposite wall, throwing our candles into eclipse by its strong brilliancy, and what struck us as more singular still, giving a kind of motion to the figures of the fair dames and gallant knights that had, hitherto, lurked in the general dinginess of the court of the Emperor Charlemagne, on black paper, apparently as old as its theme.

The stranger was delighted with the sight, which he protested was worth living even in a German Wirthshaus for a twelvemonth to see. And, certainly, when the first surprise allowed us to look *en philosophe*, at the phenomenon, nothing could be more attractive. It seemed a phantasmagoria of the most vivid kind, not the puzzled and misty light that makes our magic-lantern figures as hard to be traced as a hieroglyphic; but an intense and steady splendor, that actually rekindled the faded gilding and perished purple velvet of monarchs, plumed chevaliers, and dames of pride, beauty, and distended petticoats, glowing from hip to heel with every flower of the parterre, an embroidered paradise.

I glanced into the open air to ascertain from what meteor, or accidental firing of the woods, the light was produced. But, except an occasional

flash of the exhausted and thinning cloud, darkness had resumed her "leaden sceptre o'er the drowsy world." The storm had been fairly tired out, and the grim coronal of Durrenstein was distinguishable only by the phosphoric glimmer of the torrent still tumbling down the front of the mountain.

I was suddenly recalled from my view by a general exclamation. Across the ceiling, which had hitherto looked as black as its pitch-pine rafters could have made it, the procession of knights and dames was again glittering, and in the rear of the procession moved a shape that we all with one voice pronounced to be the Red Woman of Durrenstein herself, or something worse, if our gallantry would allow us to conceive it invested in the female garb. The shape was covered from head to foot with a cloak of the most powerfully sanguine color; but under the hood looked out a face, which, whether it was fact, or the heated fancy of gentlemen loving their wine "not wisely but to well," contained all the ingredients of hazard to hearts and heads. It was excessively lovely, but with a pair of wild, and deep eyes, that gleamed like the very seats of unhappy mystery. She came glittering in prismatic beauty from the darkness, like the kings and magicians of Rembrandt, and grew upon us until the eye absolutely shrunk from her concentrated lustre.

The German exclaimed, that "Frauenhofer himself would be puzzled to make such a magic lantern: he would lay ten to one on the point with any man."

The Italian said, that he "had seen nothing so bright since the last eruption of Vesuvius, nor so beautiful since the last illumination of St. Peter's."

The Frenchman was unnationally silent, and sat, with his eyes alternately turned on the vision and the stranger, who had leaned his head on the table, and who, but for a broken word now and then, I should have supposed to be asleep, in quiet contempt of our phantom.

But be it what it might, I found that it had made us all grave, and I proposed calling in the landlord, if he should be still out of bed, to tell us what he knew of the matter. The little hall was dark as the night itself, and while I was feeling my way, awkwardly enough, along the walls, my foot struck against a heavy human incumbrance towards the end of the passage, which a groan and a few exclamations of alarm told me was the valorous Herr Michael. I raised him up, and convincing him, with some difficulty, that I was not among the spectral visitors of his sins of inn-keeping, I rather carried than led him in to our festal room, which, however, had now become as silent as any sepulchre in the Abbey of Molk. The Herr was a most reluctant witness, and nothing but the most persevering cross examination could extort an idea from his intense solidity of skull.

He was evidently afraid of the disastrous reputation of keeping a ghostly house, which would have prohibited for ever the sale of the very considerable quantity of damaged Bavarian beer, that, mixed with Vienna brandy, made his staple. Not a peasant would have been guilty of the immorality of getting drunk under the roof of a landlord who had dealings with ghosts; and the result to the Herr Michael would, as he pathetically observed, "be worse than purgatory, inasmuch as masses, though they may take a man out of future fire, were never yet able to take him out of jail." At length he acknowledged that sights of the kind which had perplexed us, had made his life miserable every year since he had taken this "gasthaus;" that an anniversary storm, enough to tear the skies down, had attended certain sounds and appearances, of which he dreaded to speak, and of which, indeed, he knew "little more than that they generally made him incapable of examining at the time, or wishing to examine them at any time after, as long as he lived."

The spectre upon the ceiling had vanished into a faint gleam that bare-

ly showed the outline. But no persuasion could induce the shuddering landlord to presume so much as to survey even this diminished majesty of terror. He stood leaning his huge bulk on his hands, his hands on the table, and his eyes invincibly shut. Farther inquiry was useless with a boor half dead with fright; and we unanimously voted his dismissal, which he accepted with great gratitude, imploring, in the humblest terms, that the subject of the night "should never be mentioned, as it could be mentioned only to his undoing."

As he was blindly turning away, piloting himself by his hands, he rather abruptly touched the stranger, who started on his feet with an angry interjection, and gazed round for the offender. But whatever might be his surprise, it could not have been superior to ours. Never did I see such a change in the human countenance in so short a period. Ten minutes before, when he laid his head on the table, he was one of the handsomest men that I had seen in Germany; in the vigor of life, with a peculiarly bright eye, a high-colored cheek, every feature full of health; the whole physiognomy like that of a gallant and animated soldier, bronzed by campaigning. Yet, but for his sitting in the same seat, I could not possibly have known the man who now sent his ghastly glare upon us. His fine Italian eyes were hollow and dim; his color was leaden; his cheek hollow and wrinkled; and when, in answer to the general inquiry, "whether he was ill?" which might have naturally occurred from his drenching in the torrent, he attempted to make some acknowledgment, the tremor and almost idiotic difficulty of his utterance were painful to the ear. Fifty years had passed over him in these fifteen minutes.

He tried to laugh off his embarrassment; but it would not do. His laugh was even more painful than his speech; and, after an effort equally violent and abortive to recover his ground, he sank back on his seat, and

burst into tears. We now altogether decided on what must have been the cause of his illness, and entreated him to go to rest, or at least lie down on our cloaks before the fire. But he resisted our nursing with almost passionate obstinacy, contended that he never was better in his life, sang a popular *chanson* to prove his undiminished gaiety, and, after this display, in a voice quivering and dissonant with weakness, he began to tell his stories of the court with laborious vivacity. But the charm was at an end; and though I, as the entertainer, kept my seat, my guests gave palpable symptoms of a wish to consult their pillows.

But the German, who led the way in those natural though ungracious signs of weariness, which have cut short the periods of many an orator, had scarcely accomplished his profoundest yawn, when our invalid, starting from his chair, begged that he might be permitted to caution "that gentleman, or any of us, who should be imprudent enough to think of sleeping before day, against the hazards of that night of 'all nights in the year.'"

Here was something for our curiosity, and we waited for the disclosure with undissembled impatience.

"You saw me, Sir, I believe," addressing himself to me, as the host, "under rather singular circumstances this evening, of which you can probably give a much better account than I can, for the whole passed before me rather like a dream than any thing else. I am in the military service of the King of Bavaria; and, during the summer furlough of my regiment, of which I am colonel, finding the heat of the lower country oppressive, I have been a great deal in the habit of shooting among the mountains. Last year, a little later in the season, I happened to be in this neighborhood, which I found in great confusion, in consequence of some strange appearances, on this 29th of September, which were followed by not less strange results upon a hunting party of nobles, who had treated the popu-

lar belief on the subject with a too ostentatious contempt. Insanity was, in some instances, the unquestionable result. In others, a succession of eccentric notions of having lost valuable property, of having seen extraordinary displays of juggling, of having drank some medicated liquors, which long bewildered them—and so forth. In short, the peasantry were, as usual, full of histories of the preternatural vengeance taken on the scorers, and fuller than ever of the marvellous power of the Red Woman of Durrenstein.

“Hating superstition of all kinds, I was wise enough to attempt bringing the peasantry to reason; but as argument was soon hopeless, I pledged myself to be upon the spot of enchantment, the very centre of the witch’s kingdom, on the next 29th day of September, and there in person to show the absurdity of the whole story.

“I have now been in the mountains a week; the peasantry had general notice of my determination to outface the Lady of the Rock. Many an entreaty was made to me to relinquish the unhalloved hazard, and many a prayer followed me, when, in the sight of the population of a dozen villages, I set out this morning. The true time to reach the Durrenstein is midnight; but the storm drove me out of my covert to find shelter where best I could. Turning the base of the hill, I saw this wirthhaus; but the difficulties between rendered all hope of reaching it totally idle. I sat down under a projection of the rock, to linger until the storm should be past. While I was amusing the time by sketching the veins in a remarkably fine slab of colored marble, out of the solid rock moved a figure. I know how severe a tax this must lay on belief; but I can only tell what I saw. There stood before me, as clearly and fully defined—in fact, as substantial as the figure of any gentleman round this table—that personage which, whether from heaven above, or from earth below, was the one

that I had promised to meet and hold at defiance. How I felt at the moment, I have no power to explain. I hope that, on all suitable occasions, I should not want nerve; but the sensation was less like any thing that I could call alarm, than a feeling of complete helplessness. In the perfect possession of my senses and my understanding, I yet found that the physical powers were extinguished—perfectly paralyzed; as if flesh and blood were not made to abide the presence of such a being. I sat gazing on her as she advanced. I could not have spoken, nor moved a muscle, for the crown of Austria. Her words were brief, and in a tone of singular mildness, yet which penetrated me like a cold weapon. She reproved me ‘for the haughty presumption which had doubted of her power, and declared, as a sign of her displeasure, that, when next I saw her, I should know that she was come for vengeance.’

“She vanished even while my eyes were fixed on her—the solid wall of rock received her, and she was gone. What was scarcely less surprising to me, was the sudden recovery of my limbs. Their past feebleness seemed to be made up for by supernatural strength: at all events, whether in the strength of frenzy or terror, I darted from the cavern, sprang the precipice, and swam the torrent—to any one of which no bribe of earth could have tempted me half an hour before. I here found the hospitality to which I acknowledge myself so deeply indebted; and I began to hope that the vision had been merely one of those fantasies that play on the mind, exhausted by the considerable fatigue that I had undergone since morning, and shaping the absurdities of superstition into reality.

“But the glare upon the wall of this chamber, seconded by a certain indescribable sensation as if danger were near—such a sensation as a blind man may experience who knows that he is treading on the edge of a gulph, without knowing on which side of him it lies—told me that the time of the

visitation was come. The figure that passed over the ceiling decided the question. It was, in every feature, the one that I had seen come forth from the solid block of marble, which opened and closed, as if it had been a curtain shaken by the wind."—— He paused, and his wandering eye seemed involuntarily searching for the phenomenon. Then, with an effort to smile, he resumed :—

"If I have exhibited any perturbation, I trust that it was not unmanly, nor beyond the natural embarrassment of finding one's-self in so peculiar a position. You will forgive me, I know, for my talking no more on this painful subject. I perhaps have already said more than I ought, when the very presence of this extraordinary being may be visible the next moment."

His voice sank, and he sat in an attitude of the deepest dejection; his countenance grew yet more depressed than when it first shocked us, and I insisted on his trying to rest. We actually feared for the life of this interesting and unfortunate man, whether the victim of his own heated fancy, of fever, or of fact, still alike unfortunate and in danger.

As I assisted him to the door, he turned, and said, almost in a tone of despair, "If you should find me by to-morrow, gentlemen, under the circumstances to which I have alluded, deprived of my faculties, or even beyond all the sufferings that can depress the human heart, do me the justice to believe that I deeply thank you for your forbearance with my strange malady; and do me the farther justice to believe that I felt a victim to a desire of doing public service.—To you, Sir," said he to me, "I leave the painful but friendly task of acquainting my relatives in Bavaria with the event, though I wish that as few particulars of this unhappy night may be given as possible. Would that I had died as a soldier, in the service of my good and gallant king, and of my loved and honored country!"

We all listened with profound deference, and promised.

At the door, a sudden thought flashed across him, and he stopped again.—"Gentlemen," said he, "there is one thing that, in my confusion, I had forgot. I heard among the peasantry, that the only hope of escaping the wrath of this fatal being was remaining sleepless, at least until day-break. I leave you now only because I feel myself unfit for society: but I shall try to resist sleep, unless that too be a part of the infliction. May I make it a solemn request, perhaps a dying one, that you will remain together till morning, or, if you should go to your chambers, that you will not suffer yourselves to be overtaken by sleep."

He waved his hand with a graceful and sad farewell, and, led by me, tottered to the lowly recess, which was all the receptacle that the wirthhaus afforded on occasions of superfluous tenantry. Grave discussion of the whole story was occupying my guests when I returned. In the spirit of master of the board, I proposed a round of toasts to the better health of the Bavarian: the proposal was honored, but we were not the merrier. At last the German, with a yawn deep as the North Sea, declared that he must go to bed, though fifty witches were waiting to carry him on their broomsticks over every hill in the empire. I combated the motion; but sleep was in my eyes, contradicting my eloquence; and my resistance only inspirited the Italian to let out a little of his secret soul, and scorn alike the wonders of earth, air, and friars. The Frenchman was asleep during the last half-hour, but, on being roused by the bitter sneer of the Italian, declared that the witch had very handsome eyes, the better in his estimation for being *un peu malins*; and that a visit would be quite an adventure after his own heart. The hint of danger, in fact, made it an obligation on us to take our chance. The question was put and carried by a general yawn; our last laugh was given to the non-

sense of being kept out of our beds by the whims of an unlucky Bavarian, shaking in mind and body with the ague; the simple sight of our beds was a resistless spell; and, to judge by the universal snore that echoed from cell to cell in the first five minutes, my whole company were of the most ghost-defying description.

But the snore began to sound more distant in my ears. I was anxious to keep awake, if for no other reason than to assist the invalid during the night. But nature said otherwise. I tossed and turned—walked about my chamber—broke my shins against bed-posts, chairs, and the crazy table—sat down to think what I should do next to rub the poppies from my sensorium—and, in the act of discovering an infallible contrivance for keeping awake for ever, dropped back on my pillow, and was, as the bards of the almanacks say, instantly lulled in the feathery arms of Morpheus.

My sleep was, like that of every man who finishes his day in the jovial style of mine, crowded with dreams, and every dream was, of course, a new version of the tale of the day. The Red Woman was flying about me, over me, with me, frowning, howling, fixing her flame-colored fangs in my throat, and drying up my circulation with her intense eyes. At last the struggle broke my sleep. The Red Woman herself was standing before me!—I never remember to have been so thoroughly overpowered—I could not breathe.—My pulses were dead; my limbs were stiffened into stone. The sight had paralyzed me as it had the unfortunate colonel. The phantom stalked slowly through the chamber. I saw her lay her hand on the table, which returned a pale gleam. She approached the pillow, and leaned over me. I was looking full at her. She started back; waved her hand in solemn adjuration; and with a low and ominous moan walked through the stone wall.

Whether I continued awake after this, or fell into a doze, I cannot tell to this day. But I still could not

have stirred, from the singular dizziness of my brain, and the feebleness of my limbs. At length a confused sound, and a broad burst of light completely roused me. I thought that the catastrophe was come, whether it was to be insanity or extinction; and bracing up my lost fortitude, determined, if I must perish, to leave behind no ground for suspicion that I had perished like a craven. On throwing open my shutters, I was rejoiced to find that the glare was from the sun, then not far from his "meridian tour." The sounds were still to be accounted for, and they grew more unaccountable every instant, a chaos of exclamations, rage, imprecations, and laughter.—I heard tables rolled about, chairs dashed against the wall, the old windows crashing in all quarters. I was beginning to doubt whether the witch's vengeance had not already fallen on the sleepers, or whether the frenzy was my own. I at length opened my door—the passage was full of broken furniture, in the midst of which stood the Italian in violent fits of laughter. The German was forcing his heavy frame across a bar that held one-half of his door fast, the other half he had contrived to tear down. The Frenchman was still barred in his dungeon, which he was belaboring on all sides with a poker; and venting his fury in screams, roars, and imprecations, on the hand that had thus encroached on his natural liberty.

The Italian's laughter was contagious, and I joined him by the strength of sympathy, to the increased displeasure, as I was sorry to see, of the honest German, who grumbled something about "a couple of fools." But as I appeared to pay more attention to the remark than under the circumstances it perhaps deserved, my bulky friend recovered his temper, and with the face of a Diogenes, in jest, asked me "What o'clock it was?" I felt for my repeater.—It was gone.—"I must have left it in my chamber."—It was not there. My repeater was not the only absentee.—My purse, my pistols,

my valise, my boots, my whole wardrobe, were gone along with it.

Every man of the party was in the same condition. The accident of sleeping in our clothes alone prevented us from being stark naked. I roared for the landlord. He was "deaf or dead," no answer came. I darted down stairs, every door was bolted and barred as firmly as if it were midnight. I thought of my invalid—he too was "deaf or dead" when I knocked. On second thoughts I kicked the door open.—The bird was flown.—The Red Woman had robbed us all.—There was not a florin, a brooch, a ring, a snuff-box, or a second shirt in our whole *coterie*.—The spoliation had been managed with matchless dexterity.—We might be thankful that it had pleased the Red Woman to let us keep our skins.

To make the *dénouement* more palatable, the story spread over the neighborhood with a rapidity worthy of the Red Woman herself, and while we were considering how we should exist for the day, crowds came pouring about the house, and honoring each of us that appeared at the window with roars of merriment. As the tale spread, the neighboring nobles came in to enjoy their share of the amusement, and in our dismantled condition we were thus compelled to run the gauntlet of laughing condolence and burlesque compliment on our sagacity, from fair ladies and magnificent lords, who had seen us flourishing away among the circles of Vienna.

A year after, as I was on a mission to inspect the fortresses along our Rhenish boundary, I was struck with a familiar face among the prisoners working at Ehrenbreitstein. The fellow turned away; but I had marked my man, and on the bell's tolling for the close of their work, I accosted my old acquaintance, the Herr Michael Squeezegeht.

He had one surviving virtue, candor in great abundance, and when I had satisfied him that his story should not diminish his rations nor increase his chains, he was willing to let me have

every secret of his soul. I, however, confined my curiosity to the "Red Woman," and her victim.

"That fellow," said the Herr, "was the cause of my ruin. He and I became acquainted in the course of the war, in which he had deserted from the Archduke's army the night before he was to be hanged as a French spy, and deserted from Napoleon's army the night before he was to be hanged as an Austrian one. He was a clever knave, however, and as trade was low at the Gasthaus, I found him now and then useful to bring it up by a little smuggling, a little gambling, and, I am afraid, by a little tax-gathering among the gentlemen who came to see the beauties of the country."

"But the Red Woman, the lights, the procession on the walls and ceiling—what were these? juggling?"

"My comrade had been twenty things after his escape from the gallows, for it is hard, in these times, for a man with but one trade to live. Among his talents was firework-making, and he could do what he pleased with figures and lights of all kinds. His equal never sent up a rocket from the Prater. I had overheard you, some days before, asking questions about the Durrenstein and the odd lights that every ploughman in Lower Austria is ready to swear to. I had laid a little plan to raise a trifle on you myself out of the story. But the coming of the whole party in the storm, made me give up my own idea for Signior Ignatio Trombone's, which was to take in the entire company. His appearances and disappearances on the mountain, his sudden illness, for which he painted his face as it was lying on the table, and a couple of bottles of my best prepared claret put in the place of yours, when the palate could not have distinguished brandy from beer, put you all in the proper state. His recommendation that no one who was afraid should go to bed, would, he knew, only make gentlemen, particularly when heated by wine, the surer to defy the consequences; and, at all events, he knew that his opium would do its business. The signior played

the Red Woman in person, and startled as he was by finding you broad awake, he contrived to go through the affair in a tolerably complete style."

The fellow could not help laughing at the feat, and I own that I could not help joining him.

"But you ran away and left your trade to shift for itself?" said I.

"It had done that long before," was the answer. "I was on the point of running away the week you came to the house, but you paid handsomely, and I waited for something to turn up worth making a grand exit. The plunder of the company on St. Michael's night, was a grand prize in the lottery, and with it the signior and I took our leave of the Durrenstein."

"But where is the signior now?"

"He robbed me as we were passing the frontier. I swore I would give him up to justice. He knew that I was a man to make my words good, and, accordingly, he lost no time, but brought a pair of police officers to my bed-side; I saw him receive the reward for my caption, and walk off free as air, while I was sent to dig in these ditches. The last I heard of the signior was, that he had set up a *rouge et noir* table, a coach, and an opera box in Paris; though which of us will be hanged first, not even the Red Woman would be able to tell. But here comes the guard—and now for clean straw, horse-bean soup, and duck-weed water."

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Yes, radiant spirit, thou hast pass'd
Unto thy latest home,
And o'er our widow'd hearts is cast
A deep and with'ring gloom!
For when on earth thou wert as bright
As angel form might be;
And mem'ry shall exist in night,
If we think not of thee.

For, oh, thy beauty o'er us came
Like a fair sunset beam,
And the sweet music of thy name
Was pure as aught might deem.
With silent lips we gaz'd on thee,
And awe-suspended breath—
But thine entrancing witchery
Abideth not in death.

And all that we supposed most fair
Is but a mockery now:
No beam illumines the silken hair
That traced thy smiling brow.
The cheerless dust upon thee lies,
Death's seal is on thee set,
But the bright spirit of thine eyes
Shines o'er our mem'ry yet!

As in some dark and hidden shell
Lies ocean's richest gem,
So in our hearts shall ever dwell
The spells thou'st breath'd in them!
Why should we weep o'er the young flow'rs
That cluster on thy sod?
Stars like them glow in heav'n's bright bow'rs
To light thee up to God!

EMILIUS GODFREY.

In our boyhood we had a friend from whom "we had received his heart, and given him back our own,"—such a friendship as the most fortunate and the most happy—and at that time we were both—are sometimes permitted by Providence, with all the passionate devotion of young and untamed imagination, to enjoy, during a bright dreamy world of which that friendship is as the Polar star. Emilius Godfrey! for ever holy be the name! a boy when we were but a child—when we were but a youth, a man. We felt

stronger in the shadow of his arm—happier, bolder, better in the light of his countenance. He was the protector—the guardian of our moral being. In our pastimes we bounded with wilder glee,—at our studies we sat with intenser earnestness, by his side. He it was that taught us how to feel all those glorious sunsets, and embued our young spirit with the love and worship of nature. He it was that taught us to feel that our evening prayer was no idle ceremony to be hastily gone through, that we might

lay down our head on the pillow, then ever drenched in sleep—but a command of God, which a response from nature summoned the humble heart to obey. He it was who for ever had at command wit for the sportive, wisdom for the serious hour. Fun and frolic flowed from the merry music of his lips—they lightened from the gay glancings of his eyes—and then, all at once, when the one changed its measures, and the other gathered as it were a mist or a cloud, an answering sympathy chained our own tongue, and darkened our own countenance, in a communion of spirit felt to be indeed divine! It seemed as if we knew but the words of language—that he was a scholar who saw into their very essence. The books we read together were, every page, and every sentence of every page, all covered over with light. Where his eye fell not as we read, all was dim, or dark, unintelligible or with imperfect meanings. Whether we perused with him a volume writ by a nature like our own, the volume of the earth and the sky, or the volume revealed from Heaven, next day we always knew and felt that something had been added to our being. Thus imperceptibly we grew up in our intellectual stature, breathing a purer moral and religious air, with all our finer affections towards other human beings, all our kindred and our kind, touched with a dearer domestic tenderness, or with a sweet benevolence that seemed to our ardent fancy to embrace the dwellers in the uttermost regions of the earth. No secret of pleasure or pain—of joy or grief—of fear or hope—had our heart to withhold or conceal from Emilius Godfrey. He saw it as it beat within our bosom, with all its imperfections—may we venture to say with all its virtues. A repented folly—a confessed fault—a sin for which we were truly contrite—a vice flung from us with loathing and with shame—in such moods as these, happier were we to see his serious and his solemn smile, than when in mirth and merriment we sat by his side in the social hour on a

knoll in the open sunshine, and the whole school were in ecstasies to hear tales and stories from his genius, even like a flock of birds chirping in their joy all newly alighted in a vernal land. In spite of that difference in our years—or oh! say rather because that dear difference did touch the one heart with tenderness, and the other with reverence, how often did we two wander, like elder and younger brother, in the sunlight and the moonlight solitudes! Woods—into whose inmost recesses we should have quaked alone to penetrate, in his company were glad as gardens, through their most awful umbrage; and there was beauty in the shadows of the old oaks. Cataracts—in whose lonesome thunder, as it pealed into those pitchy pools, we durst not by ourselves have faced the spray—in his presence, dinn'd with a merry music in the desert, and cheerful was the thin mist they cast sparkling up into the air. Too severe for our unaccompanied spirit, then easily overcome with awe, was the solitude of those remote inland lochs. But as we walked with him along the winding shores, how passing sweet the calm of both blue depths—how magnificent the white-crested waves tumbling beneath the black thunder-cloud! More beautiful, because our eyes gazed on it together, at the beginning or the ending of some sudden storm, to us the Apparition of the Rainbow! Grandeur in its wildness that seemed to sweep at once all the swinging and stooping woods, to our ear, because his too listened, the concerto by winds and waves played at midnight, when not one star was in the sky. With him we first followed the Falcon in her flight—he showed us on the Echo-cliff the Eagle's eyry. To the thicket he led us where lay couched the lovely spotted Doe, or showed us the mild-eyed creature brousing on the glade with her two fawns at her side. But for him we should not then have seen the antlers of the red-deer, for the forest in which they bell'd was indeed a most savage place, and haunted,—so was the superstition at which they who

scorned it, trembled,—haunted by the ghost of a huntsman whom a jealous rival had murdered as he stooped, after the chase, at a little mountain well that ever since oozed out blood. What converse passed between us two in all those still shadowy solitudes ! Into what depths of human nature did he teach our wondering eyes to look down ! Oh ! what was to become of us, we thought in sadness that all at once made our spirits sink,—like a bird falling suddenly to earth, struck by the fear of a thunder-cloud gathered above its song,—what was to become of us when the mandate should arrive for him to leave the Manse for ever, and sail away in a ship to India never more to return ! Ever as that dreaded day drew nearer, more frequent were the tears in our eyes ; and in our blindness, we knew not that such tears ought to have been far more rueful still, for that he then lay under orders for a longer and more lamentable voyage—a voyage over a narrow streight of time to the Eternal shore. All—all at once he drooped—on one fatal morning the dread decay began—with no forewarning, the springs on which his being had so lightly—so proudly—so grandly moved—gave way. Between one Sabbath and another his bright eyes darkened—and while all the people were assembled to the sacrament, the soul of Emilius Godfrey soared up to Heaven. It was indeed a dreadful death—serene and sainted though it were—and not a hall—not a house—not a hut—not a shieling within all the circle of those wide mountains, that did not on that night wail as if the parents there had lost a son. All the vast parish attended his funeral—Lowlanders and Highlanders in their own garb of grief.—And have time and tempest now blackened the white marble of that monument—is that inscription now hard to be read—the name of Emilius Godfrey in green obliteration—nor haply one surviving who ever saw the beauty of the countenance of him there interred ! Forgotten as if he had never been ! for few were that glorious or-

phan's kindred—and they lived in a foreign land—forgotten but by one heart, faithful through all the chances and changes of this restless world ! And therein enshrined among all its holiest, most sacred remembrances, shall be the image of Emilius Godfrey, till it too, like his, shall be but dust and ashes !

Oh ! blame not boys for so soon, so very soon, forgetting one another—in absence or in death. Yet forgetting is not just the very word ; call it rather a reconciliation to doom and destiny—in thus obeying a benign law of nature, that soon streams sunshine over the shadows of the grave. Not otherwise could all the ongoing of this world be continued. The nascent spirit outgrows much in which it once found all delight ; and thoughts delightful still, thoughts of the faces and the voices of the dead, perish not, lying sometimes in slumber—sometimes in sleep. “Awake but one—and, lo ! what myriads rise !” It belongs not to the blessed season and genius of youth, to hug to its heart useless and unavailing griefs. Images of the well-beloved, when they themselves are in the mould, come and go, no unfrequent visitants, through the meditative hush of solitude. But our business—our prime joys and our prime sorrows—ought to be—must be with the living. Duty demands it ; and Love, who would pine to death over the bones of the dead, soon fastens upon other objects, with eyes and voices to smile and whisper an answer to all his vows. So was it with us. Ere the midsummer sun had withered the flowers that spring had showered over our Godfrey's grave, youth vindicated its own right to happiness ; and we felt that we did wrong to visit too often and too despairingly that corner in the kirk-yard. No fears had we of any too oblivious tendencies in our heart of hearts ; in our dreams we saw him—most often alive in all his beauty—sometimes a phantom from the grave ! If the morning light was hard to be endured, bursting suddenly upon us along with the feeling that he was

dead, so likewise did it more frequently cheer and gladden us with resignation, and send us forth a fit playmate to the dawn that rung with all sounds of joy. Again we found ourselves angling down the river, or along the loch—once more following the flight of the Falcon along the woods—eying the Eagle on the Echo-cliff. Days passed by, without so much as one thought of Emilius Godfrey—pursuing our pastime with all our passion, reading our books intently—just as if he had never been ! But often and often, too, we thought we saw his figure coming down the hill straight towards

us—his very figure—we could not be deceived—but the love-raised ghost disappeared on a sudden—the grief-woven phantom melted into the mist. The strength, that formerly had come from his counsels, now began to grow up of itself within our own unassisted being. The world of nature became more our own, moulded and modified by all our own feelings and fancies, and with a bolder and more original eye we saw the smoke from the sprinkled cottages, and read the faces of the mountaineers on their way to the sheep-fold, or coming and going in joy to the house of God.

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS, STATESMEN, &c.

NO. III.—MR. CRABBE.

Two writers of our day, Mr. Crabbe and Mr. Wordsworth, are especially remarkable for their descriptions of the lower classes of Englishmen. They may be taken to represent two great divisions of metrical writers about the poor. There is a third division, for whom we are not now careful to find a representative. “The last shall be first” in these observations. It contains the authors who delight in drawing shepherdesses and ploughmen as beings in whom the peculiarities of drawing-rooms are universal, and the general attributes of humanity utterly wanting. They assign to their personages a certain fantastic and affected refinement such as has never existed among those classes, and put them into situations in which neither those classes nor those refinements could by any possibility have arisen. Some landscape, and circumstances of the quietest character are described in hyperboles of the most violent and far-fetched extravagance; and two youths are exhibited talking a language as remote from that of instructed as from that of ignorant men, and “contending in alternate verse,” till the complacent and congenial umpire refuses to decide on the superior merits of either, and the

reader can find no degrees of comparison in the absurdity of both. This is an extreme case. But there have been authors near our own time who have written almost as ridiculously, and have been applauded for their gentle labors. A man of talent, who has more warmth of sensibility and quickness of perception than reason or imagination, is likely to lose himself in describing the details he has seen, as he is not strongly guided by the principles he has thought. A powerful mind, but more philosophical than poetical, will always rather recur to universals and omit individuals. And it would be no great wonder that either of them should be able to delude his age into believing him a great poet. But, in the writings to which we refer, there is neither universal truth nor particular accuracy; and, in worshipping them, we bow down to idols, which, like the monsters of a Hindoo temple, are likenesses of nothing in the heavens, or the earth, or the waters under the earth.

Of such works—dolls to amuse the childless—it was perhaps scarcely worth while to speak. The opposites of them are the compositions in which the phenomena of obscure and vulgar existence are merely made use of like

all else around us, as the instruments and materials of the poetic imagination, but in which every detail and minute touch is scrupulously and conscientiously faithful; while this fidelity as to particulars is the mere frost-work on the rock of universal *Truth*, the marbles and mosaics which cover butresses of granite and cramps of iron. Observation supplies the armory, but genius calls up the legion of living men, to wear the breast-plates and to wield the swords. There is a Dutch picture of Christ among the Soldiers, in which every hair of the beards, every thread of the garments, is painted with a reality which would satisfy barbers and weavers. The whole is utterly false; for there is no attempt at expressing the scornful cruelty of the persecutors, or the holy and godly patience of the sufferers. As the productions of Raphael and Correggio differ from this, so the works of poets differ from those of men who are merely copyists. The latter are as much less living, as a statue than the Hermione of the "Winter's Tale." Though the accidents be the clothing, the principles are the life.

Between these two classes,—those who indite pastorals in which the characters are unnatural fancies, and who are a portion of the great body of authors without either intuition or observation, and those who are possessed of both the one and the other,—there is a third, to which Mr. Crabbe belongs—the persons, namely, whose power is entirely outward, but who are accurate watchers and examiners of all that goes on around them. His mind is not a window which admits light, but a looking-glass which accurately reflects whatever is placed opposite to it. He exhibits his personages, not in the general illumination of any master ideas, but in the literal individuality of the particular facts. He describes them, not by means of the creative imagination, which would picture them surrounded indeed by the peculiar circumstances of English society, yet as men still more than peasants; but he shows them as they

appear to the mechanical and fleshly eye, and in all their nakedness and bareness, unmodified by any feeling of the writer, and unexalted by the imagination.

Such, we think, is nearly the character of Mr. Crabbe as a describer of the lower ranks of men. It is in this character that we have first spoken of him, because it is in this that he is most remarkable. The three kinds of writers on this class of subject, are simply specimens of the three great divisions of thinkers on all subjects. There are some who can neither reason, imagine, nor observe, and therefore fancy,—some who collect the minutiae without a large or philosophic insight,—some who look at details merely in subordination to principles. The first has furnished us with the men who describe shadows and fragments of humanity, the parents of such pastorals as Pope's, and such tragedies as Dryden's and Addison's. The second contains the authors, to the rank of whose works we must refer a good deal of Defoe, Smollett, and the American Brown, and almost all of Crabbe. The third is made up of Dantes, Shakspeares, Miltons, and Wordsworths, the prime glories of humanity.

All the subjects of Mr. Crabbe's compositions are treated with precisely the same laborious and literal fidelity as the hovels and workhouses where he especially delights to sojourn. His ladies and gentlemen are not beings of his own, imagined in accordance firstly and chiefly to the laws of nature and of poetry, and only secondly and subordinately in agreement with the peculiar influences of that part of society. They are portraits copied in every hair and wrinkle from the originals, and in which, as in all such portraits, the higher and more universal characteristics are almost entirely omitted. He does not paint the man he has seen and known, but the nose, the coat, the manners, and the actions of the man, to the omission of those powers which make him an agent. As a well-natured person, he breaks the

monotonous selfishness of his heroes and heroines with occasional touches of kindness and tenderness; but, having no philosophy higher than that of the world around him, we never see him delighting to clear from the mind which he is dealing with, its crust and filth, and so to open out the fountains of another life which are buried and sealed beneath.

But that which this writer does attempt to exhibit is completely brought before us. He never, indeed, paints in a single word, by using one which shall be a key-note to our imagination. He describes only for our memory. His Muse is the parent, not the offspring, of Mnemosyne. But what he attempts he does thoroughly; we see in his pages the very oiled paper in the windows, the very patches on the counterpane. When he talks of dust upon a floor, or stains upon a tablecloth, we might use the words of the Persian, and exclaim, "What dirt have we eaten!" Every riband in the cap of a hand-maid, every button on the coat of a beggar, we know them all with the precision of military martinets. And he describes, in the same way, landscapes, houses, thoughts, feelings. Those who have seen or felt what he talks of, start at seeing their recollections reproduced in all the vivacity of the original sensations. But he is utterly untranslatable. The imagination is the great interpreter; and, supposing the same degree of intelligence, Calderon is as delightful to an Englishman as to a Spaniard—Shakspeare as wonderful to a German as to us. But the effect of Mr. Crabbe's writings does not depend upon the degree to which our nobler faculties are developed, but to the accident of our having observed the very same objects as himself, and experienced the same annoyances from the same casual and transitory causes.

As an illustration of the different methods in which Mr. Crabbe, and a really great poet, treat the same subject, we will extract some stanzas of Wordsworth's, and a portion of the poem called "The Lover's Journey."

The little production of the former, from which we give an extract, is remarkably favorable to Mr. Crabbe, as being one which the greatest of critics (the author of "The Biographia Literaria") has declared would appear to greater advantage in prose. It is named "The Beggars." Both passages are quoted as mere descriptions of gipsies. The first is Wordsworth's:—

"Before me as the wanderer stood,
No bonnet screen'd her from the heat,
Nor claim'd she service from the hood
Of a blue mantle, to her feet
Depending with a graceful flow;
Only she wore a cap, pure as unsullied snow.

"Her skin was of Egyptian brown,
Haughty as if her eye had seen
Its own light to a distance thrown,
She tower'd—fit person for a queen
To head those Amazonian files,
Or ruling Bandit's wife among the Grecian
isles.

"Her suit no faltering scruples check'd;
Forth did she pour, in current free,
Tales that could challenge no respect,
But from a blind credulity;
And yet a boon I gave her, for the creature
Was beautiful to see—a weed of glorious fea-
ture!

"I left her, and pursued my way;
And soon before me did espy
A pair of little boys at play,
Chasing a crimson butterfly;
The elder follow'd with his hat in hand,
Wreathed round with yellow flowers, the gay-
est of the land.

"The other wore a rimless crown,
With leaves of laurel stuck about;
And, while both follow'd up and down,
Each whooping with a merry shout,
In their fraternal features I could trace
Unquestionable lines of that wild suppliant's
face.

"Yet they so blithe of heart, seemed fit
For finest tasks of earth or air:
Wings let them have, and they might flit
Precursors of Aurora's car,
Scattering fresh flowers, though happier far, I
ween,
To hunt their fluttering game o'er rock and
level green."

Here is a portion of Mr. Crabbe's description of similar personages:—

"On ragged rug, just borrow'd from the bed,
And by the hand of coarse indulgence fed,
In dirty patchwork negligently dress'd,
Reclined the wife, an infant at her breast;
In her wild face some touch of grace remain'd,
Of vigor palsied and of beauty stain'd;
Her blood-shot eyes on her unheeding mate
Were wrathful turn'd, and seem'd her wants
to state,

Cursing his tardy aid—her mother there
 With gipsy-state engross'd the only chair ;
 Solemn and dull her look ; with such she stands,
 And reads the milk-maid's fortune in her hands,
 Tracing the lines of life ; assumed through
 years,

Each feature now the steady falsehood wears ;
 With hard and savage eye she views the food,
 And grudging pinches their intruding brood :
 Last in the group, the worn-out grandsire sits
 Neglected, lost, and living but by fits ;
 Useless, despised, his worthless labors done,
 And half protected by the vicious son,
 Who half supports him ; he with heavy glance
 Views the young ruffians who around him
 dance ;

And, by the sadness in his face, appears
 To trace the progress of their future years :
 Through what strange course of misery, vice,
 deceit,

Must wildly wander each unpractised cheat !
 What shame and grief, what punishment and
 pain,
 Sport of fierce passions, must each child sus-
 tain—

Ere they, like him, approach their latter end,
 Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend !”

In the first place, how clear and brilliant is the picture of the gipsy woman in the first of Wordsworth's stanzas. There is no more indisposition to blink the use of common words for common things than in Mr. Crabbe ; but he produces an infinitely greater effect with the same cheap materials. In the second stanza how much there is of genuine imagination ; and how little does this great poet require in order to raise our minds aloft, and transport them to the most distant domains of poetic beauty ; and see, again, in the third, that powerful and original phrase, flung forth bright and perfect from the creative mind, in which the beautiful vagrant is called “a weed of glorious feature !” In the next strophe how bright and vivid a picture is shown to us of the boys, with their flower-wreathed hats, chasing the crimson butterfly ; a sunny and masterly representation, which is admirably kept up in the following stanza ; and, in the last of the portions we have quoted, with what godlike power does the author carry us away with these gipsy boys on the wings of the morning ! These are particular beauties, a few gems though of no common lustre ; but there is a more continuous and even a rarer merit, in the smooth and majestic course of the versification,

never halting, and never over-burthened ; and, above everything, what we do not hesitate to call the *perfection* of the language. There is not a thought which could be more concisely expressed without the diminution of its beauty ; not a word patched in for the sake of the metre, not a descriptive epithet which does not serve to suggest tenfold more than it expresses.

Let us turn from this to our original subject. We do not wish to dwell upon the different turn of mind indicated in the manner of the two poets when they look at similar objects, at the gladness and sympathy on the one hand and the cynicism on the other ; but let us observe the latter lines as a mere work of art. The construction of the first four lines is obviously faulty. We know not whether it be the wife who “is just borrowed from the bed,”—or the rug which is “by the hand of coarse indulgence fed.” The next verses simply express, as it might be expressed in prose, the physiognomy of the gipsy, and on these, at least, no pretensions to *poetry* can be raised. What can be more awkward, or less agreeable to the strict accuracy professed by the opponents of “irregular unclassical poetry,” than the use of the word *state* at the end of the couplet

“ Her blood-shot eyes on her unheeding mate
 Were wrathful turn'd, and seem'd her wants
 to state.”

The description is strong, plain, and good, such as we expect in a good book of essay, travel, or novel ; till we find another instance of obscure and faulty construction in the phrase,

“ Assumed through years,
 Each feature now the steady falsehood wears.”

It would really seem that the “features” had been “assumed through years,” instead of the falsehood. In the following couplet to what does “their” refer ; and, with similar carelessness, towards the close of the passage, it would seem that “punishment and pain” are the “sport of fierce passions,” rather than the children.

The description on the whole contains emphatic and even eloquent phrases ; but there is not one touch of imagination from the beginning to the end, which, by the pleasurable exercise of our faculties, might in some degree take off the pain necessarily felt in reading such an account. In the next paragraph, it is the purpose of the author to show how happiness overflows from the heart on all around it, and in how glad and gay a light the most wretched objects will be seen by the cheerful. But, instead of representing Orlando, the hero of the story, as connecting what he sees with joyous associations, and free from every remembrance of guilt or sorrow, he makes him reflect, that, though the gipsies are highly criminal and deserving of punishment, yet he is not called upon to inflict it ; and accordingly he gives them money.

We have said that there are no poetical beauties in this passage of Mr. Crabbe's writings, and have shown that there are several errors of composition. Yet we believe it to be as faultless as any portion of similar length, and equal talent, in all his works. It is powerful writing, though not poetry ; and we only wish that it, and the rest of his productions, had

not appeared under false pretences,—a situation which, besides its liability to detection, almost always gives a certain awkwardness of demeanor. Mr. Crabbe's unmetrical writing is not particularly happy ; but it is much better (looking merely at the style) than his verse. And there are not many more agreeable or more useful books of a similar nature than might be made by turning his tangled rhyme into easy prose. His strong plain sense, shrewd humor, acute observation, and faithful portraiture, would be instructive and delightful, and give us, what we have not, a standard book on the manners and characters of the great masses of English society.

The moral evils resulting from his works are, in our view, not light, though he himself is obviously a benevolent and thinking man ; for the virtues which he describes, and to which he solicits our admiration, are won from the shadowy limbs of compromise and opinion. He is evidently no believer in the possibility of much greater goodness than that of the average respectability around us ; and there is no sin which he treats with more bitter reprobation than dissent from the doctrines of the Church of England.

"THE MOUSE-TOWER."

A GERMAN LEGEND.

THE bishop of Mentz was a wealthy prince,
Wealthy and proud was he ;
He had all that was worth a wish on earth—
But he had not charitie !

He would stretch out his *empty* hands to *bless*
Or lift them both to *pray* ;
But alack ! to lighten man's distress
They moved no other way.

A famine came ! but his heart was still
As hard as his pride was high :
And the starving poor but throng'd his door
To curse him and to die.

At length from the crowd rose a clamor so
loud,
That a cruel plot laid he ;
He open'd one of his granaries wide,
And bade them enter free.

In they rush'd—the maid and the sire,
And the child that could barely run—
Then he closed the barn, and set it on
fire,
And burnt them every one !

And loud he laugh'd at each terrible shriek,
And cried to his archer train,
"The merry mice !—how shrill they squeak !
They are fond of the bishop's 'grain !"

But mark, what an awful judgment soon
On the cruel bishop fell ;
With so many mice his palace swarmed,
That in it he could not dwell.

They gnaw'd the arras above and beneath,
They ate each savoury dish up ;
And shortly their sacrilegious teeth
Began to nibble the bishop !

He flew to his castle of Ehrenfels,
By the side of the Rhine so fair ;
But they found the road to his new abode,
And came in legions there.

He built him, in haste, a tower tall
In the tide, for his better assurance ;
But they swam the river, and scal'd the
wall,
And worried him past endurance.

One morning his skeleton there was seen,
By a load of flesh the lighter ;
They had picked his bones uncommonly
clean,
And eaten his very mitre !

Such was the end of the bishop of Mentz,
And oft at the midnight hour
He comes in the shape of a fog so dense,
And sits on his old " Mouse-Tower."

CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.*

THE form of conversations on the more interesting parts of philosophy which has recently become so popular, is only the revival of the classical models of Xenophon, Plato, and Cicero, adapted to modern study and cast into the style of modern composition. As a method of exciting interest, and affording room for apt illustrations, it is immeasurably beyond the clumsy, dry, and lifeless plan too frequently followed of question and answer, inasmuch as it carries with it the thread of a narrative which the question-and-answer system is perpetually snapping asunder. Besides, the speakers in a conversation may be characterised by peculiarities of sentiments and style of thinking, so as to render a book something like a genuine picture of a fireside dialogue. This was carefully attended to by the ancients ; and, making allowance for the difference of style and manners, the author of the work before us appears to have kept this constantly in view. The speakers are a mother, and her son and daughter. The boy is represented as inquisitive after facts, and much more ready to start objections to any proposed opinion or theory, that is, he is less credulous than we should suppose any boy to be ; yet, as his mode of objecting is the very life of the book, we are willing to let this hypercriticism go for nothing. The girl does not take quite so much share in the dialogue as we could wish ; but, when she does, it is usually to make some

remark founded upon taste and love of the picturesque, rather than on the deeper and dryer subjects which her brother is represented as bringing forward—For example :

" *Edward.*—A romantic science, mother ! That is certainly a very unusual expression.

" *Mrs. R.* That is of little consequence, if it be correct ; and I think I can show it to be so, even independently of the fanciful systems which I have just hinted at. Do you not say, Christina, that botany is a beautiful science ?

" *Christina.*—Yes ; I think it is, indeed ; for it invites us to the fields in the beautiful months of spring and summer, and makes us admire the beauty of the budding trees, the springing grass, and the opening blossoms : it enhances the pleasure of every walk, and sometimes, I have fancied, makes the sunshine itself look brighter when it falls upon a flower-garden.

" *Mrs. R.*—And have I not heard you, Edward, calling astronomy *sublime* ?

" *Edward.*—It deserves, indeed, to be called so, I think ; for it raises our thoughts above the earth and its little scene of change and bustle, and leads the mind to contemplate the starry universe and the infinity of space, which God has peopled with suns and worlds.

" *Mrs. R.*—Then, if you call Botany beautiful, and Astronomy sub-

* *Conversations on Geology* ; comprising a Familiar Explanation of the Huttonian and Wernerian Systems ; the Mosaic Geology as explained by Mr. Granville Penn ; the late Discoveries of Professor Buckland, Humboldt, Dr. Macculloch, and others. 1 vol. 12mo. (with Engravings.) Pp. 371. London, 1828.

lime, for the reasons you have just given, I, in the same way, call Geology *romantic*, because it not only leads us to travel among the wildest scenery of nature, but carries us back to the birth and infancy of our little planet, and follows its history of deluges, and hurricanes, and earthquakes, which have left such numerous traces of their devastations. Would you not think it romantic to travel, as must be done by the geological inquirer, among mountains and valleys, where tempests have bared and shattered the hardest rocks, and where alternate rains and frosts are crumbling the solid materials of mountains, while the springs and rivers wash away the fragments, to deposit them again in the various stages of their course? And would you not think it romantic to dream about the young world emerging from darkness, and rejoicing in the first dawn of created light? To think of the building of mountains, the hollowing out of valleys, and the gathering together of the great waters of the ocean? And will it not be romantic to discover the traces of the ancient world before the time of Noah, in every hill and valley which you examine?

“*Edward.*—This will, indeed, be romantic and interesting, though I am not sure I shall understand it so well as Astronomy.

“*Mrs. R.*—On the contrary, I think Geology is, perhaps, better fitted for our limited comprehensions than Astronomy; for it is more within our reach to examine the structure and formation of mountains, than that of the sun or of the stars; and it is easier to bring the mind to rest on the comparative littleness of the earth at its creation, than to let our thoughts travel abroad through the boundless fields of infinite space. When we descend to the earth, we feel ourselves more at home; we are not so overpowered by sublimity as in the contemplation of astronomy; we can think more calmly and reason more at ease; and we can trace the finger of God more visibly,—perhaps because more nearly.”

This is the usual style of the work in those parts where the more argumentative topics of the science are not the subject of discussion. In that case, though the style admits of fewer ornaments, the interest is kept up by apt illustrations, curious facts, and unexpected transitions in the argument.

More than two-thirds of the volume are devoted to the two leading Geological Theories of Hutton and Werner, the advocates severally for the agency of fire and water, whose followers are usually designated *Vulcanists* and *Neptunists*. Our readers may not be displeased to see a brief outline of these celebrated theories, as we shall attempt to redact it from the luminous sketches in the “Conversations.”

For the purpose of making a globe like the earth, the seas, continents, and islands, diversified with hills and valleys, and productive of food for various animals, Dr. Hutton considered it as indispensable that other globes should have previously existed, from which materials for the structure might be derived. These supposititious worlds being acted on by the moist atmosphere, by rains, and by the frost and thaws of winter and spring, would, in a long course of years, be crumbled down, or, as the Geologists say, disintegrated, and gradually carried by rivers, in the form of sand, clay, and gravel, to the sea. At the bottom of the sea these materials would arrange themselves in beds, differing in thickness, according to the circumstances by which they might be affected. But those beds would have continued in the soft state of sand or clay for ever, unless something occurred to harden them. It is here that Dr. Hutton brings in the agency of fire, and tells us, that there is at the bottom of the sea sufficient heat, from a great central fire which he conceives to exist in the centre of the globe, to melt all the clay, sand, and gravel, and to form them into rocks. He provides for the appearance of these above water, by supposing that the central fire occasionally expands itself, and elevates the newly-

formed rocks into islands and continents, diversified by hills and valleys, these being destined in their turn to the same changes of destruction and renovation, as those from which they took their origin.

According to the rival Geological Theorist, Werner, all the substances which now constitute rocks, mountains, and soil, on the earth's surface, were originally existing in a state of solution in the waters of the great Chaos, which he supposes at the beginning to have surrounded the globe to a vast depth. The substances or materials of rocks, thus swimming in the primitive ocean, he conceives to have gradually fallen to the bottom, sometimes by chemical, sometimes by mechanical means, and sometimes by both together; and in this manner, he thinks, all the rocks have been formed which we now find on digging into the earth. The inequalities of mountains and valleys on the surface of the earth, which were thus produced as soon as the waters began to subside, (and this subsidence is an important point in the system,) gradually rose out of the primitive sea, forming the first dry land. The rocks which were in this manner first formed, Werner calls the *Original*, or *Primitive Formation*: they consist of granite, greiss, different species of slate, marble, and trap.

The formation of these rocks, however, did not, it seems, exhaust the materials floating in the waters, for the deposition went on, and a class of rocks were formed consisting of grey wacké, limestone, and trap, which rested on the primitive, and are called by Werner the *Intermediate* or *Transition Rocks*; because, on their appearance above the waters, the earth, he conceives, passed into a habitable state.

After the formation of those primitive and transition rocks, Werner alleges that the water suddenly rose over them to a great height, covering them in many places, as it again subsided, with a new formation of rocks consisting of sandstone, conglomerates, limestone, gypsum, chalk, and rock-

salt, which he called *Level* or *Floetz Rocks*.

Since that period, the wearing down of the rocks, by the action of the weather and other causes, and the washing away of the worn materials by rains and streams of water, have formed soil, gravel, sand, peat, and the various other beds which are called *Alluvial*.

Besides alluvial strata, however, there are several others of recent formation which are not comprehended in this outline of the Wernerian system, such as volcanic rocks, and those which are composed of coral, and are at this moment progressively increasing. Of volcanic rocks Wernerians take as little notice as possible, inasmuch as the very name is inimical to their water theory; for, like all theorists, they carry their notions to a ridiculous length, as a plain man, though ignorant of Geology, may well understand, when we tell him that some of the disciples of Werner have exerted their ingenuity to prove that lava rocks, the chronology of whose formation is ascertained and recorded, have never been melted by fire, but are genuine aqueous deposits from the Wernerian waters! Of the coral rocks and islands, we have a most lively and interesting account in the work before us; and, though it is not quite so short as to render it suitable for an extract, we think our readers will be pleased to see so much of it, as we can spare room to insert.

"*Mrs. R.*—The polypus zoophytes which manufacture coral and build islands, are minute and delicate in structure, and seem to have the power of encasing themselves with a hard crust for the purpose of protection.

"*Edward.*—More, then, it would appear, like a snail or a shell-fish than an insect.

"*Mrs. R.*—You are right; and you may judge of the number of a coral colony, from the extraordinary facts related by voyagers of unquestionable credit. Captain Flinders, for instance, tells us that the quantity of coral reefs between New Holland,

New Caledonia, and New Guinea, is such that it might justly be called the Coraline sea, there being here, for three hundred and fifty miles in a straight line, a coral reef or barrier, uninterrupted by any large opening into the sea; and this reef is connected with others so as altogether to make an extent of nearly one thousand miles in length, and from twenty to fifty miles in breadth.

"*Edward.*—I should like very much to see the little creatures at work upon such an immense mound.

"*Mrs. R.*—That would be impossible, as their work is slow and gradual; you might as well say you would like to see a snail at work in making its shell, or a rose-tree at work in making its flower.

"*Edward.*—The process of the coral polypus, at least, has been explained, I presume.

"*Mrs. R.*—As to that, it is the same with the process of forming the snail-shell. The sea-water always contains lime, as do the vegetables upon which the snail feeds; now, you know that, when lime meets with carbonic acid gas, it unites with it and forms chalk, or lime-stone, or marble.

"*Edward.*—All this is obvious; but I cannot conjecture where the coral zoophyte, or the snail, gets the carbonic acid gas to unite with the lime.

"*Mrs. R.*—So you have forgot your pretty chemical experiment of blowing through a glass tube into lime-water?

"*Edward.*—Oh, no! but I did not know that a coral zoophyte, or a snail, breathed as I do.

"*Mrs. R.*—It seems to be a general law of all living things to produce carbonic acid gas in a way similar to ourselves; and it is probable, that in the snail and the coral zoophyte this gas passes off from the surface of the body, where it meets with the lime that forms the basis of the shell; and this is cemented into a firmer substance by the slime of the animal which is present at the same time. Some sorts of coral, you know, are so hard as to take a fine polish, and are

made into trinkets; but they all consist of lime, carbonic acid gas, and the slimy substance of the polypus for a cement.

"*Christina.*—I can understand this perfectly, and I am quite delighted with this history of coral; but I had no notion that I should meet with such things in Geology.

"*Edward.*—I cannot, however, conceive well how such animals concert together to form a reef or an island, as I presume they are no less stupid than snails seem to be.

"*Mrs. R.*—With respect to their intelligence, we can derive our information only from their works; and, from what I shall tell you, it must be concluded, either that they are very wise and skilful, or that they are immediately directed in their operations by an all-wise Providence.

"*Edward.*—In the formation of shell, at least, there is no intelligence manifested on the part of the little manufacturer; it is only the result of a natural chemical process, over which it seems to have little, if any, control.

"*Mrs. R.*—Right: but what I refer to is a union of purpose and design in all the individuals of a coral colony, which you will confess to be surprising, when I tell you that most, if not all, of the coral reefs are built in the form of a crescent, and sometimes of a circle, with the back to the sea, as if the coral animalcules were aware of the properties of the arch, and knew that it would resist the dashing of the waves better than a straight line.

"*Edward.*—This is indeed most wonderful.

"*Mrs. R.*—The wonder is increased when we find that the back of the coral crescent is generally directed towards the quarter from which storms most frequently come. Now, these are circumstances which cannot be explained otherwise than by the operation of intelligence and design; for the sea would naturally beat in the back of the crescent, and, by reversing it, turn its bosom to the waves in the form of a bay."

This is followed by details in the same narrative style, of the coral islands described by Flinders and Cooke, in the South Seas, and by Salt and Bruce in the Red Sea; but for these we cannot spare room, and must refer such as are interested in the subject to the work itself.

We have only to add, that the "Conversations on Geology" are not inferior in pointed illustration, perspi-

cuity and plainness of style, and accurate knowledge of science, to the "Conversations on Chemistry," &c., which have become so deservedly popular. The volume before us is, besides, the first attempt to exhibit the fashionable science of Geology in a familiar dress, adapted to general readers and those who have not leisure to dip into more ponderous works.

EVENING.

SAID I in vain that sky and earth
Are gushing o'er with many a tale?
And that this silent night gives birth
To thoughts whose memory ne'er should
fail?

Said I in vain, there breathes a story
Through yon blue tracts of star-lit glory?

No, Lady, no! Thou, too, has felt
The might and rapture of the hour;
And deep within thy spirit melt
Its soothing charm and pious power;
Its presence to thy heart is nigh,
With strength serene and awful eye.

The broad and solemn shades are scat-
tered
By gleams, and paths, and lakes of light,
As when, ere man's young hopes were shat-
tered,

Angels came floating through the night,
And shed with pinions fresh from God,
The glow of heaven on Eden's sod.

The world is not asleep, but fill'd
With that unbroken, happy calm
Wherein each hastier pulse is still'd,
And every breath a voiceless psalm;
And e'en the soul, in memory's spite,
Drinks from the skies their starry light.

The trees, whose spires, and tufts, and bowers
Glimmer beneath the journeying moon;

The turf, whose sweets are fed with showers,
Their nature's cool and dewy boon;
The flakes of cloud that mount the breeze
Light as the foam of azure seas;—

It folds them all, the gentle Eve!
Beneath its wide and purple wings,
Too softly, gladly hushed to grieve
For the broad lights that morning brings;
I, too, have opened heart and sense,
And welcomed all its influence.

And if, amid this glorious time,
This thrilling silence, mingle aught
Of less aspiring and sublime,
Of troubled dream and selfish thought;
If recollections, strange and foul,
Come like the scream of boding owl;

If thus it be—this seraph night
Hath eyes of mercy and of love,
And from each far ethereal height
Breathes down the peace which lives
above—

God never sent to man an hour
Of purer hope, of holier power.

But, Lady! in *thy* gentle breast
The skies no jarring contrast see;
The world whose storms are all at rest,
In gladness is at one with thee;
Thou feel'st what I can but believe,
That the heart need not always grieve.

THE YOUNG ARAB SHEIK.

A TALE, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE ARABIAN MANNERS.

—
"Free as the mountain air."
—

THE heat of the mid-day sun was scorching the desert plain of Arabia Petraea, and the intensity of its rays warned the pilgrim to rest himself beneath the shady palm, and induced the wild Arab to put spurs to his fleet

steed, and seek out his temporary home. At a distance were seen the mountains of Horeb and Sinai; between them and the traveller of the desert, appeared one of those delightful spots on which the eye of the Arab

looks with peculiar pleasure. He is the child of enthusiasm and romance, and though his life is one continued scene of predatory warfare, he bounds over the plains with the rapturous feelings of a superior being, and for him alone is "Eden raised in the waste wilderness." The palm-tree, the tamarind, and the pomegranate, were towering over this garden of the desert. It gladdens the weary pilgrim when he first beholds it from afar, and his heart leaps with delight when he is sheltered in its bosom from the fierceness of the sky, and his feet relieved from the insupportable heat of the burning sands. He sits in this grateful shade, and refreshes himself with the fruit of the tamarind and the Indian fig-tree, and drinks the milk of the cocoa-nut.

An Arab flew along the desert, on his beautiful courser. His long lance was in his right hand, and his sabre hung by his side; his firelock was fixed at the saddle-bow. He passed along with the swiftness of an arrow, but the easy motion of his beast roused him not from the luxury of his imagination. His eye was lifeless, and a settled gravity overspread his features, but his mind was actively employed in scenes of romance. He was thinking of the fair Cora, the delight of the desert, and he had separated himself from his tribe, that he might search out the tent of the old sheik, her father. He bent his way towards the oasis, nor would he have been long in reaching it, but his attention was at this moment directed to an object which appeared on the horizon: at sight of it he abated his speed, and somewhat altered his course.

The dark speck had motion, yet what it might be, a common eye could not have determined; but the eye of a Bedouin is seldom deceived. The Arab placed his spear in rest, and passed on at an easy pace. The object now began to assume a determinate form, and a horseman might be perceived, advancing rapidly across the plain. The Arab eyed the stran-

ger as he approached, and when he had come up within a bowshot, suddenly wheeled his horse round, and charged him at full speed. The stranger drew his sabre, but the impetuous attack of the Arab could not be withstood; and though the former received no wound, by reason of the spear alighting on the saddle, yet the force of the charge overthrew both man and horse, and, before they could recover themselves, the Arab was at the spot with his firelock pointed on his fallen adversary. "I want a gift for Cora," exclaimed the Arab; "give me your gold, and do not oblige me to shed your blood; it is counted a curse among us to take away the life of a traveller in the desert." "Methinks (answered the other) your scruples are somewhat too nice; after upsetting me so unceremoniously, it cannot be necessary to preach morality whilst you are robbing me."

"What have the sons of Ishmael?" said the Arab: "by fraud our progenitor was deprived of his inheritance, and by force we may recover our right. Nothing was left for us, but what our arms might obtain from the hands of the spoiler; we have no home but the desert."

"If you will remove that old rusty firelock from my nether jaw," said the traveller, "I shall feel much more at home than I do at the present moment. Here are two bags filled with gold sequins of Cairo—take them, and be satisfied." The Arab stretched out his right hand to take them, still holding his firelock in the left, steadied on the pommel of the saddle, and directed towards his prisoner. "I should judge by their weight," said he, poising the bags as he spoke, "that it is as you say, and I shall examine them at my leisure. There is no necessity," continued he, slowly replacing his firelock in its rest, "for you to remain longer on the ground, the heat of the sand may incommode you." "Your courtesy is rather ill-timed," said the traveller, rising, and clearing his disordered dress from the sand, "and I can very well dispense

with any further attentions from you. I have already sunk under the weight of your favors, and been lightened of my cares by your civility. I shall not stay here to be roasted alive, but make the best of my way to the green island yonder." So saying, he mounted his horse, which had stood quietly by his side, and turned his head towards the oasis. "I was going thither," exclaimed the Arab, "when your approach drew me from my road. Let us now make the best of our way to the shade, for the heat is oppressive, and you may have received some injury in your late fall, which I can examine for you when we are there." The other made no answer, but whilst the Arab was speaking, he had conveyed his hand to the holsters of the saddle. The latter comprehended what he was about, and it was the work of but a moment to place his sabre within a few inches of the stranger's throat. "If you will dismount," said the Arab, "I will remove your pistols; they may interrupt the good understanding which at present subsists between us. There," said he, placing them in his girdle, "let us now move on." The traveller remounted his horse, and they galloped along to the delightful spot before mentioned.

"The horses will pick for themselves," said the Arab, dismounting, and removing the saddle and bridle from his beast. "If yours is as well taught as mine, it will not stray, and they can feed together. You seem somewhat the worse for our late encounter. Come," continued he, assisting the traveller to lighten his horse of its furniture, "let us find a pleasant spot for our resting place." They sat down beneath a canopy of lofty trees, whose mingled foliage was impervious to the rays of the sun. The traveller was scarcely seated, when he fell back exhausted and fainting. The Arab brought him water in a palm leaf, and gathered for him nuts and tamarinds; he poured the milk of the cocoa-nut down his throat, and used every means for his restoration.

"There is in the oasis," said the Arab, "great variety of fruits; amongst others, melons, oranges, and peaches. You will prefer these to any thing I can offer you. For myself, I have some bruised barley, which shall be my only food till I meet with Cora." "Your lady will, I hope, reward you for your abstinence," said the traveller, who was by this time a little recovered. "Have the kindness to gather me a melon; I am so far overcome with fatigue, that I do not well know how to rise to get it myself." The Arab gathered him some fruit, and placed it near him, then, seating himself by his side, he began his own unpalatable meal. When it was finished, he procured fire from the friction of two sticks, and, lighting his pipe, continued smoking in a state of perfect abstraction. His eye became languid and inexpressive, and his features motionless. The act of violence which he had lately committed was a thing of course; his idea of right and wrong fully justified it, and explained it as an act of retributive justice. It had been performed, and was now forgotten, and his mind was again occupied with lofty sentiment and romantic feeling, which absorbed all its energies. He was now reveling in all the extasies of the Mahomedan paradise, and his Cora was a lovely houri, whose eyes were beautiful and soft as those of the gazelle.

The traveller was as little inclined to converse as his companion might be, and, after casting a disconsolate look on his two bags of sequins, he laid his head on a little mound beside him, which served very well for a pillow, and presently fell asleep. The Arab continued smoking. Sometimes, in a moment of recollection, he took one of the bags of gold and poised it, then laid it down, and, taking up a leaf, began to fan his companion to promote his slumber, and disperse the insects which flitted about him. But these interruptions to his musings were few and short; and as the evening approached, he appeared to become entirely insensible to every ob-

ject around him. His brow indeed was raised, and his eyes assumed a liveliness which gave an inexpressible beauty to his calm and open features; but this animation arose from the deep enthusiasm of his soul. The sun set, and the evening planet presently appeared. His eye was intently fixed on its silver orb, and continued to be so till the increasing shades of night revealed the glories of the Arabian sky. The bright star Aldebaran was approaching the meridian, and the planets Mars and Venus discovered themselves under what is termed by astrologers, a favorable aspect. The Arab rose from the ground, and retired a few paces to a little hillock of sand. He scattered part of it on the earth before him, and then traced with his pipe an astrological figure. His satisfaction increased as he proceeded in his work, and when the horoscope was finished, he exclaimed in rapture—"The star of my destiny is on the meridian, and the significatory planets are well posited in the seventh house: my beloved approaches, she cannot be far off."

"Ah! what is the matter?" cried the traveller, awaking, "take the gold if you will, and a plague go with it." His thoughts wandered for the moment to the rencontre of the morning, and the loss he had sustained.

"I have been holding converse with the stars," said the Arab, "and they tell me that Cora is near."

"The stars are very communicative," returned the other, yawning.

"I will tell thee of Cora," resumed the Arab, seating himself beside his companion; "I will tell thee of Cora, the delight of the desert. I am Beni Saker, the son of Saker, the sheik, and am myself a sheik. My father is master of a thousand spears, he has multitudes of camels and sheep, and his family is as numerous as the stars. A hundred spears await my bidding. I also have camels and sheep, but my chief treasures are locked up in Cora. Cora is the daughter of Hatim, he is the commander of five hundred horsemen, and he has great treasure; yet I

covet nothing that is his, but the fair Cora.

"Hatim, the father of Cora, entered into league with my parent Saker. We joined our strength against the Mawali, and set out together to meet them. We came up with our enemy, and parleyed with them, but they would not listen to the voice of peace. We threw a thousand lances into the midst of their company, and they dispersed like the chaff, scattering themselves over the plain. We pursued them, but the night favoring their escape, we returned to our tents to celebrate the feast of victory. The flesh of a young camel was prepared for us, and baked rice, and there was goats' and camels' milk in abundance.

"I left my tent early on the morning after our victory, and walked to the well to water the camels. There was a female of the tribe of Hatim drawing water. Her waist was straight and supple as my lance, and her steps were light and elegant as those of a young filly. Her face was veiled, according to the custom of our tribes; but in raising the vessel of water to her head, she disordered her veil, and I observed her features. Her eyes were like those of the gazelle; her looks were languid and impassioned; her beautiful eyebrows were arched like two bows of ebony; her eyelashes were blackened with kool, and her lips were painted blue; and her nails were tinged with gold-colored henna; her breasts were like two pomegranates, and her words were sweeter than honey. Which of the daughters of Hatim is it, said I, who is drawing water from Saker's well? I am Cora, (answered she,) the daughter of Hatim thy friend. She left me, and, returning, withdrew into the inner tent of her father."

"Day after day, I pined for the fair Cora, but she came no more to the well; and the tribe of Hatim suddenly struck their tents, and departed from among us. I concealed my passion for some time from my father, but my body wasted away till it yielded no shadow, and Saker then

inquired of me the cause. I told him, and he has promised to procure me the daughter of Hátim. I have left my father's tent, and am seeking the dwelling of Hátim, and when I find him I shall offer gifts to him, and to the fair Cora, and if she loves me, Hátim will give her to me; then I shall want nothing when Cora, the delight of the desert, is mine."

"Your name is Beni Sáker, said you not?" inquired the traveller.

"It is," replied the Arab; "why do you dwell on my name?"

"I have heard it before," said the other, "and that not long ago. I will tell you the whole matter; 'tis a short story, though I should begin with my setting out for Bassora, and end with the event of to-day.

"I am Lucas, a merchant of Toulon. Twelve months back I set out on my journey to Bassora, whither affairs of trade had called me. After passing through the Mediterranean, I joined a caravan which was then about to proceed, under an Arabian escort, to the Persian gulf. We met with no interruptions on our way, and, arriving at Bassora, the caravan separated. At the end of three weeks, having finished my business, I wished to return, and a Persian trader directed me to a caravan that was on the eve of departure towards the Mediterranean. I joined company with it, and proceeded on across the desert.

"On the third day of our journey I was resting myself, after our halt, in the tent of the sheik. I was alone, and on the point of falling asleep, for our march had been severe, and I was much fatigued, but my attention was awakened by the silver tones of a beautiful voice, which proceeded from the inner tent. I am no cynic, music has charms for me at all times, and I listened with considerable interest to the song of the invisible minstrel. It was a female voice, not less sweet than the honeyed accents of your fabled houris. Indeed, let him who inquires after the exquisitely beautiful, and who wishes duly to appreciate the melody of woman's voice, lis-

ten to it in the midst of the desert, when the day's march is ended, and he is sitting in his tent under the shade of his fig-tree."

"Well, well," said the impatient Arab, "but the subject of the song?"

"Does the sentiment displease you?" inquired the other.

"It does not displease me," said the Arab, "but I feel interested in your narrative, and wish to hear its termination."

"As nearly as I can remember," said the traveller, "these are the words of the song:

"My father sojourned in the tent of Saker. I went to the well to draw water; the son of Sáker spoke kindly to me. The steed of Beni Sáker is the swiftest of his tribe, and he is the chief among a hundred.' My memory fails me; but this was I believe the substance of the song."

"It is enough," said the Arab, stroking his beard with profound gravity. "The tribe of Hátim has been your escort. How came you to separate yourself from the caravan, and at what distance should you think it is from us?"

"I rashly imagined," answered the traveller, "that I could gain the shores of the Mediterranean without interference on the part of your freebooters, and in less time than would be spent by the caravan in reaching them." "You did wrong," said the Arab; "When did you leave your party?"

"This morning only. The caravan is not many hours' march behind us; if we remain here, it will have come up, or nearly so, by to-morrow sunrise."

"If it is as you say," returned the Arab, "the sequins may once more change masters. I shall not injure him whom Hátim has protected." The traveller was about to resume possession of his two bags, but the Arab gently put back his hand. "There is," said he, "no need of haste. It was your expedition which occasioned your losing them." Lucas smiled, and made no answer. The

Arab composed himself for the night, and the traveller, following his example, the former was in a short time sitting in his dreams, under a palm-tree, with his Cora; and the latter comforting himself in the possession of his lost sequins. The sun had risen not many degrees above the horizon, when the Arab and the traveller awaking, repaired to the entrance of the oasis, and looked eagerly across the desert, hoping to discover the approach of the caravan; but all between the land and the sky was one vacant plain. They looked at each other for a moment, the one doubting the truth of what his companion had told him, and the other fearing that his conqueror's present mood was by no means favorable to the restoration of his gold. The countenance of the Arab suddenly lightened. A small grayish cloud appeared on the edge of the horizon. The traveller viewed it without the least interest, but the Arab knew that it indicated the approach of a large company. "Yonder is the caravan," said the latter; "when the sun is eight degrees higher, it will have reached us. It will be best to await its coming up. There is no caravansary between them and the oasis, they will therefore halt at this place. If you have told me the truth," continued he, seriously addressing the traveller, "I shall quickly accomplish the object of my search, and return happy to my own tribe. I shall give back your gold, and you will shortly be placed beyond the reach of molestation. But if you have deceived me, I am perhaps about to fall into the hands of a hostile tribe, and my blood will be upon your head." They retired together into the oasis to await the event.

A neighing of horses announced the approach of the company, which consisted of not less than an hundred merchants of different countries, and three hundred camels laden with merchandise, the whole escorted by a numerous body of Arabs, armed with spears, sabres, and ill-conditioned muskets, and mounted on fleet horses.

The noise of the approaching cavalcade brought the Arab and the traveller from the enclosure of the oasis. The former immediately recognized the Arab guard to be the tribe of Hátim.

The stillness of the desert was now broken by a confusion of sounds; horses neighing, the camels snuffling, and crowding towards the great well, led thither by an instinctive knowledge of what it contained. Some of these last were kneeling, in order that their burdens might be removed; the captain of the rest, one of the officers attending the caravan, was giving his orders for the bestowal of the merchandise, over which he appointed a strong guard. The camels and mares were then given in charge to some of the attendants, who confined them in slips, leaving them however at liberty to graze round the oasis. A large tent was quickly erected for the whole company, and preparation was made for affording refreshment to the caravan after its march.

"Es salam áleikum," (God save you,) exclaimed a meagre, swarthy, and diminutive old man, approaching his cheek to that of Beni Sáker.

"Es salam áleikum," returned the other, respectfully kissing the hand of Hátim, for he it was who saluted him. "Have you left peace in your father's house," inquired Hátim. "Sáker, thy friend, is in health, and his tribe are in peace," replied Beni Sáker; "but the son of thy friend asks his happiness of thee." "Speak, my son," said Hátim, "tell me in what can Hátim render thee a service?" "My father," began Beni Sáker, "has a present of goats and young camels for you, and of kids for Cora, and ——" "I see how it is," said Hátim, interrupting him, "well, be it so; but Cora is not with us, I have left her eastward with the rest of my tribe. The flocks have good pasturage, and they will remain there till I return to them. You can accompany the caravan, and go back with me, or depart to-morrow sun-rise, in search of Cora." "I shall seek the tent of Cora without delay," answered Beni

Sáker. "Regard your mare, as well as your mistress," said Hátim; "stay here with the caravan till the morning. The flocks are not above two days' journey from this place, and your mare is swift." They entered the tent together.

At the upper end of the tent sat the sheik, with Bení Sáker at his right hand, and nearest to them sat the officers of the caravan; the merchants were seated in a double line, after these. The refreshments were then brought in; they consisted of kids' flesh, roast, and boiled rice. After the necessary ceremony of ablution, the meal proceeded, each person putting his hand into the dishes, to supply himself with the provisions before him. They drank only water, which was brought them from the wells. This was indeed no common luxury, being beautifully clear, and of a pleasant flavor. But this good cheer, so unusual among the Bedouins, was not tasted by Bení Sáker; he adhered to

his vow of taking nothing more than what was barely sufficient to support nature till he had found his Cora.

Bení Sáker rose early the morning after the halt, and whilst the caravan was preparing to pursue its journey, he sought and found Lucas, to whom he restored the two bags of sequins. "Stranger," said he, taking the hand of Lucas, "there is your gold; I could not keep it, if I desired to do so, since you are under the care of Hátim; but it would as well be ungrateful in me to injure you, when our meeting has terminated so happily for me. Peace be with you. Return to your country, and be happy; happy as Bení Sáker will be, when sitting in his tent with Cora, or bounding over the desert on his steed."

The caravan began its march, and Bení Sáker, bidding farewell to his friend Hátim, and his late companion Lucas, threw himself on the back of his mare, and presently disappeared from the plain.

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

THUS every good his native wilds impart,
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
 And e'en those hills that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

THIS is one of the assertions which people believe to be true, because nobody has taken the trouble to contradict it; but in reality it is totally against nature, and therefore must be false. The *maladie de pays* of the Swiss peasant is quoted as an example of the love of country, which its poverty and bleakness rather enhance than diminish. Do you think that the hardy Switzer, who is toiling under the weight of great fur caps and ponderous musket, in the sunny plains of Lombardy, hates those plains merely because they are sunny, and loves his

own mountains merely because they are bleak? No such thing; but in the intervals left him between war and dangers, he recalls the scenes of his youthful hours, of his youthful joys—the craggy hill is made dear to him by the recollection of his having wandered amid its steepes with his young Annette,—by his pulling the solitary harebell, which grew far up on the rock, and fixing it with a trembling hand and beating heart among the soft curls of the bright-haired mountain maid. He thinks of those scenes as connected with "the old familiar

faces," that rise upon his memory like dreams—he sees the rude hut that sheltered his youth, standing upon the rugged heath—but he sees also his grey-haired mother's smile, and hears his father's voice, tremulous with age, and shaking with emotions, the bitterest a father's heart can feel, when parting for ever from his only son. He hears the light songs of his sisters, and sees the arch sparkle of their eyes, as they banter him about the beautiful Annette—and the young man starts from his waking dreams to sad realities—and marvel ye, as his eye takes in the blossoms of the vine, or his ear drinks the wild carols of the vintage train, that he despises them as things foreign to his heart and his affections; and that he longs, with a passionate longing, for the rude rocks which friendship has clothed for him with beauty, and the desolate height which love has sprinkled for him with flowers? Reverse the matter, and see if the proposition holds. Take some fat Cockney, for instance, and keep him in any of the Highland moors for a year—see if he won't have a longing to return to his snug house, his pint of port, and rubber of whist. Ask him, when he was sojourning among the roes and moorcocks, if he didn't frequently wish to be comfortably seated on his sofa in the parlor, with his wife by his side, and his two or three children about his knee, and then ask him, after looking at young Johnnie's squinting eye, and little Sophy's swelled cheek, whether he was so anxious for his home, merely because it was warm, and bien, and comfortable, or whether it was not the presence of his wife and little ones that made him pant for it as the hart does for the water-brook? Even Betty, his Dorsetian

cook, with her red arms and carrotty hair, seemed to him, in his dreamings on that Aberdeenshire desert, more beautiful than the loveliest mountain lassie that tript barefoot among the heather, and vanished in a moment from his jaundiced eyes, as light as the butterfly that fluttered among the thyme which bloomed beneath her feet. Think ye not that the peasant of some rich plain in England loves that plain in all its richness of vegetation and beauty of sky, as truly and as devotedly as the "habitant" of the Hebrides loves his native hut, with the cataract roaring over the linn a few yards from the door, and the tempest howling down the unsheltered ravine, where at midnight he fancies he hears the yelling of disembodied ghosts, and the voices of the spirits of the storm? Every man loves his country—but it is not the earth, the insensate clod, that is the bond—it is the associations of his youth, his manhood, or even his ancestry, which bind him with such intensity of strength; and never may those feelings be eradicated from human hearts! Still dear to men be the home, however bleak, where first they lifted their pure hearts to Heaven, and taught their young lips to lisp the name of God—still dear be the sunny vale, the barren heath, or the shrubless mountain, where they wandered in their thoughtless youth—and dear be the solemn aisle, or small desolate kirkyard, where they have laid their wee bairn that died, with its sweet smiles and long soft hair, and where they may shortly be laid themselves, to mingle their bones with the bones of their fathers and grandfathers, who lived and died in the same quiet valley a hundred years before!

TO A BUTTERFLY SEEN IN THE STREETS OF A CITY.

PURPLE-WINGED offspring of gladness and
light,
Backward go circle thy wandering flight,
Nor thus into dust and pollution surrender
Those gem-studded fragments of heaven's
blue splendor.

'Mid golden-spun twilight and rose vapors
born,
Where dallied the breeze with the dew-
drop at morn,
How swift might'st thou bear to the eyelids
of day

The young soul of Song breaking sphere-
ward away !
Or how well might'st thou seem with thy
delicate glory,
The spirit that lives in the breast of a
maiden,
When passion and tears have not troubled
her story,
And the wings of her joy with no fore-
sight are laden !

Be gone ! O, thou angel of happiest tidings,
To sun-beamy skies, to the isles of the
blest ;
The sounds of men's follies are threat'nings
and chidings,
Nor in this busy gloom can'st thou hope
to have rest.

Bright insect ! through clamors, and buzz-
ings, and din,
Like a tone of sweet music thou wanderest
in ;
Through the mist, and the smoke, and the
wide city's shade,
Like the star of the morning in beauty ar-
rayed,
In the spot of the broad earth most darkened
with wrong,
Thou shedd'st in thy flight, on the paths of
the throng,
The joy that of old made a paradise ours,
When yet thou could'st flutter on cankerless
flowers.

In that Eden, when still the white eyelids
of Eve
Had never been opened to gaze on the
sod,
And that bosom was stirred with its first
gentle heave,
Which none had e'er seen but the seraphs
of God ;

Over lips that, unknowing to kiss or to sing,
Had a passionless thrill they could ne'er
feel again,
The newly-born butterfly waved its gay
wing,
And shone round the maiden so innocent
then.

O ! away from the sorrowful spot where the
ill
That she sowed upon earth has been multi-
plied still ;
Away, O ! thou sweetest of God's living
things,
To the nightingale's woods, to the fairies'
green rings,
To the cave of the rock where the dewy
floods well,
In the twilight and cool of their moss-man-
tled cell ;
To the cliff that with ridges of pine-wood
looks proud

O'er the bright meadow dappled with tints
from the cloud,
Where in shade of the oak-tree the flow'rets
are gushing,
Where the steed in his masterless grandeur
is rushing,
And, while earth's thousand voices around
her are ringing,
The Spirit of Nature is dancing and singing.

Away to the vale where the tendrils of vine
With the limbs of the monarch-like elm-tree
entwine,
To the wild-buds that gleam o'er the lone
forest waters,
To the sands and the shells of some far
Grecian bay,
Trodden by the green billows' glittering daugh-
ters,
Warbling to tunes that the soft ripples
play.

O ! mount in the breeze as mounts a thought,
Soaring aloft from its daily dust !
Rise like a censor's vapor fraught
With the fragrance of love and grateful
trust !
And, airy butterfly, haste to roam,
And in south or in west seek out thy home.

Yet, O ! again a moment stay,
Circling down from thy azure way,
For art thou not indeed to me
The genius of my earlier days,
Of hours from which too fast I flee,
And backward bend a mournful gaze ?
Thou art the light and fearless soul
Of my young being, that sweeps along
In gladness, needing not a goal,
And careless of all the care-worn throng,—
That earnest without purpose moves,
And from an inward prompting loves.

Emblem of times when I lay beside
The dim and gurgling river,
And through the leaves that wreathed its
side,
The fountain-fay appeared to glide,
With limbs that glance and quiver !

When if, perchance, thy flitting speed
Darted and wheeled by the grassy shore,
I thought thee a heavenly thing indeed,
And thou gav'st me a throb that I feel no
more.

And, flutterer ! could I be e'en now
The happy thing thou art,
No memory to wring my brow,
No hopelessness at heart,

Ah ! then how soon would I resign
The storm of useless thought within,
And on those azure wings of thine
Float from this chaos of doubt and sin.

MR. MARTIN'S ENGRAVING OF THE DELUGE.

MR. MARTIN has published an Engraving from his Picture of "the Deluge."—Of all living artists, Mr. Martin appears to attain the sublime with the greatest facility. It springs forth spontaneously, as it were, from the constitution of his mind, and more or less palpably pervades everything he produces. This sublime is not, however, the sublime of passion, exhibited in the workings of a single countenance, or in the countenances of a group: it arises from the simultaneous sufferings of multitudes crowded together by some terrible catastrophe, from a combination of innumerable energies,—from confusion, darkness, and immensity. It may generally, perhaps, be termed the sublime of the material world, in which man, contrasted with the huge masses of rock, gigantic architecture, mountains, torrents, and abysses, by which he is surrounded, appears a miserable pigmy, created to be the sport of the elements, or crushed to dust amid their convulsions. In the present magnificent engraving, all that we have said is literally exemplified: the sun, the moon, the streaming comet, in miraculous conjunction, and half eclipsed by the canopy of vapor now hung densely round the globe, and melting into torrents of rain, glare menacingly upon the earth. In the centre of the picture, directly beneath the light, which breaks down in pale masses through the clouds, are the lofty beetling precipices of Caucasus or Ararat, clothed with wood, and pouring down diminutive cataracts. On the right and left thick darkness broods upon the mountains, except where the forked lightning pierces through it, blasting the rocks, and setting on fire the forests. On the left foreground, the waters, in foaming, tremendous torrents, rush towards the centre, where, upon the brink of precipices, and directly beneath the toppling mountains, the wretched remnant of the human race, including the aged Methuselah, mingled with horses, ele-

phants, and every wild and ferocious animal, act those terrible extravagances which are usually dictated by the last despair; while far above, beneath the streaming light, the ark is discovered awaiting tranquilly among tufted groves, the rising of the waters, which is to float it over the ruins of the world.

The invention displayed in this print is admirable. Every terrible circumstance that might be supposed to accompany the destruction of a world, is introduced: the multitude, broken into groups and clinging to each other to the last, or crowding together in confusion, as affection or terror predominates, is admirably distributed; and the savage animals, no longer thirsting for blood, but stricken with instinctive fear, and gazing upwards at the black heavens, are finely imagined, and, as well as the groups of human beings, the torn mountains, and the rushing waters, depicted with prodigious power. The lights and shadows are exquisitely managed, so as to produce an idea of vast depth and distance; and the effect of the whole is eminently impressive and sublime.—The following poem, from the pen of a very amiable contemporary, was produced by a sight of the picture, which we need not say is inferior to the engraving.

The awful Vision haunts me still,
In thoughts by day, in dreams by night;
So well had Art's creative skill
There shown its fearless might.

The flood-gates of the foaming deep
By power supreme asunder riven!
The dark, terrific, arching sweep
Of clouds by tempests driven!

The beetling crags, which, on the right,
Menace swift ruin in their fall,
Yet rise on Memory's wistful sight,
And Memory's dreams appal.

The rocky foreground—where await
Man, beast, and bird their fearful doom;
Wonder, and awe, and love, and hate,
Mute grief, and sterner gloom;

All passions of the human heart,
In moods the darkest, fiercest known,
Here, by the mastery of Art,
In energy are shown.

All wildest fancy can portray
Of that tremendous scene and hour,
Exerts its own resistless sway,
And triumphs in its power.

It is no momentary spell,
Unfelt—when we behold it not :
Its woes on after hours must dwell,
Its fears be unforget.

Yet not of woe or fear alone
It tells a sad and solemn story ;

One object in the wreck is shown
Of love—and grace—and glory !

One gleam—where all beside is dark,
From stern and hopeless horror saves,
Shows where the Heaven-protected ark
The world of waters braves !

To that, amid Creation's doom,
Meek Hope, and holy Faith may cling,
And, in Destruction's darkest gloom,
Of Mercy's triumph sing ! B. BARTON.

THE ANNUALS.

WE are inundated with notices of these forthcoming productions ; all of them possessing claims to public attention, and some of them making extraordinary efforts both in literature and the arts. When we consider the vast cost lavished on these small volumes, which nothing but a very large sale could enable the parties to expend, (from not less than *two* to the amount of perhaps *six* or *eight* thousand pounds and more,) it will appear that they are publications of comparatively the cheapest kind, since the engravings of the least emulous of them would, in any other form, be worth more than the price of the whole work with its contributions from so many distinguished hands. Indeed, but for the use of steel plates, from which thousands of impressions can be taken, it would be impossible to get up such books at such prices. We do not therefore think that the increase of their numbers will have any other effect than that of creating a corresponding increase of demand : the best will, of course, carry off the palm : but we are of opinion that every one that is well conducted will meet with sufficient encouragement. To promote this, we give a list as far as we can.

1. Ackerman's Forget-me-not—the first in the field, and one which has hitherto merited and enjoyed a very large circulation.

2. The Souvenir, Mr. Alaric Watts's, which set the example, so beneficial to arts and artists, of having the highest style of embellishments in works of this class. This year, if we may judge from the beautiful proofs

lying before us, these efforts have been continued with augmented spirit and success. Most of the engravings are indeed exquisite, and the subjects remarkably well chosen both for appropriateness and variety.

3. The Amulet, by Mr. Hall, which takes a more serious tone than its compeers, and has established its character with a very large and influential part of the community.

4. Friendship's Offering, is under the direction of another poet of no mean celebrity, Mr. T. Pringle. We have as yet seen nothing of its composition, but expect good things from the talents and assiduity of its editor.

5. The Pledge of Friendship, the name of which is altered into *The Gem*, promises to realise its new title, as it is edited by Mr. T. Hood, whose tender as well as sportive muse is competent greatly to enrich any production of this kind. But of this Annual we must also allow we have as yet seen nothing.

6. The Bijou, published by Mr. Pickering, and edited, we believe, by Mr. N. H. Nicholas. This is its second year : the first No. had some striking features, which attracted much notice.

7. The Keepsake, under the direction of Mr. C. Heath for the arts, and of Mr. F. M. Reynolds for the literature. The beauty of its illustrations last year commanded great applause, and this season even more strenuous exertions have been made to raise it still higher, especially in its literary compositions. We have seen three or four of the plates, which it is impossible to surpass.

8. The Anniversary, with Mr. Sharp in the direction of the fine art department, and Allan Cunningham the editor. Both names are pledges of excellence. One proof, of Sir W. Scott in his study, is shown as an example of the engravings. Scotland has, we hear, furnished many of the literary contributions.

9. The Winter's Wreath resembles the Amulet in some measure, and is, we understand, principally derived from Liverpool, but the contributors are of all quarters, as in the other Annuals, from John o' Groat's House to the Land's End.

10. 11. 12. The Christmas Box, the New Year's Gift, and the Juvenile Forget-me-not, are for children. Among the engravings of the New

Year's Gift will be the Children of the Wood by Miss Dagley; Northcote's Marriage of Prince Richard; a Dancing Girl, from Wood, and other ornaments.

A Musical Annual has also been announced, and we should not wonder to see several other projects of the same kind, peculiarly addressed to different pursuits and orders of society.

The Almanacs, too, have been much improved by this new species of composition, which has in other respects had considerable effects upon the Fine Arts and the floating literature of the country. Moore, Campbell, and Rogers, are almost the only eminent names which have not been begged or bought into the fact of contributing.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

"Serene Philosophy !

She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd ; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of Science and of Virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear."

THE THUMB.

THE thumb is a very important part of the hand, and is, at least, so far as strength is concerned, almost peculiar to man ; for in the hands of apes and lemurs, the thumb is small and feeble, ("altogether ridiculous," as Eustachius, the anatomist, asserted,) and cannot act, as in man, in opposition to the combined force of the fingers. The muscles of the fingers, for the most part, are placed in the fore-arm. The most important muscles of the thumb—those which bend it in opposition to the fingers—could not have been fixed in the arm, as the required motion is across the palm, and not in the line of the arm. These muscles are accordingly placed around the inner ball of the thumb, forming a firm and vigorous assemblage of cords, ready to move the thumb in every useful direction. Their thickness and firmness make up for their want of length. From this it is evident, that man can never, with any show of

plausible argument, be traced to any of the monkey tribes, which have in the course of ages found out the art of turning one of their fingers into the use of a thumb,—a theory which, wild as it is, has been maintained by more than one philosopher.

COMETS.

The two comets, which are soon to appear, excite much interest. According to the calculations of M. Damoiseau, of the French Academy, that, the mean revolution of which is 2460 days, will arrive at the perihelion on the 27th of November, 1832, at thirty-two minutes, twenty-one seconds after eleven : its perturbations may be nine days, fifteen hours, fifty-six minutes, twenty-seven seconds. The comet, the period of which is three years and a third, has a less irregular motion. It re-appeared towards the end of the last summer : on the 11th of November it will reach its shortest distance from the earth ; and towards

the middle of the 10th of January, 1829, it will arrive at the perihelion. It is hoped that the observations on this comet will tend to resolve the important question as to the resistance of the ether to the movements of celestial bodies.

HYPOCHONDRIACS.

In cases of hypochondriasm, the sense of touch is sometimes affected with singular aberrations. One believes himself made of glass or chaff; some think they have no head; others, that they are so light, that they fear the wind will blow them away; another will make oath that he distinctly feels his nose immeasurably long. Some think they perceive odors or sounds agreeable or disagreeable. M. Cabanis tells us, that he knew a man, otherwise very ingenious and rational, who felt himself alternately extended and diminished to infinity, though his other senses were sound, and his judgment correct.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

The Dublin Evening Mail affirms, that a boy of thirteen years of age, named James Graham, and residing at Mountcharles, in Donnegal, has demonstrated the famous problem of the quadrature of the circle.

CRY OF THE DEATH'S HEAD MOTH.

The sounds produced by insects, such as the chirping of crickets, the humming of bees, &c., are not produced as in the vertebrated animals, by the mouth, nor even by the aid of the air which is respired, but by some external apparatus designed, it would appear, for that particular purpose. One of the most singular sounds, however, produced by any insect, is that of the death's head moth, (*Acherontia Atropos*), which has been variously explained. We do not find that it is mentioned by Kirby and Spence, though they take notice of the electric-like crack produced by the larva; but M. Passerini, curator of the Museum of Natural History at Florence, has lately investigated the subject anatomically, and not having before his eyes

any fears of a charge of cruelty, he cut away portion after portion of the poor moths, till he traced the origin of the sound to the interior of the head, in which he discovered a cavity at the passage into which muscles are placed for impelling and expelling air, the cause, as he thinks, of the sound in question. M. Dumeril has since discovered a sort of tympanum stretched over this cavity, like, as he says, to the head of a drum, (*tendue comme la peau d'un tambour*).

AURORA BOREALIS.

Though the origin of Auroræ is generally ascribed to electricity in a rarified atmosphere, yet the following ingenious hypothesis from a writer in a late number of the "Philosophical Magazine," is worthy of notice:—"It is generally at or near the time of the equinoxes that these lights make their appearance in our latitudes, at which time the sun's rays would be tangents to the poles of the earth, were they not disturbed by the refractive power of the atmosphere. By this refraction, it is obvious that the rays will extend to a certain point beyond the pole, on the side opposite to the sun, when they must of course fall on the immense accumulation of ice within the polar circle, which will be reflected with great brilliancy towards the darkened hemisphere, undergoing in their course another refraction, which bends them still more southward; and as the atmosphere possesses the power of reflecting light, these rays will finally fall back on the earth, and will at a certain angle, and in certain limits, be visible to its inhabitants." We consider this theory to be equally rational with the well-known theory of double refraction and reflection in the formation of the iris, or rainbow.

EFFECT OF MOUNTAINS ON THE ATMOSPHERE.

Mountains precipitate the moisture contained in the air, not so much by attracting it to their summits, as in consequence of their rocky and grassy sides, when acted on by the sun, heat-

ing large masses of air in the cold upper regions of the atmosphere, which, streaming upwards, come in contact with cold currents, moving laterally, or otherwise generate circumstances that will cause precipitation. A small increase of elevation compensates in adding to the quantity of rain for a great distance from the sea. At Geneva, the annual fall of rain is 40 inches; while at Paris, (300 miles nearer the sea,) it is only 19½ inches. In England, it is found that Keswick and Kendal, situated among the mountains, have 67 or 69 inches of rain annually, while places in the level country, and on the sea coast, have only 24 inches. But, although more rain falls in mountainous than in level countries, the depth is greater at the bottom than at

the top of a mountain, and close to the surface of the ground than at a distance from it.

MOUNTAIN ECHO.

Among the glaciers above the village of Maglan are echoes which repeat the same sound a great number of times; and, when once such a sound is produced, it is propagated and repeated from rock to rock, producing a prolonged *réentissement* like that of a trumpet when it is blown loud and long. ("Saussure Voyage dans les Alpes.") Lord Byron talks of such Alpine sounds leaping as if instinct with animation, when

From cliff to cliff
Leaps the live thunder.
Childe Harold.

VARIETIES.

"Come, let us stray
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk."

DR. PARR'S WRITING MATERIALS.

THE beau-ideal of a dandy penman would shrug his shoulders to contemplate Parr's writing apparatus and materials. In that library he could meet with no splendid writing-table, no desk of satin wood inlaid with silver and ivory, no tortoise-shell inkstand with burnished appendages: Parr contemned every thing of the sort. He never wrote upon any kind of desk; he always laid his paper flat on the table; there was no preparation. Upon a long deal table, whose site was between the windows, commonly stood a supply of ragged edged foolscap, and which Parr could convert, with the dexterity of a juggler, into the *pabulum proprium pennæ*. The mode of operation was this:—when he himself was to be the scribe, this foolscap was transferred to the round table which stood in the centre of the room. He would then detach a sheet, pass it neatly and lightly between his lips, divide it, fold up each leaf double, and thus you had in a moment the sheet of foolscap transformed into something like two passa-

ble sheets of pigmy letter paper, with all its roughness preserved. There was no occasion for paper-cutters, or penknives. The inkstand was *en suite*: it was, I think, of tin; but so battered and grim from age and service, that its original composition was doubtful. The stumps it usually contained were sacred to the Doctor's hieroglyphics; few beside could use them. A bundle of pens was mostly thrown down for any other writer's use, and a box of wafers and a wafer-seal, a stick of wax, and Parr's own armorial signet, were at your option.

JOHN MILTON.

Milton's opinions were the result of earnest independent thought, carried on in the depths of his own mind, without heed to the dogmas of any sect, established or recusant. And, as they were not formed from a comparison of the opinions of any sect, so neither can they be pressed into the service of any. Sever and sectarianize them, and you give them another meaning from the meaning which they

had in his mind. It is mean and paltry to say that you use his words. What signify the words? Do you really believe that the men who have strained Scripture to support cruelty and crime, and did not change a letter, but merely took away the feeling and sense of the original, are one whit better than those who thought themselves at liberty to omit and interpolate whenever it suited their convenience?

If it is base to give a false impression of a single passage by wrenching it from its context, how much baser, if rightly considered, is it to give a false impression of a mind like Milton's, in which all the truths interpenetrate and nourish each other, and can no more be divided, without losing their efficacy and virtue, than an artery can be divided from the body, and yet continue to perform its functions. The truth is, that no sect can compel Milton into its wooden walls and mud enclosures. It is not possible that he should be holden of them. They may, if they please, fight around his body; they may tear him limb from limb; and each, having carried some portion of him into its own den, may boast that it possesses Milton; but it is false. The living spirit is not with any of them. He whose sect was the universe, cannot dwell with those whose universe is their sect. While they are endeavoring to make him repeat their Shibboleths, he is joining in the "myriad harpings and seven-fold hallelujahs around the throne of God."

THE FAMILY SUIT.

The son-in-law of a chancery barrister having succeeded to the lucrative practice of the latter, came one morning in breathless ecstasy to inform him that he had succeeded in bringing nearly to its termination, a cause which had been pending in the court of scruples for several years. Instead of obtaining the expected congratulations of the retired veteran of the law, his intelligence was received with indignation. "It was by this suit,"

exclaimed he, "that my father was enabled to provide for me, and to portion your wife, and with the exercise of common prudence it would have furnished you with the means of providing handsomely for your children and grand-children."

DANTE.

When this distinguished poet was in banishment at Verona, he had for his patron Candella Scala, the prince of that country. At his court were several strolling players, one of whom, distinguished for his ribaldry, was much caressed beyond the others. The prince, on one occasion, when this man and Dante were both present, highly extolled the former, and, turning to the poet, said, "I wonder that this foolish fellow should have found out the secret of pleasing us all, and making himself admired; while you, who are a man of great sense, are in little esteem:" to which Dante replied, "You would cease to wonder at this, if you knew how much the conformity of characters is the source of friendship."

CHINESE ALMANACS.

The company of stationers have not in China the honor of gulling the people as they have in England. The good people of the Celestial Empire are annually cheated by the authority of the Emperor himself. Besides astronomical calculations, &c., the Chinese almanacs contain the days and hours divided into lucky and unlucky, by judicial astrology: the time is marked when to let blood; nay, the lucky minute when to ask a favor of the Emperor, to honor the dead, offer sacrifice, marry, build, invite friends, and every thing relating to public or private affairs. These works are in everybody's hand, and are regarded as oracles.

LADIES' DRESSES.

In the time of Henry VIII. the gown, composed of silk or velvet, was shortened or lengthened according to the rank of the wearer. The countess was obliged, by rules of etiquette,

to have a train both behind and before, which she hung upon her arm, or fastened upon her girdle; the baroness, and all under her degree, were prohibited from assuming that badge of distinction. The matron was distinguished from the unmarried woman, by the different mode of her head attire: the hood of the former had been recently superseded by a coif or close bonnet, of which the pictures of Holbein give a representation; while the youthful and the single, with characteristic simplicity, wore the hair braided with knots of ribbon.

THE LAST VERY BAD PUNS.

This being what is called the dull season, it is uncommonly pleasant to mark the effect it has upon the human mind, in producing such abominable puns as the following:—

Why are washer-women, busily engaged, like Adam and Eve in Paradise? Because they are *so-apy* (so happy.)

Why is a widower, going to be married, like Eau de Cologne? Because he is *re-wiving*.

Why is a vine like a soldier? Because it is listed and trained, has *tendrills*, and shoots.

Why is a sailor when at sea, not a sailor? Because he's *a-board*.

Why is a city gentleman, taken poorly in Grosvenor Square, like a recluse? Because he is *sick-westward* (sequestered).

Why is it better for a man to have two losses than one? Because the first is a loss, and the second is *a-gain*.

"If Britannia rules the waves," said a qualmish writing master, going to Margate last week in a storm, "I wish she'd rule 'em *straighter*."

In the Netherlands it is the custom to mix coffee with a little *chicorée*, which is cultivated in the fields; it is an agreeable bitter, and when prepared, sells at four sous per pound. Servants object to their café being too highly saturated with this weed; and when settling for wages, they frequently ask, "*Mais, Madame, combien de chicorée dans le café?*"

SNUFF.

Even among the rudest and poorest of the inhabitants of Scotland, and at a period when their daily meal must have been always scanty, and frequently precarious, one luxury seems to have established itself, which has unaccountably found its way into every part of the world. We mean tobacco. The inhabitants of Scotland, and especially of the Highlands, are notorious for their fondness for snuff; and many were the contrivances by which they formerly reduced the tobacco into powder. Dr. Jamieson, the etymologist, defines a *mill* to be the vulgar name for a snuff-box, one especially of a cylindrical form, or resembling an inverted cone. "No other name," says he, "was formerly in use. The reason assigned for this designation is, that when tobacco was introduced into this country, those who wished to have snuff were wont to toast the leaves before the fire, and then bruise them with a bit of wood in the box; which was therefore called a *mill*, from the snuff being *ground* in it." This, however, is said to be not quite correct; the old snuff-machine being like a nutmeg-grater, which made snuff as often as a pinch was required.

A MOTTO.

A constant frequenter of city feasts having grown enormously fat, it was proposed to write on his back, "*Widened at the expense of the Corporation of London.*"

PARTY RAGE IN THE 15TH CENTURY.

Party rage ran so high in 1403, that an act of parliament was found necessary to declare "Pulling out of eyes and cutting out of tongues to be felony."

HUMAN ENJOYMENTS.

To complain that life has no joys, while there is a single creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our counsels, or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess; and is just as rational as to die for thirst with the cup in our hands.

SPIRIT

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SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS, STATESMEN, &c.

No. IV.—MR. JAMES MILL.

THE reputation which this writer has achieved is the strongest evidence of the practical character of English mind in the present age; that is to say, of our habit of thinking directly and immediately about practice, without considering at all that foundation of conscience, and enlarged experience, and philosophical enlightenment, on which good practice can alone be built. Wisdom, in other countries, and in other periods of this country, has been held to include in itself a moral tendency and power, and much also of which it is not the purport to bear in the first instance, on conduct, and many feelings and principles valuable not as instruments, but simply as being true and good. A philosopher, in the language of some generations, was a man who drew from his own mind, and from the nature of things, the laws of universal truth, whereby alone phenomena can be explained. Nothing which is not an end in itself can be at once both fact and reason; and the merely mechanical and subservient requires something higher than it can supply, to manifest the idea, whereof it is the outward realization. An idea of this kind has, in truth, the closest relation to men's feelings and affections. It was in this way that the philosophy of Socrates gained its proper and distinctive renown. Not because it was a mere classifying of external facts, but because it was drawn from the living

substance of the human mind, instead of referring to abstractions and names, which have nothing to do with the actual processes of our thoughts, desires, and convictions. It is, of course, possible to form scientific systems without reference to the testimony of consciousness; and, if these be sedulously and honestly framed, they will have a value of their own, as means and materials. But the purport of those things, which are the subjects of the science, will be utterly beyond its domain, unless that shall have been traced out and subdued by a mind accustomed to meditate on itself. One kind of skill is requisite to put together the scattered leaves of Sibyl Nature, and arrange in connected periods the piecemeal words and chaotic phraseology. Another, absolutely different, and immeasurably higher, is necessary to interpret the language in which she writes, and expound her symbol characters.

But in our day and land a man earns the reputation of philosophy by simply generalizing on facts, and for that purpose taking away from them every thing which made them interesting to the agent. All the external business of the world has increased enormously in extent and activity. Experiment and mechanical invention have multiplied themselves in every department of industry. Earth, sea, and air, have given up their secrets, and enriched mankind with all their

powers. Every resource that nature contains has been investigated and applied, till the land has become one vast manufactory ; the sea one broad highway of nations ; every nook is the domain of labor, and every shore an emporium. The mind of man is given up to these things : and production, and accumulation, have become the vocation of the world. Literature, too, partakes of this character : and the research for truth is no longer considered important, except inasmuch as it conducts to profit. We crowd to the temple, not that we may listen to the oracles, or kneel before the altar ; but to barter our souls at the tables of the money-changers. The curse, therefore, which smote Heliodorus in the midst of his sacrilege, the same shall fall on us.

The world is sure enough to pay attention to its worldly wants. The necessities which we have in common with the beasts, will always be of at least sufficient importance in ordinary eyes. It should be the business of literature to preserve and disseminate truth, with regard to those subjects which belong peculiarly to man, which constitute our essential humanity. To the philosopher is committed this task of teaching his age that there are many faculties in the mind besides those which are needful for the support of the body : that each has its peculiar object, beauty, morality, religion, truth ; that to resolve any one into the other, is to destroy so much of man's inheritance ; and yet that, if any one be cultivated exclusively, instead of independently, of the rest, the whole will necessarily be ruined. Not only for the purpose of enforcing these truths is the philosopher appointed, but also for keeping alive on earth the conviction that, in the consciousness of these truths, and in devotion to them, resides the genuine hope and glory of human nature : not for teaching religion, and religion in its highest and most perfect form, Christianity, as a thing totally cut off from our daily feeling and habitual conduct, but as including every de-

partment of thought, and all our duties, and those especially which are the laws of our most precious powers, and which flow from our relation to God.

A philosopher, in this sense of the word, Mr. Mill is not. He does not profess to love wisdom, but the consequences to which wisdom leads ; and is, therefore, no more a philosopher than he who weds for money is a lover. The only wisdom which is of any value contains, in itself, the means of moral as well as intellectual excellence. It is essentially different from prudence ; and an extended prudence is all which can be learned from the writings of this author, or is ever inculcated in them. At the same time, he is often an acute and a laborious authority ; and the range of his general acquirements appears to be highly respectable, while his benevolence is obvious and delightful, and evidently proceeds from a higher source, and is supported by a stronger sanction than the author himself would be willing to recognise. His works, so far at least as is commonly known, are a volume of "The Elements of Political Economy," a "History of British India," and several Essays on Government and Legislation, in the Supplement to the "Encyclopædia Britannica." If the author has produced any other works than these, it should be remembered that by these alone he is here judged.

As mere compositions, they are marked by a niggard and dreary style, such that even the laurels of his fame will not suffice to conceal from a single eye the baldness they encircle. It seems to be the author's main effort to separate his subject into as many atoms as possible, and to put each of these into a sentence which will exactly hold it ; and he takes a sedulous and perverse care to divest his little, lifeless, shapeless, fragmentary propositions, of every accompaniment of sympathy or association, even the most completely justified by what goes before ; so as to secure the want of all unity of impression from the

whole. This is a great defect ; and akin to it is another : Mr. Mill never brings before us his view of any point by an image ; which may at once make the subject plainer than whole pages of mere argumentation, and by remaining fixed in the mind, may for ever serve to recal the reason which it has originally illustrated. Does Mr. Mill really believe that the column is the weaker or the less majestic, because the primroses grow around its base ; that the armor is the more frail, because it is embossed with gold ; or, that the Damascus sabre will smite the less surely, for its flowery fragrance ? Like the fountain, which nourishes the roots of the oak, a feeling lies deep and fresh at the root of all valuable moral truths. It goes along with them in all their progress ; and, if we find that which professes to be such a truth, unaccompanied by this inward life, we may be sure that it is either an error, or the produce of some other mind than that which presented it to us ; even as if we saw a tree on a dry spot of the desert, we might be certain that it either was utterly useless, or had been brought thither from some more generous soil. In ethics, love accompanies intelligence ; and when a man is writing on these subjects, affection will show itself, now in tracing out a thousand analogies ; now in bringing rapidly together many particulars, all welded into one by the fervor of the soul ; and, again, by perpetually recurring from the individual proposition to the general feeling which alone gives it importance. It is easy to say that all this is so much injury done to the logical excellence of the style : but to harmonise logical perfection with strength of sentiment, is the task and the prerogative of philosophers, and men of genius ; and, moreover, if part of a composition brings every one, whose sympathies are healthy, into a certain state of consciousness,

with which the tone of the remainder of the author's speculations is totally at variance, however fitted it may be to any arbitrary canons of the schools, human nature will trample on schools and scholars, and proclaim that the logic of rhetoricians* is very different from the logic of the mind.

Such seem to us the radical defects of Mr. Mill's style. On the whole, it wants both ease and strength. It is, as nearly as possible, the style of "Euclid's Elements," adapted to subjects for which Euclid never would have used it. Dry, harsh, and prickly, it would be utterly unendurable, but there is enough of real information conveyed in it to compensate for much annoyance. Grapes do sometimes grow on thorns, and figs on thistles ; though now and then the grapes are sour, and the figs, like those sold in the streets of Constantinople, are cried with rather excessive ostentation.† There would, nevertheless, be something manly and simple in this writer's compositions, but for the affectation which is exhibited in many occasional phrases, a sort of Utilitarian coxcombry, and professorial pretension. Such modes of speech as "the matter of evil," and "portion of discourse ;" and the formulas, (they occur in every page of Mr. Mill's writings,) "either a thing is white, or it is black. If white, then, &c., if black, then something else," and so forth ; all these are mere pedantries, worthy only of a school-boy, in the lowest class of Utilitarian Philosophy,—a Neophyte in the outer court of the Temple of the Economic Goddess. Yet we believe these absurdities may help to win admirers and proselytes. For when the merely getting by rote a few simple phrases and sentences of this kind, and the employment of them in all companies, will gain for any one the reputation of profoundness, it would be strange indeed if many did not avail them-

* We must be satisfied for the present to take Rhetoric in Dr. Whately's sense of "Argumentative Composition."

† "In the name of the Prophet, Figs !" Mr. Mill's Prophet, however, is not Mahomet, but Mr. Bentham.

selves of so easy a "*Gradus ad Philosophiam*."

It has been said already, that Mr. Mill has knowledge sufficient to make him—in spite of these drawbacks—a valuable author. If we did not think him an influential writer, we should not now be examining the character of his works. But it is observable, that little of his knowledge is his own. He is not, indeed, one of the pedants who put their minds into their books, instead of putting their books into their minds. But neither is he one of the thinkers who, instead of keeping books in their minds as they came from their authors, recompose them there with a thousand new illustrations, strong connections, and nice dependencies. Take the system of the human mind of Locke, the theory of religion of Hume, the principles of government and legislation of Bentham, and the political economy of Ricardo; deprive these of all which made them peculiarly the property of their inventors, of all their air of originality, of all their individual lineaments, and join them together in one mass, and you have the creed of the Historian of British India. But many of the doctrines which he holds have undoubtedly been stated by him more clearly than by any one else: and in his great work he has applied them to a wide range of subjects, and supported them in appearance by such a multiplicity of facts, that it certainly deserves to be held among the oracular books of the sect.

The History of British India is clearly distinguishable, though not divisible, into two parts. The one relates to England and Englishmen, the other to India and its Natives. Of the former of these portions we need say but little. It is in general executed with ability and knowledge. For the author's system of human nature, though professing to be universal, is drawn from the circumstances of modern Europe; and the vesture fits tolerably well the form for which it was intended,—infinitely better at least than it would adapt itself to any other. His

observations on commercial questions are commonly excellent: and his mode of analysing the different measures and institutions of British statesmanship is full of acuteness. Even in these we could have wished for some more earnest enforcing of national duty, some stronger evidences of faith in the possibility of human virtue. But if there is any subject in discussing which the want of that faith is excusable, it is undoubtedly the recent history of English Parliaments and Ministers. His scalpel is practised in the laying open men's motives; and if he is too much predisposed to find the parts diseased, he is, at all events, an unsparing operator when they really are so. We should probably not be inclined to make the same use of Mr. Mill's political discoveries and demonstrations as he would do. But they are curious and valuable to every benevolent reformer who has accustomed his mind to trace and to lament the influence of bad institutions on national well-being.

But with regard to that more difficult division of this writer's labors which refers to Hindoostan, we can give no such applause. It seems to us that his views on this subject are fundamentally and desperately wrong. He has, in no one instance, made the slightest approach to understanding of the Hindoo Polity. To comprehend the principles and mode of thought which prevail among any people, it is necessary to seize the idea on which their social system is founded. In every community which has antiquity and a national life of its own, such an idea has existed, the mould for the mind of the society, sometimes partially realised in institutions, sometimes partially manifested in great changes, sometimes lost for a period amid internal tumults, or, perhaps, destroyed for ever by subjection to foreigners. But to grasp this is to hold the clue which alone can guide us to full intelligence of the religion, the laws, the literature, the primary institutions of a people. To select some of its results, and to judge them

by rules totally independent of the cause from which those results arose, is to take security for our own ignorance, and to give evidence of nothing but our own folly. This has been done by the author whom we are now considering; and this has vitiated all his reasonings.

The more difficult and more interesting points in the subject of his great work are almost all of them thus perverted. Nor is there a single object looked at in the light of any other master-thought than that of the universal propensity of mankind to pursue what appears to them their own interest. The writer sees, in the institution of castes, and in all the laws which are explicable by that institution, (but which he does not so explain,) only the proofs that a people may be deluded to their own misery. He does not attempt to understand the historical idea of Hindoo society, which is necessary for expounding all its phenomena. Neither do we profess to understand it. But we at least see its necessity. The difficulties of the subject may, *perhaps*, (we speak in doubt and humility,) be explained, by supposing that the higher castes, the priestly and the warlike, were, in some distant age, the invaders and conquerors of India. One of those armies of soldiers, conducted by the wisdom of priests, which, at one period or other of a remote antiquity, have overrun the whole world, and produced changes, political and religious, as important to mankind as the greatest of the physical convulsions of the earth have been to the material globe. This notion, (we avow it to be nothing more,) as regards India, would give a purport and ulterior interest to the wonderful fact of the Sovereigns of that country having assumed to themselves, and still retaining, the rack-rents of the whole Peninsula. We confess that the hypothesis mentioned above, which we have no pretension to claim as our own, is the only one which occurs to our minds, as indicating a source copious and remote enough to

permit the deduction from it of all those wide and long and powerful currents which now mark the social surface of India. But, be this as it may, all we contend for is, that a grave, a learned, an able author, such as undoubtedly is Mr. Mill, was bound to furnish some explanation of the mysteries and hieroglyphics painted on the walls, amid which he leads us temporarily to inhabit. If he merely copies the inscription, instead of translating it, he does not fulfil his task. Or, to take a kindred image, if he affixes to the words which were written in one language the meaning which those sounds indicate in another, he commits an error not glorious to himself, and mischievous to the majority of his readers.

The one object of the long and elaborate chapters on the Hindoos, and of many subsequent casual allusions, is to determine the point in the scale of what the writer terms civilisation, at which the people he speaks of stood. But it is painful to feel, throughout, the impossibility of discovering in his pages any clear account of what "civilisation" is. Many of those things which thinkers of all parties would regard as helping to constitute civilisation, are, by him, uniformly spoken of as being merely its evidences. Many which, in our eyes, are accidental peculiarities, are, in his, the strongest proofs of it; and those which are held for its essence and life, by the believers in man's religious and moral nature, are, by him, either totally omitted, or treated with some indication of careless contempt. It seems probable, that if all he has said on the subject were brought together, he would be found to place the good and beautiful of a nation in the knowledge and practice of sound political economy and in an improved judicial system,—to the entire exclusion of every thing which comes home to men's feelings, of all improvement in the sense of duty, in reverence for truth, in love to God and man.

We are inclined to think that the majority of the political mistakes of

this reasoner, though the natural outgrowth of an erroneous and unhappy system of human nature, could not have existed to such a degree without an inattention to the spirit of history, a kindred product on the same system. Is it not melancholy that an "Essay on Government" should have been written, however concise and compendious, in which we find no more than one or two cursory allusions to the experience of nations? And is not this fact a symptom of a general tendency to turn away the eye from all that is necessarily different in the circumstances of different communities? to shut from our contemplation that inner life of society which is perpetually working outward, and flinging off the slough and decay of its body; and as constantly drawing in to feed itself with, and assimilate them to its own nature, the resources and materials that surround it? There is a growth and progress of a people which acts from an interior law of its own, and makes the application to it at any period, of a merely abstract theory, a folly and an impossibility. Any man who should directly assert, that the same institutions are applicable to all countries, at every time, to the North American Indians, to the Arabs, the Hottentots, the Chinese, the English, —would not be a man to be answered, but one to be put in a strait-waistcoat. Yet, the reasonings of the "Essay on Government" are as universal as those of geometry, and if good at all, would be just as valid arguments for a Negro or an Esquimaux, as for a Parisian or a Prussian. To rest satisfied, therefore, with it, as with a sound political system, is quietly to repose on the pillow of an absurdity.

The chapter of the History on the Literature of India, ought to have been one of the highest interest and value. There are few things of the kind more curious, than the absence of all history, the general extravagance of the poetry, in connection with the occasional subtilty and sublimity of the philosophical doctrines, in the books of the Brahmins. Mr. Mill treats the

whole subject as contemptible. His criticism on the Hindoo works of imagination is, probably, not much too severe, though it exhibits no evidence whatsoever of critical science. But it is scarcely conceivable by what extravagance of Voltarian empiricism he should have been led to write as he has done about Indian philosophy. We doubt not, that, with some exceptions, it is absurd and stupid; and that the better portions of it are little understood or cherished by the vast majority of the Brahmins. But how did the Vedanti theory ever arise among such a people? Mr. Mill pretends to bring evidence that refined abstract speculations have always flourished among rude nations; but he brings no testimonies, none, at least, the vagueness of which does not make it entirely nugatory, to the existence of metaphysical science in any barbarous country, except, indeed, where it has been transplanted from the Athenian garden, or copied from the paintings of the Stoa. Nor can we be satisfied with the still more shallow device of asserting, that the "propensity to abstract speculations is the natural result of the state of the human mind in a rude and ignorant age;" (History of British India, vol. ii. p. 70, 8vo. edition;) or with the ludicrous impropriety of the attempt to support this statement by the authority of Condillac, who merely says, that children early learn to class many objects together from observation of their outward resemblances. Mr. Mill pretends that the Vedanti doctrine is utterly despicable and worthless, both as given by Sir William Jones and by Sir James Mackintosh. It would be easy for Mr. Mill to say the same of Plato. But one assertion is worth just as much as another; and we confess we cannot conceive how such a belief can have arisen, except from the partial perversion of some early and holy tradition, or from the force of a powerful and subtle mind, long accustomed to brood over its own consciousness. Now the difficulty, and it appears in our eyes a great one,

is, to discover in what way a theory so remote and transcendent, (however erroneous; and we are convinced, that if we have it in its integrity, it is erroneous,) can have been united to such gross and miserable follies as form the mass of Sanscrit learning. However, we can now pursue no further the examination of the chapter on literature, and must leave to the judgment of its readers its heap of irrelevant, ill-arranged, and uncomparated authorities, its careless condemnation of things which the writer has not taken the trouble to comprehend, and its grave quotation from Voltaire, of the precious opinion, that the poetry of the Old Testament is completely worthless. But we must turn, to say a few words of a chapter on religion, which is about as valuable, when compared with the theology of Isaiah, as is the poetry of the Pucell, when weighed against the book of Job.

We are very anxious that nothing we say should tend to excite a religious clamor against the writings now before us. To our fear of abetting this theological fury we would give up any thing, except candor. And we trust we shall save ourselves from being accomplices in so odious a result, by premising, that so far as we have seen, this writer has never said any thing against the truth of Christianity. If he had avowed himself to be a Deist or an Atheist, we should still feel nothing but regret, and should endeavor, as earnestly as possible, to show the cruelty, the folly, the criminality, of persecuting any man's conscience. The author attempts to account for the existence of religion in the world (independent of revelation) by saying, that "prior to experience and instruction, there is a propensity in the imagination to endow with life whatever we behold in motion; or, in general, whatever appears to be the cause of any event. A child beats the inanimate object by which it has been hurt, and caresses that by which it has been gratified." Now, in the first place, is this con-

duct on the part of children any thing more than imitation? If not, the analogy goes for nothing. But does the author really think that so universal and so permanent a power as (unrevealed) religion is to be accounted for by a sentence about a child whipping a foot-stool? And in the process which he describes, whereby from such an origin religion grows up, till at last the "ingenuity of fear and desire" invents "a higher strain of flattery," and men find out the unity of God, (see *History of British India*, vol. i. p. 295, 8vo. edition,) "in this process, can a calm and candid mind discover causes sufficient to produce all the different religions of the world, and all the strange varieties, Idolatry, Pantheism, and pure Theism?" No; whatever may be said as to natural religion, by those who exaggerate what needs no adventitious importance, the value, namely, of revelation, or by those who depreciate it from indifference to religion of all kinds, there must be at the root of the human mind a propensity, the strongest and best portion of our birthright, to believe in something higher and earlier than nature. The trouble is not to account for the existence of religion, but for the imperfection of it. And nothing can solve the difficulty but our knowledge of the feebleness of all the faculties of savages, and of the slowness of any tendency among them to refer particulars to universals, and exchange notions for ideas. To prove that religious feeling often exists in no shape but that of debasing superstition, is not to prove that man had better be without religion, but that his whole nature stands in need of improvement. It strikes us as extremely curious that Mr. Mill should not have been more impressed and interested by the strange mixture of true and false, of good and evil, found in the books of Indian theology, from which he quotes so largely. There are fragments of the most sublime Deism, and others of a beautiful Pantheism, mixed in wonderful confusion and in melancholy contrast with all

that is vilest and meanest in a miserable system of idolatry. How did these heterogeneous particles coalesce? How did the dust of corruption and the Spirit of God thus meet together? Whence this mingling of life and death? No such question as this occurs to the writer. It never suggests itself to him, that a great truth cannot have been the contemporaneous produce of the same mind as a host of errors, all of which that truth excludes. He does not inquire; he does not hesitate; he starts no hypothesis; much less does he search diligently till he has found the original key to the mystery. But he carelessly throws aside the whole matter with the observation, that improvement in the language of religion is no evidence of improvement in the idea: and most certainly it is no evidence with regard to those who employ it, but the strongest with regard to those who invented it. Had we space at command, could we publish a tithe of the pages in one of Mr. Mill's volumes, we would willingly consider these subjects at far greater length. As it is, we must now quit them; and we should much regret if, in doing so, we were to leave our readers under an impression more unfavorable to this teacher than is our own. It is natural, in examining literary works of a speculative character, to dwell on those points with regard to which we

differ from the author. But we beg our readers to remember, that we have judged Mr. Mill by the very highest of all standards, namely, by contrasting his performance with ideal excellence. He is obviously a person of unwearied diligence, of great acuteness, of a well-compacted and highly-disciplined intellect; and, above all, of a strong and large benevolence. The last of these merits we perhaps estimate at least as highly as some of those who would be louder and more indiscriminate in their applause. Nor do we overlook the merit of this writer in opposing himself, amid such a system as that which now prevails in England, to the many misdeeds of power. But such is our impression of the importance of principles, and of the principles more especially with regard to which we differ from Mr. Mill, that we should have outraged the strongest sense of duty, by concealing or qualifying our dissent from his doctrine. And no fear of being called what we should most abhor to be, persecutors, that is, and bigots, shall prevent us from raising our voices against a system which, in our view, would make reason, imagination, truth, and benevolence, mere instruments for supplying those wants which we have in common with the brutes, instead of their being the powers which wear the image of God, and are designed to raise us towards Him.

NO. V.—THE REV. DR. CHALMERS.

If ever piety looked altogether beautiful or noble in any one, it does so in Dr. Chalmers. In his case, religion is evidently an influence that has shed itself over the native character of the man, only to soften or subdue whatever about it partook of the harsh or the repulsive, and still more to exalt and refine all its loftier and better tendencies. He is a man of high genius, regenerated by an alchemy which is even more powerful than that of genius. Notwithstanding the generosity and overflowing kindness of nature which have marked him from

his birth, his fervid and impetuous spirit was not, probably, originally exempted from that impatience and precipitancy which form the besetting disease of extreme sensibility, especially when excited by the consciousness of extraordinary powers; and some passages in his earlier history, indeed, are not yet altogether forgotten, which prove clearly enough that in those days his feelings were rather more than a match for his prudence. He used, at all events, as is well known, to be one of the most latitudinarian and unscrupulous of clergy-

men ; preaching with his characteristic zeal a very ultra-liberal theology to his flock on the Sunday, and very often, during the rest of the week, throwing off his black coat for a red one ; for at that period the military epidemic was universal, and the reverend doctor had caught it in all its virulence. It has even been affirmed that he was wont occasionally to startle the villagers by exhibiting himself in his scarlet attire of a summer afternoon even immediately after descending from the pulpit—a manifestation of warlike ardor which those who know the feelings with regard to the sacredness of the Sabbath that exist among the Scottish peasantry, will readily believe must have excited no common sensation. The spirit of soldiery by which he was animated at this time breaks out with most amusing naïveté, in a work on the Financial Condition and Resources of the Country, which he composed while under its influence, and gave to the world through the medium of a provincial press. It is eloquently and powerfully written, though in somewhat a different, many will say a better style, than his subsequent works ; and abounds in original views developed with infinite ingenuity and plausibility ; but the direction of every shilling of the national wealth that can be spared after the population have obtained the absolute necessities of life, to the manufacture and maintenance of soldiers, is not so much advocated by the author by dint of argument, as assumed throughout the volume, without any argument at all, to be the only policy a sane government would ever dream of pursuing. It is a production which we would recommend to the perusal of the coming generation, likely as they are to grow up, it is to be hoped, in the cool atmosphere of peace, in order that they may learn in some degree to conceive what was the state of the general mind in the stirring times of their fathers—in the days when clergymen carried muskets, and every village in the land bristled with bayonets.

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This was not, however, Dr. Chalmers' first publication. He had some years before printed an anonymous pamphlet in reference to a matter—the appointment of Mr. Leslie to the mathematical chair in the University of Edinburgh—which agitated for many months the whole clerical and literary world of Scotland ; in which he gave still more reckless expression to the views he then entertained with regard to the obligations of his sacred office, by declaring that he knew no other duties a clergyman had to perform, except to write his sermon on the Saturday, and deliver it on the Sunday. But never ought this rash avowal to be alluded to, without mention being made at the same time of the manly and truly noble manner in which it was, many years after, retracted as publicly as it had been uttered.

The General Assembly of the Scottish Church, it may be necessary to inform our readers, is a deliberative body composed of deputies both from the clergy and the laity of the country, to the amount of between three and four hundred, which meets every year at Edinburgh, and continues its sittings for about a fortnight, for the final determination of all questions relating to the internal management of the Church that may be proposed by any of its members, or have been referred to its decision by the inferior ecclesiastical judicatories. Sanctioned as are the sittings of this body by the presence of an enthroned commissioner from the sovereign, who is always a Scottish nobleman, and surrounded as its proceedings are with not a little both of civil and military pomp, it presents—both from these external circumstances, and from the rank and talent of many of its members, among whom are always to be found, besides the clergy, a considerable proportion of the aristocracy, the judges, and the most distinguished names from the bar—a spectacle sufficiently imposing at least to the eye of a Scotsman, and not without interest to any over whose sympathies the aspect of popular institutions and the voice of

free debate have any power. The General Assembly has in fact been for ages the Parliament, or House of Commons of Scotland—by far the freest she ever had—and has often well supplied to her in times of peril and oppression, the want of every other *spiraculum libertatis*. It was, we think, in the year 1825, at the close of a warm and prolonged debate in this court, in which Dr. Chalmers had taken a distinguished part, that a member on the opposite side of the house took occasion to twit him in very coarse terms with the change his sentiments had undergone since the commencement of his pamphleteering career, when he had announced his creed upon the subject of clerical duty in the words that have been quoted above. The unmannerly and unfeeling attack was received by the crowded house and overflowing galleries to whom it was addressed, with a general murmur of indignation; and every eye was instantly turned upon its object, who sat with unmoved countenance until the orator had concluded his harangue.

As soon as it was over, he rose; and for a few moments the silence of intense expectation suspended the gazing audience. Dr. Chalmers, we should remark, is not distinguished as an extemporaneous speaker; the ornate and antithetic style of his oratory forbids that fluency which is only compatible with a less ambitious diction; and all his more brilliant addresses, accordingly, are prepared with great care and elaboration. On this occasion, therefore, we dare say, some of his friends, considering the extreme delicacy of his position, and how suddenly and unexpectedly he had been assailed, awaited his coming defence with some degree of trembling. But never shall we forget the instant and overwhelming triumph of that reply. He acknowledged in the amplest terms the justice of the rebuke that had been administered to him, and expressed his joy that the hour had come, when an opportunity was given him of thus publicly confessing how wrong, how outrageously wrong, had been the estimate

he had formed, in those bygone days, of the littleness of time and the magnitude of eternity. It was humbly, and yet proudly spoken; for the speaker felt, while the words fell from his lips, that he was acquitting himself nobly, and lifting himself to an immeasurable height, even while thus assuming the tone and attitude of sorrow and self-condemnation, above his humiliated assailant. We never witnessed any effect of eloquence like that produced by those few solemn sentences, thus firmly and dignifiedly pronounced, in circumstances that would have covered most men with abashment and confusion. They were followed by a universal storm of applause, in the midst of which the ashamed and mortified Thersites, whose vulgar abuse had been so manfully encountered and so splendidly repelled, endeavored in vain to make himself heard, even in apology for his luckless onset. His voice, repeatedly raised, was as often drowned in an outcry of aversion and disgust.

It is the distinction of Dr. Chalmers' piety, that it is the piety of high intellect, and can never be mistaken for any thing else. It is as impossible for this distinguished person to throw off his genius as it would be for him to throw off his godliness; and, from this peculiarity of character, he has formed, more perhaps than any other man of his time, a bond of connexion between the two worlds of religion and literature, having a name and a conspicuous rank in each, and being known to give to the one as well as to the other the devotion of all his affections. It is this, after all, that has constituted the secret of the mighty influence he has exercised in his own country especially, where for many years past his name has been with peer and peasant a consecrated sound; and the proudest members of the aristocracies both of literature and of fashion have recognized, in the humble parish minister, their associate and their equal. Still more popular preachers, in the literal sense of the phrase, than he has ever been,

have often arisen in past times, and are possibly to be found even in the present, in that land of fervid and overflowing theology. But he alone has been at once both the orator of the people, and the delight of the most cultivated and searching criticism—the charmer, not less of the appreciating few, than of the merely wondering many. Indeed, placed by the side of his pulpit rivals, his eminence is undoubtedly far more surpassing to the eye of lettered taste than it is, or can be, to that of his plebeian admirers. These last behold in him only a little more, perhaps, than the earnestness and vehemence of any of their other favorites, impaired, however, probably rather than augmented in point of effect, by the admixture of much in the matter of his discourses which they can no more understand or sympathize with than if the words were those of an unknown tongue.

It is not his eloquence, indeed, that has chiefly contributed to make Dr. Chalmers the idol of the multitude, but in some degree the circumstances of his personal history; and, in a far greater, the beauty of his moral character, and his unparalleled exertions, wherever he has gone, as the poor man's pastor and friend. Upon the great body of his auditors, what is richest and best in his eloquence, its originality, its intellectual power, its imaginative glow and coloring, is utterly thrown away. But fortunately for the permanence of his reputation, these high qualities have already lifted him to his proper place in the estimation of those who, though comparatively few in number, are eventually both the only effective diffusers of opinion, and the real makers of fame.

All who have even once heard Dr. Chalmers preach, will acknowledge that the striking and pervading characteristic of his eloquence is its intense originality; and his originality is a very different sort of thing from that elaborate affectation of peculiarity in which Mr. Edward Irving deals. He is all over as natural as he is ori-

ginal; his language, it is true, is not that of any other writer of the day, but neither is it a servile copy of that of any writer of former days. If you discern the individual in every sentence, you discern his living age also. It is the utterance of a man inspired, not by books, but by his own heart, and the kindred humanity that is around him. It is thus only, we apprehend, that the tones of genuine eloquence are ever to be expressed. You may imitate the sound of another's voice, but its soul you can never catch; and your music will thus, at best, only amuse the ear, but never touch the heart. Mr. Irving may be a far more skilful elocutionist than Dr. Chalmers, but he is not to be named with him in the same sentence as an orator; at least, if it be the business of our bosoms to say what is oratory.

It is not merely, however, by the more dazzling and meteoric qualities of his mind that Dr. Chalmers has made himself what he is, and done what he has done. With all his imagination and excitability, there is a basis of good sense and homely practical wisdom about his character, which for many years past, at least, has admirably balanced and regulated in him the eccentric tendencies of genius. Without this, his high powers, instead of the good they have done, would have, comparatively speaking, been valueless, or run to waste. It is this that has given, in a great measure, their stability and might to all of them; invigorating his imagination, even while it seemed to control it; and, while it guided his moral sensibilities away from whatever it would have been perilous for them to approach, providing them, at the same time, both with the healthiest nourishment, and the fittest domain wherein to expatiate.

But we have done—although these few hasty paragraphs hardly more than introduce our subject. We are no subscribers to some of the articles of Dr. Chalmers' theology; but would, nevertheless, that the religious

spirit of the age but took in all things the tone that he would give it—but borrowed a portion of his liberality, mildness, charity, and boundless and unaffected love for whatever the Creator has scattered over any of his works of the excellent or the beautiful! To whatever extent he has influenced the feelings of the religious world, the effect he has produced has been an ameliorating and an elevating

one; and if it be any service done to Christianity to have awakened to a feeling of her loveliness not a few of the finer spirits of his time, who, but for his eloquent voice, might have lived and died without dreaming that there was aught about her to admire or to care for, few, perhaps, of her apostles have, in this department of exertion, in any modern age, more fully earned their reward.

DIRGE TO THE MEMORY OF MISS ELLEN GEE, OF KEW,

WHO DIED IN CONSEQUENCE OF BEING STUNG IN THE EYE.

PEERLESS, yet hapless maid of Q!
Accomplish'd LN G!
Never again shall I and U
Together sip our T.

For ah! the Fates! I know not Y,
Sent midst the flowers a B,
Which ven'mous stung her in the I,
So that she could not C.

LN exclaim'd, "Vile spiteful B!
If ever I catch U,
On jess'mine, rosebud, or sweet P,
I'll change your stinging Q.

"I'll send you, like a lamb or U,
Across th' Atlantic C,
From our delightful village Q,
To distant OYE.

"A stream runs from my wounded I,
Salt as the briny C,

As rapid as the X or Y,
The OIO, or D.

"Then fare thee ill, insensate B!
Who stung, nor yet knew Y;
Since not for wealthy Durham's C
Would I have lost my I."

They bear with tears fair LN G
In funeral RA,
A clay-cold corse now doom'd to B,
Whilst I mourn her DK.

Ye nymphs of Q, then shun each B,
List to the reason Y!
For should AB CU at T,
He'll surely sting your I.

Now in a grave L deep in Q,
She's cold as cold can B;
Whilst robins sing upon A U,
Her dirge and LEG.

THE DEAF-AND-DUMB PAGE.

EVERARD DELAVAL was the son of a distant relation of the Meynells, who was killed in the Civil War, while a lieutenant in the regiment which Sir Richard, the reigning Meynell of that day, had raised for the king's service. Delaval had always been a poor man, and his little property had been totally dissipated by the exigences of the times; and when he died, leaving a motherless child, that child was not only pennyless, but was deaf and dumb. But he was not friendless; the promise which Sir Richard made to his dying kinsman, of taking care of his boy, was amply redeemed.

It was at Naseby that Delaval fell. It was not long, therefore, before the royal army ceased to exist, and its members were dispersed, some to their homes, and many to wander in exile. Sir Richard had been one of the warmest supporters of the royal cause; he had raised a regiment of cavalry at the very beginning of the war, and had fought at its head from Edgehill to Naseby. A more ardent partisan King Charles had not: but Sir Richard had other feelings also, and, like all his feelings, warm and strong to the last degree. He was married to a woman upon whom he doated, and

his children were the beloved of his soul. Still he had not scrupled to leave them, and pursue the war throughout its course. But now that all was lost—that the war was at an end, and the king put to death, Sir Richard felt that further sacrifice would be of no avail.

The consequence was, that Sir Richard compounded with the parliamentary commissioners; and, by suffering a heavy fine, was allowed to retain possession of his Arlescot estate. Hither, therefore, he retired—and he immediately sent for Everard Delaval home. The boy was, at that time, about five years old, and already gave promise of possessing uncommon beauty. He became the plaything of the whole house: all admired and loved him on account of his beauty, his liveliness, and his amiable disposition—all pitied him on account of his infirmity. Sir Richard, especially, showed him the greatest favor. He remembered his dying friend's anxiety about this helpless child—and how his mind was soothed and relieved by his promise of protection. Sir Richard, however, retained several of his military habits, and had many of the ideas of times obsolete already at his day, but many of the fashions of which he approved, and some of which he even adopted. The recent war, also, had tended to confirm him in his notions concerning how the young gentry should be reared. The breaking out of hostilities had found the immense majority, even of those of gentle blood, unused altogether to arms, and totally untrained to their exercise. Accordingly, he was determined to rear his sons differently, as well as the little orphan who had come under his care. Thus, although, probably, the office had been discontinued in families of his condition since the days of Elizabeth, he constituted little Everard his *Page*; and partly from Sir Richard always thus designating him seriously—and partly from his children repeating it, half in jest and half in wonder at the novelty, he came to be universally called and

known by the title of “the Page,”—to the almost total supersession of his name.

Sir Richard was unable, in consequence of the close vigilance of the powers that were, to carry his training to the extent he wished: but, as far as all the military parts of horsemanship went, it was, of course, impossible to restrain him—and, under cover of childish sports, much of the military exercise of the day was also communicated to the boys. In all these the Page was rapidly proficient. His ardor, his vivacity, his playfulness were all equally conspicuous. His intelligence, in despite of his awful privation of the ordinary means of exchanging thought, was extreme; and his ingenuity in devising means to convey his own ideas fully equalled his aptitude in comprehending those of others.

Thus matters went on till the Page was about fourteen years old, when a circumstance occurred from which the fate of his future life was fixed. This was the return to Arlescot of Sir Richard's daughter Emmeline. This young lady had been wholly bred up by an aunt, whose god-daughter she was, and who, having no children herself, had implored her brother to spare her this one of his many. To this he had consented; and, in consequence, Emmeline had resided with this lady from her very infancy till now, when, at the age of seventeen, she was restored, by her aunt's death, to her father's roof.

Emmeline Meynell was, at this time, probably one of the most fascinating beings that it was possible to behold. She was not what is termed regularly handsome; but she was far, far more attractive than many persons who strictly, perhaps, had greater claims to the possession of mere beauty. She was of a figure rather short than otherwise in stature, and of a grace of formation which, always beautiful, was doubly so in motion—in which her playful, buoyant, bounding disposition caused it almost constantly to be. The same lively and ardent temperament gave a vivid play

and wonderful variety to her countenance, which it was but too delightful to gaze on. Now, while the words of wit sprang from her lips, its spirit would flash in her eyes—and her whole face would become irradiated with the expression of a brilliant mind : now it would change from this to that livelier, though less keen, aspect, which joyous yet graceful playfulness lends so delightfully to a young girl's features ;—and now, again, the look of stern, almost fierce, scorn, which the mention of anything that was base called forth, would prove that the same countenance, so bright, and so sweet, could speak the higher passions as strongly ; while the softness and sadness which would pervade it when she was touched, showed that she possessed also in perfection those gentler and more endearing qualities which are, preëminently, the attributes of woman.

When she first arrived at her father's house, her spirits were still chilled, and her manners checked, by the recent loss of her who had stood to her in the place of a mother. But the extreme kindness of all—parents, sisters, brothers—soon dissipated her sadness ; for it is one of the most provident laws of Nature, that whatever may be the love borne by the child towards the parents, the bitterness of grief for their loss must ere very long pass away. Without this, indeed, the world would be one scene of mourning : but the fond and grateful remembrance—the recollections of early kindness, and of continued affection—the regretful sigh which springs to the lip when it pronounces the loved name—*these* feelings, it is to be hoped, never pass from the heart in which Feeling dwells.

Everard had, in spite of his half nickname of the Page, been in truth bred among the young Meynells completely as a brother—and a brother's feelings he had always experienced towards them all. But this brilliant apparition, which now, of a sudden, irradiated the whole scene at Arlescot, was viewed by him very differently. At first he rather feared her. Natu-

rally shrinking, in consequence of his infirmity, from strangers, who, of course, comprehended him with difficulty,—he now found a stranger—and *such* a stranger !—established in the very centre of the domestic circle in which he lived, and, very naturally, attracting an exceeding share of their notice and attention. Next, he began to admire her extremely, while the fear, in great measure, continued.—“ How animated—how brilliant—how expressive !” thought he, one evening, as she was detailing in the most vivid manner some of the things she had seen abroad with her aunt, to her brothers and sisters who surrounded her, anxiously catching every word she uttered—“ and how delightedly they are all listening to her !—I wonder what it is she speaks of !—Alas ! I cannot listen to her !”—and one of the pangs which, as he grew older, his situation was beginning to cause him, shot across his mind, and that more painfully than usual. “ But I can look at her—and her very countenance speaks !—What's that ?—what's that ?” he (alas ! I cannot say *said*—but) conveyed to one of the sisters who stood by, as a sort of expression of horror seemed to pervade the countenances of all, as though (as he thought) palely reflected from the breathing emotion which was conspicuous in Emmeline's. The girl explained to him that her sister was speaking of the falls of Schaffhausen, which she had seen when on the Continent—and over which she had beheld a boat drawn by the violence of the current. “ My sister was describing to us the one scream, which the poor man gave, at the moment all was lost—and that was what made us shudder—I never heard anything so horrible !”—“ Alas ! I cannot hear !” thought poor Everard, as he turned away—and never had his heart been so full at the reflection.

It was explained to Emmeline what questions Everard had been asking—and she, who pitied “ the Page” very much, went and fetched some drawings of Switzerland—and showed him

the spot where the accident she had been describing had occurred. Everard wished to ask her some further questions concerning it : but she did not understand his signs, and she could not, for the same reason, convey to him what she wished to say. After some fruitless attempts—she made a gesture that it was all in vain—and went, at the request of one of her brothers, to play to them on the spinnet. “It is, indeed, in vain,” thought Everard, as his eyes followed her glancing figure down the room, “I cannot interchange one thought with her!” and he bit his under lip convulsively, to check the tears which he felt springing to his eyes. “And there,” he continued, “she is delighting them all with delicious music—and I know not even what it means.”

From this evening, the Page’s thoughts became almost constantly fixed upon Emmeline. She had become, indeed, so completely the pervading spirit at Arlescot Hall, that it was no wonder if, as he almost began to think, he was fated to meet her at every turn ; to say nothing of the fact, which he did not *yet* know—that at every turn he *sought* her. Still they were not much together. His first difficulties in making himself understood by her had so chilled him that he avoided all occasions of conversing with her (I believe that is a word I *may* use) almost as much as he sought those of seeing her. To gaze upon her—to catch the expression of her smile, and watch the shifting glance of her eye—to look for her light form bounding along with the most graceful and elastic step—and to receive the nod, the smile, the kind wave of the hand, as she chanced to pass him ; it was upon such things—I was going to write such *trifling* things, but, as regarded him, they were anything but *that*—it was upon such things as these that the soul of Everard fed for months ; and he did not yet know that he was imbibing poison.

He was, indeed, so single-hearted in these matters that she was the first to have a vague suspicion of the truth.

As the summer advanced, Emmeline began to ride on horseback with her father and brothers, and the Page. It was this last who raised her upon her horse, and who assisted her in alighting from it. She had ridden a very few times when she perceived that a circumstance, which had at first struck her as casual, continued and even increased. Everard’s hand, with which he grasped her’s, as he placed the other beneath her foot to lift her to the saddle, trembled in a manner which could not but attract her attention : the attention once attracted could not but perceive, though undoubtedly she had no idea of its extent, a certain portion of the truth. For, in Everard, whose thoughts, being debarred their natural vent, lived in his face, it was impossible that feelings such as those which now were dawning within him, should not be distinctly visible to those who sought them. Emmeline looked in his face to gather knowledge—and what she saw there caused her eyes to be averted speedily.

“Is it possible ?—a boy, a mere boy—but fifteen last week. Tut !—the thought is too ridiculous—I am allowing my good opinion of my sweet self to run me into this absurdity. And the poor boy never has, three times in his life, exchanged thoughts with me ! we scarcely understand each other in the least, and yet I am fancying this nonsense.”—She looked again more boldly—“Pray Heaven it may not be so, after all !” was the result of that second glance.

These constant rides brought Emmeline and the Page into more frequent and closer contact. She gradually acquired the power possessed by her brothers and sisters of conversing with him with considerable facility—and she was surprised at finding, under all his disadvantages, the degree to which his mind was cultivated. Indeed, the very fact of his infirmity debarring him from general and easy intercourse, had thrown him, in a great degree, upon books as a resource, and he had profited by

them to the utmost; and this Emmeline, who had been far more educated than her sisters, had herself sufficient knowledge to appreciate.

The effect of such intercourse upon the unhappy boy was first to dissipate the degree of dread which still remained when he approached her—and next, to condense, to strengthen, and to render fervent the admiration he had always felt for her, till he could no longer mistake the name it more properly deserved to bear. But yet, according to one axiom on the subject of love, it did not deserve the name—for, if love cannot exist without hope, then this was not love. Hope there was none: he loved, indeed, as the Indian worships the sun, without the remotest idea of participation. This gave him a startling frankness of manner towards the object of his passion which could not have existed under any other circumstances—and which first bewildered and afterwards still amazed Emmeline herself. But what her ideas and feelings on the subject at this period were, will be best explained by a letter which she addressed to a friend, some three years older than herself, with whom, at her aunt's, she had been in habits of the closest intimacy. This lady had written to her a long and glowing account of the ceremonies and sights attending the Restoration, which had just taken place—and it was in answer to this that Emmeline now wrote. After commenting upon some of the accounts given by her friend, she proceeded thus:—

“You tell me that I ought to be with you in London, were it only for the swarm of gay gallants the King has brought with him from abroad, some of whom would not fail to become the votaries of *mes beaux yeux*. Alas! dear Mary, this expression made me think of one, most different, indeed, from these gay gallants, who is, here, exactly that votary of which you speak—for suitor, in any degree, he is not. It is altogether the strangest thing in the world—sometimes I am inclined most exceedingly to laugh

at it—at others, it very nearly makes me cry—and, at all, now that I really believe it seriously to be the case, it perplexes me beyond measure. Know, then, that my father has bred up in his house a distant kinsman, whose father was killed by his side at Naseby—who is deaf and dumb. This boy, for he is no more, is at present somewhat under sixteen—and bears the *sobriquet* of the Page, which my father somewhat fantastically invested him with in his childhood. But you must not, from this title, take your idea of Everard Delaval (such is his name) from the gay court-pages ‘whom the King has brought with him from abroad;’ he—though I must say it, he is handsome enough to shine amongst them, be they what they may—has none of the *gaillardise* of such gentry. I am told that he was wont, notwithstanding his fearful infirmity, to be gay and playful enough—and truly I remember me that, when I first came hither, he seemed to be so towards all but me, whom he rather shunned than otherwise. If so, it probably is the effect of the beautiful eyes you say are so powerful that has wrought a change—for now, undoubtedly, he is as melancholy as any description of a lover in all Shakspeare. Poor fellow!—it is cruel to speak thus lightly of him and his passion—for I believe it is sad earnest with him after all!

“You, who never saw him, will, I doubt not, laugh much at my speaking seriously, even for a moment, of a lover of sixteen, who cannot even speak to me. But I do not, mark me, speak in the least seriously of it, as regards myself—but merely from its effects upon the unhappy boy, which I cannot but see daily—and that, I believe, even more plainly than he does himself. He speaks to me so plainly of some instances of these effects, without in the least alluding to their cause, that I know not whether to laugh, to blush, or to be angry. I will tell you one of them, as he told it to me—and you will judge how curiously I am placed with

regard to him. The extraordinary simplicity, both of the facts and of his mode of telling them, may appear to you childish, but to me they are the most puzzling part of the whole. The other day, I was out riding with him and my brother Frederick, when having gone farther than we intended, we thought we should be late for dinner. When we were going to push forward, I signified to Everard, who, as usual, was at my side, that we were about to do so, and our reason—when Frederick said to me—‘Oh! he will not hurry the more for that—of late Everard never eats any dinner at all.’ I turned to question him about this—whether it were true, and why it was so. At the instant my brother cantered forward to open a gate, and the Page, speaking as he does by his fingers, said these words, for I remember them distinctly—I had asked him why he did not eat—his answer was—‘You are at table; if I ate, I must bend my eyes upon my plate, and then I could not look on you.’ For the nonce, at this I did blush; the way he looked on me at the moment was enough to make one of your court countesses blush; and all the time he seemed as quiet and unconcerned as if his answer had been the most indifferent thing in the world. I was glad, I confess, that we came to the gate almost instantly, and all three cantered on together.

“And thus we go on—I cannot but see that ‘mes beaux yeux’ have here, indeed, obtained a votary—and one whose homage perplexes me greatly. If I were to descend from my shrine, and hold parley with him on the subject, it might bring to ripeness ideas which may, otherwise, never pass their bud; and if I do not, I have constantly before me a worshipper who, as it is said of the new sect of people they call *Quakers*, has no form of worship save silence. Prithce, tell me what you think of all this.”

The following is the answer of Emmeline’s friend: probably, the difference of the three or four years in age, of which I have spoken, accounts for

her superior sharp-sightedness. I must confess I think the letter bespeaks real knowledge of the esteemed science of which she treats:—

“Tell you what I think of it?—Aye, truly will I; and I regret ~~may~~ having been with the court at Tunbridge has kept your letter so long from coming to hand. For I think a great deal more of ‘all this’ than, from the manner of your letter, you expected, I will not say you intended, I should. You are somewhat like your dumb friend, you write to me what it is quite impossible to mistake, and yet are not ‘in the least aware that you have made a declaration of love.’ I do not mean that you love as he does; or, indeed, that the passion has yet got firmly hold upon your heart at all. If I thought so, I might, and would, spare myself the trouble of speaking on the subject, altogether; for my remonstrances would have about the same effect as Canute’s commands had upon the waves: and that I know full well. But you are just on the slope of the descent, and, perhaps, a good hearty pull may place you back again upon even ground, yet.

“Now mark me. If your affections were already given to any one else, or if, (though of this last I am not quite so sure,) in addition to his infirmity, your page possessed a fair degree of deformity also,—in either of these cases I should have no fear for you. But it is not so: you have never loved—and your heart, giddy and *inconséquent* as your poor aunt used to call you, is as capable, my dear, of feeling the passion as that of any one I have ever known. Indeed, to tell you the full truth, I have for some time past been conceiving a considerable contempt for the cavaliers of —shire, from not hearing any whispers of this kind, either from you or about you. With regard to my second ‘if,’ I am convinced that ‘the Page’ is cruelly handsome; and that, if his tongue cannot speak, his eyes make up for it. It is clear to me, also, that his passions, were it only from their concentration, are of the strongest kind: your little anecdotes, which

appear to me the very reverse of 'childish,' prove sufficiently how much they are condensed and profound. I understand you also to say that he has talents and cultivation little common. Now, in despite of his being only sixteen while you are three years older—in despite of his melancholy infirmity—in despite of his moderate position in life,—I am convinced that it is impossible for you constantly to behold an unbounded and overwhelming passion for you devouring the very vitals of such a person as this, without your becoming most sensibly touched by it. And, by degrees, from the uninterrupted contemplation of all that he uninterruptedly feels, your pity will warm into that love to which it is so near akin. Of all this I am, from some little experience, fully convinced; and, therefore, I very seriously wish that you would come and pass some time with me. All that you will see here will speedily drive from your head any childish ideas you may have imbibed at Arlescot; and really your absence, before worse comes of it, is the most charitable thing for the poor lad himself. Before you have been absent many weeks, he will eat his dinner, and go to his bed regularly enough, take my word for it."

Those were days long before Mr. Palmer's invention: mail-coaches did not whirl along at the rate of eleven miles and a half an hour, to convey the "epistolary correspondence," whether of minister or merchant—of

Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid.

Indeed, such letters as those I have copied above, were ordinarily sent by private hand, or by some trustworthy carrier, equally slow and uncertain; accordingly, what from their delays, and what from some others of the nature indicated in Lady Faulkner's letter, the said letter did not reach Emmeline till upwards of two months after *hers* was written. Starting from the point at which the reader must (as well as Lady Faulkner) have perceived her to be at that period, two

months will do an infinity. Accordingly, when Emmeline read her friend's answer, she blushed, then wept, to find how truly her forebodings had been accomplished. Yes, she wept; for, though her feelings were now fondly, and, perhaps, warmly, interested towards Everard, she still felt not anxiety only, but in some degree shame also, for the position in which she stood. In the first place, he was a boy, much younger than herself; occasionally she felt this unpleasantly: moreover, he was far beneath her in station, and a daughter of the Meynells could not be supposed to be quite indifferent to this; and, lastly, she looked back to the time when she had laughed to herself at the idea of the possibility of such an attachment, and this sometimes gave her a twinge of shame at her having so speedily falsified her predictions. But, on the other hand, there was, first and foremost, what had undoubtedly given rise to the feeling on her part, the spectacle of the deep, strong, intense, all-engrossing passion, which *he* felt for *her*. This, beyond question, had been the cause of her affection, and it now continued to feed it. Then, there was sympathy for his terrible misfortune, borne so nobly till his love for her had made him feel its full misery; there was admiration of his person, talents, and acquirements; there were, at once, respect and fondness for his excellent heart. "Yes!" she exclaimed, as she sat, thinking, with Lady Faulkner's letter open in her hand; "Yes! Mary is quite right—I do love him, there is no denying it even to myself. Love him!—yes—and he knows it now—and, oh! the joy, the ecstasy, the confession gave him!—If Mary had seen him at that moment, she would have forgiven me all—she would have felt that no human heart could resist such affection as that." And she pondered with deep pleasure upon the picture her memory had placed before her. "And yet," she continued after a pause, "what is all this to lead to? my father would never listen for a moment

to such a marriage—and besides, he is so young—it is impossible!”—And she sank into one of those reveries of perplexity and pain under which she now suffered so often.

And what did *he* feel—the boy, who had thus forestalled, as it were, the course of time, and called forth the first affections of a woman like this? The strong intensity of his joy was almost too keen—I had nearly said too severe—for it not to be long before it subsided into happiness. The constant repetition of the fact that *she* loved him scarcely sufficed to feed the burning consciousness that so indeed it was. And oh! how his heart would swell, as he thought of the thousand feelings which he longed to pour forth to her, and could not—when he felt the check which stopped the passionate words which sprang in myriads from his heart, and chilled and thinned them by the circuitous modes of communication to which he was obliged to have recourse. “But still she loves me”—that was the comfort with which he always re-assured his soul—he felt that, in despite of all else, *that* made him worthy of envy.

Time passed on, and carried with it very little sensible alteration in the condition and feelings of our lovers. They felt the impossibility of yet, for a considerable time, taking any steps to bring about their union; and they, at present, contented themselves with letting matters take their course, only being especially careful that no suspicion of their attachment should arise. At length extraneous causes brought about their separation for a time. Sir Richard’s eldest son was sent to travel, and it was determined that Everard should accompany him. The pain of parting was extreme—but the necessity of the parting was obvious and inevitable—and each trusted the other so fully that the regret was, in some degree, diminished by the certainty they both felt of their affection continuing unimpaired by absence.

Two years had elapsed, and Everard still remained abroad. In all he saw—amid all the new ideas which

the scenes he beheld crowded upon his mind, the first, the last object to which every thing, in some shape or other, was referred—the standard by which the value of every thing was measured—was Emmeline Meynell. What she would think of such a picture—how their hearts would draw closer to each other under the influence of such a noble prospect—how infinitely more he should enjoy any contemplation that delighted him, if she were there to share and reflect back his thoughts and feelings,—such was the manner in which the novelties, beauties, and wonders, whether of Art or Nature, throughout his travels, affected the mind of Everard. They were not able to have much communication—a kind, yet open message from her in a letter to her brother—some indirect allusion which he knew well Emmeline alone would really understand, in his letters to Sir Richard,—such was the limited extent to which their correspondence was confined. Yet no shadow of doubt ever crossed Everard’s imagination—he felt, however, how little absence altered him, or rather how totally it left his affections the same—and he judged by himself of Emmeline. He painted her, in his mind, as frequenting their favorite haunts at Arlescot, and recalling all that they had felt as they had been in them together. He knew that thus he should have felt, and he fancied her feelings as his own.

And so, in fact, they were. She did love him fondly, ardently—and if she saw more clearly than he the difficulties which lay in their path, this served only to add to her anxiety, and to cause her pain—not to diminish her love. His admiration of her was, doubtless, of an unbounded nature, which she could not fully reciprocate—but the deep and fond pity which his misfortune caused, probably drew her heart towards him with more real *tenderness* than she would have felt in any other event. The unceasing intercourse, also, in which they had lived so long, caused a blank and dismal

void upon his departure. Her voice no longer trilled so lightly—her smile was less bright and less frequent—and she lost, in great measure, that habit of springing forward with the elastic bound of a deer, which had been with her a peculiar characteristic. In all she did, in all she thought, she felt that her heart was far away with Everard Delaval.

Such being the case, my readers will doubtless be surprised when they learn that on Midsummer-day, two years after his departure, the old hall at Arlescot was prepared for high festival, and that the festival was the marriage of the Lady Emmeline with the eldest son of the Lord De Vere, the richest and most powerful man of the county in which Arlescot stood. It was to take place in the chapel at noon. And was she then fickle?—Had she forgotten the first affections of her youth, and all that they had caused her to feel, and, above all, all that *he*, towards whom they were directed, had felt?—Far from it. She still looked back with bitter, bitter regret to all the hopes of past years—she shed heart-scalding tears over their utter extinction. What then caused her to act thus?—Simply, the constant, ceaseless entreaties of her father, and all who surrounded her—and a want of boldness and firmness to avow aloud that she loved another, and who that other was. These motives may appear too feeble to operate such an effect:—alas! I am certain that many and many who read these pages will draw a long sigh as they repeat to themselves their knowledge of how true they are! The history of this poor girl's heart during the eighteen months that she had undergone the persecution—for though arising from the kindest motives, such in truth it was—which had led to the present issue, is, I am confident, what many a lady of our own time, who seems prosperous and happy in the eyes of the world, would recognize as her own. Her lover far, far away—no one near from whom she could seek consolation, advice, or support—her

own family, above all, the very last to whom such a confidence could be made—the consciousness, perhaps, that her affections were bestowed in a manner the world would condemn—these feelings within, and without, the constant urging, sometimes almost violent, but for the most part excessive only in fondness, of her father—the persuasions, kindly meant and kindly made, of her sisters—and, above all, the ceaseless remonstrances of her friend, her half-confidence in whom had given such power over her—and she never spoke, nor would hear Emmeline speak, openly on the subject, but was ever giving dark hints, and, at the most painful moments, causing her to tremble for her secret,—subject to a situation such as this, is it to be wondered at if the fortitude of the unhappy girl sank under it at last, and that, with despair and agony in her soul, she consented to become the bride of Lord De Vere's son?

The hour was come: the old chapel was garlanded with flowers, and all the peasant-girls of the country around scattered roses for the bride to walk upon as she approached the altar. Emmeline Meynell was a very different being at this moment from what she was when I first introduced her to my readers. Her countenance was still most expressive—but its expression was that of calm, subdued agony. The aspect of springing wit and irrepressible buoyancy of temperament was extinct—utterly. A sunken cheek, and an eye of which the glassy absence of active expression spoke perhaps more than all else the sense of *suffering*—such were now the characteristics of that face whose brilliancy and beautiful life and motion had been so irresistibly enchanting. The contrast of a rich and vivid spirit of this description, with the despairing prostration into which it is so apt to fall under misfortune, is one of the most awfully painful pictures of human misery that it is possible to contemplate.

The bridal party approached the altar. Sir Richard, habited with due

splendor, seemed the gayest of the group; for the sisters of the bride could not be blind to the fact that, from whatever hidden cause, the match was distasteful to her, and their countenances wore an expression of anxiety at least, mingled with sympathy for their sister's suffering, which now was becoming at every instant more apparent; and the bridegroom naturally was little pleased with the reluctance of his bride assuming so visible a shape. Still the ceremony was proceeding, when a loud noise was heard at the entrance of the chapel—and THE PAGE rushed in, his dress disordered, his face flushed, his eyes blazing, and, rushing towards the altar, he attempted to utter some few words. The sound which at that instant issued from his lips was probably the most awful to which human organs ever

gave utterance. The frantic energy of the moment overcame his physical imperfection—but his total ignorance of spoken language caused what he did speak scarcely, if at all, to approach the form of words. The terrible yell which burst from him struck every heart with awe and horror. Emmeline, the first to recognise him, forgetful of all *save* him, sprang towards him—but as he opened his arms to receive her in his embrace, he staggered under her weight, and fell backwards upon the pavement. When they raised them, they found them both covered with gore. The crisis had been too much for Everard—a blood-vessel had burst—and he was dead.

The fate of Emmeline, alas! scarcely needs the telling. Hearts that have received such wounds as did hers, never long survive.

THE BOON OF MEMORY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

“Many things answered me.”—MANFRED.

I go, I go!—And must mine image fade
From the green spots wherein my childhood play'd,

By my own streams?

Must my life part from each familiar place,
As a bird's song, that leaves the woods no trace

Of its lone themes?

Will the friend pass my dwelling, and forget
The welcomes there, the hours when we have met

In grief or glee?

All the sweet counsel, the communion high,
The kindly words of trust, in days gone by,
Pour'd full and free?

A boon, a talisman, O Memory! give,
To shrine my name in hearts where I would live

For evermore!

Bid the wind speak of me, where I have dwelt,

Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul hath felt,

A thought restore!

In the rich rose, whose bloom I loved so well,
In the dim brooding violet of the dell,

Set deep that thought!

And let the sunset's melancholy glow,
And let the spring's first whisper, faint and low,

With me be fraught!

And Memory answer'd me:—“Wild wish
and vain!

I have no hues the loveliest to detain

In the heart's core:

The place they held in bosoms all their own,
Soon with new shadows fill'd, new flowers
o'ergrown,

Is theirs no more!”

Hast thou such power, O Love?—And Love
replied,

“It is not mine!—Pour out thy soul's full
tide

Of hope and trust,

Prayer, tear, devotedness, that boon to gain,
’Tis but to write, with the heart's fiery rain,
Wild words on dust!”

Song! is the gift with thee?—I ask a lay,
Soft, fervent, deep, that will not pass away
From the still breast;

Fill'd with a tone—oh! not for deathless
fame,

But a sweet haunting murmur of my name
Where it would rest!

And Song made answer: “It is not in me,
Though call'd immortal—though my power
may be

All but divine:

A place of lonely brightness I can give;—
A changeless one, where thou with Love
wouldest live,

This is not mine!”

Death, Death! wilt *thou* the restless wish fulfil?

—And Death, the strong one, spoke:—"I can but still

Each vain regret:

What if forgotten? All thy soul would crave,

Thou too, within the mantle of the grave,
Wilt soon forget."

Then did my soul in lone faint sadness die,

As from all Nature's voices one reply,

But one, was given:

"Earth has *no* heart, fond dreamer! with a tone,

To give thee back the spirit of thine own—
Seek it in heaven!"

THE "INTELLECTUAL CAT."

My pretty little Puss, it is high time that I should pay a just tribute to your merits. We often talk of people who do not esteem you; therefore, why should I blush to give publicity to your perfection?

You are exceedingly well made; your fur boasts of the delicate varieties of the tiger; your eyes are lively and pleasing; your velvet coat and tail are of enviable beauty; and your agility, gracefulness, and docility are, indeed, the admiration of all who behold you! Your moral qualities are not less estimable; and we will attempt to recapitulate them.

In the first place, you love me dearly, or at least you load me with caresses; unless, like the rest of the world, you love me for yourself's sake. I know well that you like me less than a slice of mutton, or the leg of a fowl, but that is very simple; I am your master, and a leg of mutton is as good again as one master, twice as good as two masters, &c.

You possess great sense, and good sense too, for you have precisely such as is most useful to you; and every other kind of knowledge would make you appear foolish.

Nature has given you nails, which men unpolitely call claws; they are admirably constructed, and well jointed in a membrane, which is extended or drawn up like the fingers of a glove; and at pleasure it becomes a terrific claw, or a paw of velvet.

You understand the *physical laws of good and evil*. A cat who strangles another will not be more culpable than a man who kills his fellow man. My dear Cat, the great Hobbes never

reasoned more clearly than you do!

You forget the past—you dream not of the future; but you turn the present to account. Time flies not with you, but stands still, and all your moments appear but as one. You know that your muscles will give action to your limbs, and you know no other cause of your existence, than existence itself. My dear Cat, you are a profound *materialist*!

You flatter the master who caresses you, you lick the hand that feeds you, you fly from a larger animal than yourself, whilst you unsparingly prey on the smaller ones. My dear Cat, you are a profound *politician*!

You live peaceably with the dog, who is your messmate; in gratitude to me, you regulate your reception, good or bad, of all the animals under my roof; thus, you raise your claw against such as you imagine mine enemies, while you prick up your tail at the sight of my friends. My dear Cat, you are a profound *moralist*!

When you promenade your graceful limbs upon a roof, on the edge of a casement, or in some situation equally perilous, you show your dexterity in opposing the bulk of your body to the danger. Your muscles extend or relax themselves with judgment, and you enjoy security where other animals would be petrified with fear. My dear Cat, you perfectly understand the *laws of gravity*!

If through inadvertence, blundering or haste, you lose your support or hold, then you are admirable; you bend yourself in raising your back, and carry the centre of gravity to-

wards the umbilical region, by which means you fall on your feet. My dear Cat, you are an excellent *natural philosopher*!

If you travel in darkness, you expand the pupil of your eye, which, in forming a perfect circle, describes a larger surface, and collects the greater part of the luminous rays which are scattered in the atmosphere. When you appear in daylight, your pupil takes an elliptic form, diminishes, and receives only a portion of these rays, an excess of which would injure your retina. My dear Cat, you are a perfect *optician*!

When you wish to descend a precipice, you calculate the distance of the solid points with astonishing accuracy. In the first place, you dangle your legs as if to measure the space, which you divide in your judgment, by the motions of your feet; then you throw yourself exactly upon the wished-for spot, the distance to which you have compared with the effect on your muscles. My dear Cat, you are a skillful *geometrician*!

When you wander in the country, you examine plants with judicious nicety; you soon select that kind which

pleases you, when you roll yourself on it, and testify your joy by a thousand other gambols; you know also the several grasses, and their medicinal effects on your frame. My dear Cat, you are an excellent *botanist*!

Your voice merits no less eulogium; for few animals have one so modulated. The rhyming purr of satisfaction, the fawning accents of appeal, the vigorous bursts of passion, and innumerable diatonic varieties, proceed from your larynx, according to the order of nature. My dear Cat, you are a *dramatic musician*!

In your amusements, you prefer pantomime to dialogue; and you neglect the pen to study the picture. But then what agility! what dancing! what cross-capers! The difficulty never impairs the grace of the feat. Oh, my dear Cat! you are a *delightful dancer*!

Lastly, my dear Puss, show me a man who possesses as many kinds of knowledge as you do, and I will proclaim him a *living cyclopædia*, or concentration of human wisdom. But, what do I see? I am praising you, and you are fast asleep! This is still greater philosophy.

THE LONGEVITY OF TREES.

“ ————— Are not these woods
More free from peril, than the envious court?
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing!
I would not change it.”—SHAKESPEARE.

THE study of astronomy, almost at the first step, plunges the mind into the infinitudes of time and space; for who that is mortal can calculate the “*generations of the starry heavens*?” It carries the mind of man far beyond the sublunary sphere in which he abides; and, we may aptly say, mixes his thoughts with the high objects of angels’ ken.

But there is a contemplation also connected with elevating thoughts, that yet keeps the mind more at home in its earthly sojourn: I mean objects

subjected to continual visible changes, like man himself; things that he sees grow, flourish, and decay; appearing even as his contemporaries in life and dissolution. Though he may seldom witness all these mutations in any single object of his notice, still he sees them happen to some of the species; and that is sufficient to make him feel its fellowship with his transitory human nature.

One of these occasions of bosom-speaking meditations is to be found in walking amongst our country’s old

woods. We there turn our eyes upon venerable trees, that have been coeval with our ancestors of ages back; and we look up to the thriving branches of others, which our own hands have planted. I need not expatiate on the thoughts which will suggest themselves to every reflective mind, when gazing on either object; they connect it, at that moment, with generations gone down to the grave; with a progressive posterity yet unborn. When those young firs, smooth and green, are become rough, dark, and sternly bent to the blast of two or three centuries, what may be the risen fortunes, or the depressed destinies of the sons or daughters of your line? or, when that slim oakling, you might now snap between your fingers, like an osier twig, has become a father of the forest—where may then be the name, nay, the very existence of your race? All may be swept away; to the world, extinct. Winter sears the unperishing leaf—spring renews its freshness; years, centuries, roll on, and still the noble tree is found in its place; while men—men who sat merry-making under its branches, are gone, vanished—forgotten, as if they had never been!

These musings were suggested lately, in an evening stroll through a woodland part of the long celebrated park of Esher Place. The muse of Pope, and of Thomson, have given it to poetic fame; but the reverse of fortune which befel the great Cardinal Wolsey, who resided here after he had made a present of Hampton Court to his sovereign, has endowed this spot with a peculiar interest, more penetrating than all the charms of the most exquisite descriptive poetry. Shakespeare's divine genius has indeed made the muse and the moral speak the same language. For it is impossible to stand under the shade of Esher's ancient oak, looking down into the green valley upon the sole remaining tower of Wolsey's overtopping greatness, without associating the cherished image of our noble bard, the oracle of nature, the "beloved companion of every Englishman's

soul," with the memories of the fallen minister of Henry Tudor. Shakespeare's gifted eye beheld, through the backward avenue of time, that statesman

"— touch the highest point of all his greatness;

And, from that full meridian of his glory,
Haste to his setting!"

Under this tree, now more than three hundred years ago, that same proud Cardinal, then flourishing in all his full-blown honors, may have walked, smiling, by the side of his secretary Cromwell, and pointed, exultingly, to the princely gift he had bestowed upon the loftiest monarch in Europe. And under this tree, hardly ten years afterwards, he may have leaned his failing strength upon the arm of his secretary, and in the agony of a disgraced favorite, exclaimed—

"Oh! Cromwell!

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, he would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies!"

The age of the tree referred to was estimated by a friend at the time I went to see it, at six hundred years at least; and even now there is no appearance of decay in any part of it.—It is a particularly broad tree, rather short in the trunk, with widely extending ramifications, and of an abundant foliage. The sight of this fine old oak, and the memory of the times it recalled, led to the subject of the longevity of trees in general; their appearances when at maturity and in decay: and my friend (who owns a noble estate in Warwickshire, and whose *genealogical tree* might compete with that of any family in England, for antiquity of descent and worth of stock!) showed himself so much master of the history of the sylvan world, that I had only to listen, to be impressed with increasing admiration of that branch of the beautiful garniture of our globe. And when I looked up to the lofty-headed woods on the heights, and traced their deeply-struck roots in the valleys, I almost ceased to marvel, that the years of their growth, from the acorn in the earth, to the

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ZAMOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE air was basking in the noontide among the hills that are traversed by the rapid Erigon. The woody sides of the valleys which opened upon the river, lay slumbering in breezy dimness; but the sky was blue and bright around the breasts and peaks of the mountains, except where broad white clouds, floating high and swift between them and the sun, varied the landscape by occasional sweeps of shadow. The sparkling and winding water flowed silently along the green bases of the eminences, and its surface was marked by nothing but the differences of color occasioned by the wind and stream, and by the fresh-looking islets of water-plants, or the trunk of a tree rolling down the current, and showing its brown branches, or the white rent of its stem, among the shining ripples. Down one of the glens which descend towards the stream, a boy of thirteen or fourteen years of age was slowly wandering. He was tall, and of a noble presence. His open and upturned brow was surrounded with careless ringlets of light brown hair, and was shaded by a low cap or bonnet, in which he wore an eagle's feather. His dark-colored kirtle descended to his knee, over trowsers which left the leg exposed above the sandal. A belt of wolf's-skin sustained a short sword, and confined his dress around the waist; and he led with the left hand, in a twisted chain of gold, a large and powerful dog, while, in his

right, he carried a strong hunting spear, the point of which gleamed like a star above his head. His features were of a regular and spirited beauty; and his quick eye perpetually glanced from the path he was pursuing to the mountains round him and the skies beyond. He proceeded in his devious and negligent course, now sinking into thought, now rushing and leaping over rocks and bushes, while the dog sprang up, and barked, and sported round him, till he reached an irregular and broken wood, which spread, though with many intervals, along the green banks of the river.

The boy threw himself under the shade of an oak, where he had a glimpse of the cool water among the stems of the trees; and his canine friend couched quietly by his side, now looking up into his face, now rubbing his legs with its nose, and wagging its bushy tail, now closing its eyes, and sinking with a sigh into a tranquil doze. The youth, too, was so still, that he might have been thought to slumber, had not his restless glances indicated a stir within. It was, indeed, a mind not formed for inactivity; but its present thoughts were rather the overflowing and sport of its vigor, than the application of it to any definite end. He remembered the oracles which had spoken among the ancient oaks of Epirus, till he almost heard the promise of his own greatness sounding from the trees, while they trembled and rustled

around and above him. And then came imaginations of the Dryads, the forest spirits, so beautiful and so capricious, who were accustomed to fly from men, and dedicate their loveliness to the green-wood shade. As the breeze moved the shadow of some branch, he started to think that he saw the waving of the airy locks; and he beheld for a moment the twinkle of the light footsteps, in the casual breach of a sunbeam through the foliage, on the dark ground of the vistas before him. These visions passed away, and in their place seemed sweeping through the distant obscurity of the thicket the pomp and triumph of Bacchus,—the youths with arms and wine-cups, and baskets of gorgeous fruits unknown to Europe, the dark eyes and glowing limbs of damsels, whose wreaths of Oriental flowers shook fragrance through the air, while swiftly and gracefully they flung aloft and struck together their ringing cymbals, ancient Pan with a world of merriment in his pipe, and, amid a tumult of green coronals and wild exultations, the young conqueror himself drawn forward by his lions, with the pride of a hundred victories on his brow, and the joyousness of a hundred vintages on his lips, and a spear so often washed in wine, and so clustered with grapes and ivy berries, half hid among their foliage, that not a trace of its myriad death-stains was visible. They gleamed for a moment from the recesses of the green maze on the eye of the dreaming boy; and why should not he too be the conqueror of Asia, and his banners return over the Hellespont, laden and glittering with the spoils of the Euphrates and the Indus?

He rose while he thought it, so hastily that his dog gave a slight cry at feeling the pull which his collar received from the arm of his master, who stepped forward eagerly for an instant, while his right hand grasped the spear with an energy indicating, even then, how bold would be the spirit, and how wide the fame, of Alexander the son of Philip.

He walked forward for a few mi-

nutes with boyish impetuosity, when his attention was diverted by seeing a large blue butterfly, which flew across his path. He freed from the collar the chain which held Lacon, and pursued the insect; while the dog, in imitation of his master, rushed barking, and eager in pursuit of the same wandering object. It led him among the hills which he had before left, never coming within his reach, but never mounting so far away as to make him relinquish the pursuit. It flew at last over the edge of a precipice into a broken and narrow dell; but the fearless and active boy dropped from the verge, and, after scrambling for a minute or two among the rocks and bushes, reached the end of the descent. It was a wild and lonely hollow, on the steep banks and narrow area of which the pine and the cypress rose above the thick under-growth of weeds, shrubs, and flowers. The insect still hovered before its pursuer; and, after a few steps, he found that he had followed it into an ancient cemetery. The tombs seemed to have been mouldering in neglect for centuries, and merely a few irregular mounds, and broken fragments of walls, remained. Beyond one of these relics of building, now covered with different vigorous creepers, the bright blue wings disappeared. He went to the spot, and found that, beyond the dilapidated wall, the sun streamed in upon a little patch of grass. Here the insect had poised itself upon a human skull, half covered with moss, and crowned by a natural wreath of trailing honey-suckle. Thus was perched the beautiful and airy creature he had been chasing, with its azure fans expanded, and glittering in the sunshine. It seemed the immortal Psyche, the spiritual life, waiting to take wing from amid the dust and decay of mortality. The boy leaped over the obstruction, and stooped to seize it; but it vibrated for an instant the splendid pennons which served it for sails, and rose swiftly and far above the head of the disappointed pursuer. He looked after it for a few

seconds, and Lacon bayed fiercely at the soaring insect; but his owner stooped again to the relic; for, when he had previously bent towards the butterfly, he had seen what appeared to be metal shining on the turf. It was a large gold coin which lay between the teeth of the skull. The device of an eye within a circle was distinctly visible on one side, and on

the other was traced, in the oldest character Alexander had ever seen, the word ZAMOR.

He restored the coin to its place; but, such was his recollection of the occurrence, that the signet wherewith, in after years, he sealed Hephæstion's lips, bore the device of a butterfly poised upon a skull, with the motto ZAMOR.

CHAPTER II.

The youth was a youth no more. He was, in all the vigor and beauty of manhood, a sovereign and a conqueror, and roamed no longer in the woods of Macedonia, but in the deep gloom of an Indian forest. He had outstripped his train in the eagerness of the chase; and, when the thick jungle prevented him from continuing his course on horseback, he leaped from the saddle and pierced his way on foot. His mantle was now of regal splendor, and his light helmet was encircled with a slender diadem of gold. The garment which fell from under his inlaid cuirass to his knee, was interwoven with silver thread, and his sandals were studded with jewels. His lips had gained the firm expression of will and power, and thought had left its stamp upon his forehead.

He speedily penetrated through the thicket which had interrupted him, and found himself in a little glade, surrounded by spreading trees. He stood still, and gazed for a moment; and it seemed to him that he heard not far off the half-stilled sobs of sorrow. He moved in the direction of the sound, and, after pushing through a screen of bushes, found himself near an old man, who knelt upon the ground, close to the trunk of a great tree; and, while his clasped hands trembled on his shuddering breast, the tears fell thickly from his eyes. He wore the dress of a Brahmin. Beside him lay the corpse of a girl, apparently twelve or thirteen years of age. Though her skin was rather more dusky than that of Europeans, she was very beautiful in the eyes of the King. Her round

and shining limbs were of the most exquisite delicacy; the long black hair, wreathed with white flowers, fell loose over her maiden bosom, which had ceased to heave with the breath of life. An arrow had pierced her through the body, and the blood had flowed to the knees of the old man, and stained his garments. He was a father wailing over his murdered child.

Alexander silently approached, and saw that on the left breast of the lovely form, in which the heart no longer stirred, a blue butterfly had placed itself. The agony and tears of the parent did not disturb it. He touched the hair and fingers of the body with a trembling affection, and gazed at it long and passionately; and then again his whole frame was shaken, and he burst into a paroxysm of grief. As the King drew near, the insect rose and soared away to the heavens. Alas! that, like it, the corpse could not raise itself from the dust it adorned, and move again in all the vivacity and grace of its former existence!

The conqueror spoke in a low, reverential, and sympathising voice, to the bereaved father. The old man started at the sound, rose to his feet, and shook off, as far as nature permitted him, the tokens of his agony. Alexander asked him by what misfortune he had lost his daughter. "The soldiers," replied the Brahmin, "of the insane and cruel invader who has attacked our country, seized my child, and would have detained her, but that she escaped by flight from their hands, when one of them shot an arrow,

which slew my beautiful and my beloved."—"I swear by the gods, they shall be punished; but do you know, old man, to whom you speak, that you thus venture to calumniate the great Alexander?"—"If I could not judge by the vulgar signs of those gay and fantastic trappings, I should yet recognise the eyes which so readily glare, the nostril that dilates, the brow that contracts, with passion. These all mark the man who has been accustomed to command others, but not himself."—"This is a sight," replied the King, pointing to the dead body, "which prompts me to forgive your boldness."—"It is a sight, O King, which should rather teach you that I do not need your forgiveness. You have robbed my earthly existence of its charm and glory—I care not how soon it may end."—"This is philosophy which would have pleased Callisthenes. What is your name and condition?"—"I am called Sabas; and, after having travelled over many countries, and learned your language in the Lesser Asia, I have lived, and been happy"—here he faltered, and looked at his child—"at the tomb of the sage ZAMOR."

The warrior started at the name, and asked of Sabas who was ZAMOR. The Brahmin replied, that he had lived many ages before, and had been a mighty conqueror; but that, after overrunning half the earth, he had flung away at once the sceptre and the sword, and betaken himself to a life of meditation and benevolence. The old man went on to say, that the King would learn more from the chief of the Brahmins, who attended the tomb, and to him Sabas brought Alexander.

The ancient teacher to whom the Grecian Commander was thus introduced, trembled in his presence, and, on his demanding to know something more with regard to ZAMOR, replied, that, in addition to what Sabas had told him, the following information was all he could supply: The venerated being in question had employed the latter moments of his protracted

life in giving directions as to the place and manner in which his ashes were to be disposed of; and, in his volume of pure morality and sublime devotion which he had left, it was declared that the iron doors which bounded his sepulchre would never open, till one who had been as great a conqueror as himself should demand admission. In the course of many ages none such had presented himself.—The pride and curiosity of the Sovereign were aroused, and he desired to be led to the tomb. The Brahmin summoned his brethren, and in long files they preceded Alexander to the cavern. Its rocky circuit was of sufficient extent to include them all; and they ranged themselves around the sides, and their leader and the Monarch advanced to the tomb, on which several lamps were burning. Here the Chief Brahmin offered up his prayers, while the Macedonian went forward to the doors at the farther extremity, and to the horror of the throng, violently smote the massy metal with the hilt of his sword. The doors crashed open slowly, and displayed a staircase. The king descended fearlessly and alone, and, after a long absence, returned with a haggard countenance and disordered steps to the cavern, while the doors closed suddenly behind him. He seemed, at first, confused and bewildered; but soon recovering himself, he looked round him at the Brahmins, and said, "I know not whether you have a share in yonder mummery; but, at all events, let a wall be built across that entrance, sufficient to prevent any future attempts like mine." He had paused, and seemed relapsing into deep and doubtful thought, when there was heard without, a loud rush and clang, mingled with the sound of trumpets. Alexander knew the notes, and, resuming all the soldier and the king, gravely saluted the Generals who had sprung from their horses, and entered the cave to seek him. He moved before them to the mouth of the cavern, and found his usual train of several hundred horsemen, with the chief no-

bility of Macedonia, Greece, and Persia, awaiting his appearance. Innumerable varieties of dress and arms, of language and countenance, were here assembled; and every province he ruled over had sent its noblest and most splendid inhabitants to swell the court of Alexander. All were mounted on the fleetest and most beautiful coursers of Thessaly and Asia, and an

unrivalled steed was led by the grooms of the Monarch. He mounted it with a careless bound, and while he galloped from the spot, followed by the glittering whirlwind of officers, feudatories, and kings, he talked to those around him of the battle, the chase, the banquet, the philosophy of Aristotle, and the charms of Pan-caste.

CHAPTER III.

The day had died in storm; and the chamber of Alexander was closed and lighted. He lay on his couch in the restlessness and pain of a fever from which he was never to recover. He was attended only by a young Persian girl, who watched his lightest word and sign with far more than the carefulness of servility. There was all the intensity of passionate affection in that pale cheek, those tearful eyes, and that quivering forehead. She moved silently through the splendid room at the least hint of the patient's want, and, when it was satisfied, she would sit down and weep in silence. It was early in the evening when he said, "Abra, I would speak with Perdicas." She flew from the chamber, and in a few moments returned with the person named, and then retired to the ante-chamber, where, among slaves, guards, attendants, and physicians, she hid her face in her hands, and sobbed bitterly, while she thought that the man she loved would so soon breathe his last.

Perdicas entered the room silently and slowly, and sat beside the bed. After a few moments of heavy breathing, the King turned towards his friend, and told him to move the lamp so that it might throw no light upon the couch. He then proceeded thus:

"Perdicas, you will remember having once found me in India, at the tomb of ZAMOR. I have revealed to no man what I saw there; but I will now disclose it to you. The circumstances which led me thither are of but little importance. Suffice it that

I presented myself at the iron gates, and that they opened to admit me. I proceeded down a long and dark flight of steps, then through a passage, then down other steps, and had at last advanced to an immense distance through the rock. I thought for a moment of returning, but I went on, and travelled, as it seemed, league after league. At length I reached an iron grating, which with some difficulty I pushed open, and found myself in a large chamber. On the opposite wall there appeared to be a faint glimmer of light, and to it I proceeded. I touched the spot, and it felt like the side of a tent, and, in truth, I found that it was a curtain, covering an aperture. I pulled it aside, and a broad pale light burst upon me through the opening, which also gave me a view of another, and far larger chamber than that in which I stood.

"The room into which I looked was a vast gallery, which stretched its dreary vista almost beyond the sight. The floor was of black marble, and the sides of polished porphyry. Along the walls thrones were ranged at equal spaces, to an interminable distance. Those on one side were all occupied, except the nearest, which bore the name of ZAMOR, but which his late penitence and imperfect reparation had saved the ancient conqueror from occupying. The throne opposite to this—the first in the vacant line—was inscribed 'Alexander.' And, O Perdicas! could I speak with the tongue of one of those Athenian poets whose renown will be as great as mine, I should yet be unable to express the

tithe of that horror which seized me when I looked upon the tenants of those other thrones, and saw that a similar one was destined for me ! It is not that they had an aged or a barbaric appearance,—though their hairs were white, and their brows haggard, and their dresses were those of the East and of the North,—but their faces were marked with a still desperation, and their bodies settled in a calm agony, of which I had no previous conception. I have often looked upon death ; but no pangs from the sword, nor from the torture, ever seemed to me more than a slight discomfort compared to the sufferings of those mighty and glorious warriors. They sat motionless as the rocks on the banks of Phlegethon ; but it was the tranquillity of an endurance which feels that it would be hopeless to attempt escape. The eyes of some of them were nearly closed, and there seemed no light in their countenances, but a dull dead glare which escaped from beneath their shadowing eyelids. There was one hoary head and swarthy cheek, with a diadem of jewels, and the Egyptian beetle on his breast, and I knew the presence of Sesostris. And there was ancient Belus, with the star of the Babylonian wizards on his brow, and leaning his awful head upon his hand. And there was the warrior-deity of those Scythians whom in my boyhood I subdued, clothed in wolf-skins, but with a cuirass on his breast, and a crown of iron around his scarred forehead. Hercules, too, whom we have dreamed a god, leaned upon his club in anguish, which, though silent, was more horrible than the pangs he endured from the robe of Nessus ; and a greater than he, or than all the rest, showed the writhen features and sunken cheeks of long-sustained suffering beneath those emblems of mysterious strength, the moonlike horns of Ammon. There was one spirit, and but one, in whom the fiery energy of his nature was not repressed by the tremendous fate to which he was subjected,—the Greek who in his youth was victor over Asia, the fleet-

est, the most beautiful, the bravest, the most unhappy, the demi-god Achilles. His eyes still shone like stars amid the burning halo wherewith his head was of old encircled by Minerva, and which still beamed around him, as if in mockery of those white lips compressed and agitated with a paroxysm of affliction too mighty for even the slayer of Hector to master it. In the shield which leant against his knees, I saw not the images of the harvest and the dance, but the reflection of the hero's immeasurable pain.

“ The feet of each of these terrible shadows were placed upon an image of the world ; and before my throne I saw a similar attribute. My empire seemed to clasp with its boundary an enormous portion of the earth ; but its limits were faint and wavering, and methought at every instant they shrank and broke asunder. Above the thrones were trophies ; but in the midst of each of them, that grey, stern Destiny, who, from its iron cave, in some distant planet, sends forth the silent blasts that sway the universe, had fixed some emblem of mockery, shame, and evil : the mowing ape, the crawling worm, the foulness of the harpy, the envenomed slime of the serpent, showed themselves among the spoils, weapons, crowns, and banners of royalty and conquest. And over all this a ghastly light was shed from the eyeless sockets of skeleton warders, who waited upon the enthroned victims.

“ Can you wonder, my friend, that I felt a horror which swords, and flames, and menacing millions could not inspire, when I gazed upon the agonies of those beings, so dead to all but misery ? My eyes almost failed to see, and my feet to stand, when I turned from them to mark the throne which bore so deeply engraven on its granite pedestal, the name of ‘ Alexander.’ From that hour my nature has changed. I have not had the resolution to yield up my conquests, and disrobe myself of my greatness ; but I have sought to lose the memory of my former deeds and future doom in re-

velries and intoxications, which, at last, have brought me death, though they have never bestowed forgetfulness. I shall soon be among those dreary and tormented shadows of departed power and dearly-bought renown. Take you this ring," (and he gave him the emblematic signet,) "and when you look upon it, remember, that not the image you see upon it, of immortal life and unbroken happiness, will dwell with the remains of kings and conquerors, but the polluting earth-worm and the stinging scorpion."

His voice had grown hoarse and broken; and he proceeded slowly and feebly: "Though I have failed to profit by the lesson, thus much I have been taught by ZAMOR."

He never spoke again. He left for his generals, the slavery of Greece and the distraction of the world; to Perdiccas, a counsel by which he had not profited himself; to Abra, a desolate existence and a broken heart. And so did he perish at Babylon, whose boyhood had sped so blithely among the hills of Macedonia.

FLOWERS.

PHILOSOPHERS and divines have made many fruitless efforts to remove that general perversity in mankind, which leads it to despise simple pleasures, and eagerly search out those that possess no value but in their rarity, or the estimation of a senseless fashion. Ages will, I fear, elapse before the world can be amended in this respect, and individuals be taught to calculate the worth of a thing by its intrinsic, or its relative merits, without borrowing their opinions from others. Many will not enjoy what would afford them great pleasure, because such enjoyment is not sanctioned by usage. This is particularly the case as respects cheap and simple pleasures. Simplicity is but little followed, and yet it always obtains admiration. I went the other day to a fashionable ball, where unwieldy dowagers and rich nabobesses promenaded the rooms, adorned with costly pearls, and glittering in jewels, the spoils of every climate under the sun. Even the younger and more beautiful part of the company were attired in the extreme of the *ton*, and in an exuberance of ornament. There was one lovely girl amongst them who attracted every eye, and far eclipsed those who had exhausted the decorative art of half the milliners and tirewomen of St. James's. Every heart did her homage, and she moved in the bril-

liant assemblage like some "fairy" vision of the "element." She had no jewels about her person, which was but of the middle stature. A single flower alone decorated her fine head of light brown hair. Her dress was white with little of flounce or furberlow, but her gait was elegant and graceful. There were other ladies present, as young and beautiful as she was, but they did not seem to attract half so much admiration, for they had too many of the "adulteries of art" about them; she reigned queen "of the ascendant." This, I am convinced, arose solely from the simplicity of her attire, where there was so much artificial decoration. There is something of propriety in our natural feelings that informs us what is true taste, and gives us an intuitive knowledge of the really elegant. Let this illustrate the value of simplicity in everything, in the fine arts, in pleasure, and in our domestic enjoyments. Of the latter, it is astonishing how many that are highly tasteful are within the reach of all, but for that reason deemed too cheap to be practicable, notwithstanding their value.

When summer's delightful season arrives, rarely in this country too warm to be enjoyed throughout the day in the open air, there is nothing more grateful than a profusion of choice flowers around and within our dwell-

ings. The humblest apartments ornamented with these beautiful productions of nature have, in my view, a more delightful effect than the proudest saloons with gilded ceilings and hangings of Genoa velvet. The richness of the latter, indeed, would be heightened, and their elegance increased, by the judicious introduction of flowers and foliage into them. The odor of flowers, the cool appearance of the dark green leaves of some species, and the beautiful tints and varied forms of others, are singularly grateful to the sight, and refreshing at the same time. Vases of Etruscan mould, containing plants of the commonest kind, offer those lines of beauty which the eye delights in following; and various leaves hanging festooned over them, and shading them if they be of a light color, with a soft grateful hue, add much to their pleasing effect. These decorations are simple and cheap. They offer to every class their redundant variety of beauty, at the price of a little labor to him who is disposed to rear them for himself, and at a very trifling expense in a large city to those who choose to purchase them. It is true the apartments of some few persons are always adorned with them, and their aid is called in somewhat incongruously to set off the midnight ball-room, but they are not half as common in dwelling-houses as they should be. They offer their rarer varieties to the wealthy, and those not blessed by fortune have a profusion of a cheaper kind at command, they being among those blessings bestowed upon us by our common mother which are within the reach of all. Lord Bacon, whose magnificence of mind exempts him from every objection as a model for the rest of mankind, (in all but the unfortunate error to which perhaps his sordid pursuit in life led him, to the degradation of his nobler intellect,) was enthusiastically attached to flowers, and kept a succession of them about him in his study and at his table. Now the union of books and flowers is more particularly agreeable.

Nothing, in my view, is half so delightful as a library set off with these beautiful productions of the earth during summer, or, indeed, any other season of the year. A library or study, opening on green turf, and having the view of a distant rugged country, with a peep at the ocean between hills, a small fertile space forming the nearest ground, and an easy chair and books, is just as much of local enjoyment as a thinking man can desire,—I reckon not if under a thatched or a slated roof, to me it is the same thing. A favorite author on my table, in the midst of my bouquets, and I speedily forget how the rest of the world wags. I fancy I am enjoying nature and art together, a consummation of luxury that never palls upon the appetite—a dessert of uncloying sweets.

Madame Roland seems to have felt very strongly the union of mental pleasure with that afforded to the senses by flowers. She somewhere says, "*La vue d'une fleur carresse mon imagination et flatte mes sens à un point inexprimable; elle réveille avec volupté le sentiment de mon existence. Sous le tranquil abri du toit paternel, j'étois heureuse dès enfance avec des fleurs et des livres; dans l'étroite enceinte d'une prison, au milieu des fers imposés par la tyrannie la plus revoltante, j'oublie l'injustice des hommes, leurs sottises, et mes maux, avec des livres et des fleurs.*" These pleasures, however, are, like the unjewelled girl at the ball, too simple to be universally felt.

There is something delightful in the use which the eastern poets, particularly the Persian, make of flowers in their poetry. Their allusions are not casual, and in the way of metaphor and simile only; they seem really to hold them in high admiration. I am not aware that the flowers of Persia, except the rose, are more beautiful or more various than those of other countries. Perhaps England, including her gardens, green-houses, and fields, having introduced a vast variety from every climate, may exhibit a list unrivalled, as a whole, in

odor and beauty. Yet flowers are not with us held in such high estimation as among the Orientals, if we are to judge from their poets. For whatever belongs to nature, and is prized nationally, is sure to be prominently introduced into that department of literature which belongs to imagination. Bowers of roses and flowers are perpetually alluded to in the writings of eastern poets. The Turks, and indeed the Orientals in general, have few images of voluptuousness without the richest flowers contributing towards them. The noblest palaces, where gilding, damask, and fine carpeting abound, would be essentially wanting in luxury without flowers. It cannot be from their odor alone that they are thus identified with pleasure; it is from their union of exquisite hues, fragrance, and beautiful forms, that they raise a sentiment of voluptuousness in the mind; for whatever unites these qualities can scarcely do otherwise.

Whoever virtuously despises the opinion that simple and cheap pleasures, not only good, but in the very best taste, are of no value because they want a meretricious rarity, will fill their apartments with a succession of our better garden flowers. It has been said that flowers placed in bedrooms are not wholesome. This cannot be meant of such as are in a state of vegetation. Plucked and put into water, they quickly decay, and, doubtless, give out a putrescent air; when alive and growing, there need not be any danger apprehended from them, provided fresh air is frequently introduced. For spacious rooms, the better kinds, during warm weather, are those which have a large leaf and bossy flower. Large leaves have a very agreeable effect on the senses; their rich green is grateful to the sight: of this kind, the *Hydrangæa* is remarkably well adapted for apartments, but it requires plenty of water. Those who have a green-house connected with their dwellings, have the convenience, by management, of changing their plants as the flowers

decay; those who have not, and yet have space to afford them light and occasionally air, may rear most of those kinds under their own roof, which may be applied for ornament in summer. Vases of plaster, modelled from the antique, may be stained any color most agreeable to the fancy, and, fitted with tin cases to contain the earthen pots of flowers, to prevent the damp from acting on them, will look exceedingly well.

There is a great advantage, in families, in keeping the most pleasing and correct images of every kind of object before the eyes of youth. It causes, almost insensibly, an affinity between the objects so familiarized to them and the symmetry of thought (if I may so express myself), independently of forming a correct taste. The region of fancy will be filled with more correct images; and a distorted or ill-proportioned object will be more immediately perceived by those who have been always accustomed to have the beautiful before them. In this sense, natural flowers are far better than embroidery, and the tapestry roses of our starched ancestors.

The infinite variety of roses, including the Guelder Rose; the Rhododendron, and other plants of similar growth, are fitted for the saloon, but they please best in the library. They should be intermingled with the book-cases, and stands filled with them should be placed wherever practicable. They are a wonderful relief to the student. There is always about them a something that infuses a sensation of placid joy, cheering and refreshing. Perhaps they were first introduced at festivals, in consequence of their possessing this quality. A flower-garden is the scene of pleasurable feelings of innocence and elegance. The introduction of flowers into our rooms infuses the same sensations, but intermingles them more with our domestic comforts; so that we feel, as it were, in closer contact with them. The succession might be kept up for the greater part of the year; and even in winter, evergreens

will supply their places, and, in some respects, contrast well with the season. Many fail in preserving the beauty of plants in their apartments, because they do not give them sufficient light. Some species do well with much less light than others. Light is as necessary to them as air. They should not be too often shifted from one place to another. Those who will take the trouble, may quicken the growth of some plants, so as to have spring flowers in winter. Thus Autumn and Spring might be connected; and flowers blooming in the Winter of our gloomy climate possess double attraction.

The presence of flowers is a source of beauty to the mind; for the meanest of them is lovely. To any of the Floral world, the terms, disproportion and ugliness, are inapplicable. Unbounded in variety, they are all charming to the sight, their race is essentially beautiful. It is imbued with the elements of perfect gracefulness. One flower may appear preferable to another in color, size, and shape, but in the humblest there is the stamp of elegance. They are all pleasing, all attractive. Those who are distinguished by a fondness for them and their cultivation, are persons of elegant minds. To the fair sex, in particular, they offer a charming study, and the decoration of their rooms with every fresh succession sets off their own attractions; while the attending them harmonizes well with our ideas of female occupation. A lovely girl in a flower-garden is a far preferable object to the eye, to one in a ball-room. In the midst of the luxuries of a rich vegetation, the female figure is set off better; and the colors of the parterre make out what the painters call a fore and back-ground, that administers admirably to the exhibition of the "fairest flower" of all. How desirable is it that fashion should be kept on the route of true taste, and made to go hand in hand with the simple and natural!

In the flower-garden alcove, books are doubly grateful. As in the libra-

ry ornamented with flowers they seem to be more enjoyed, so their union there is irresistibly attracting. To enjoy reading under such circumstances, most, works of imagination are preferable to abstract subjects. Poetry and romance—"De Vere" and "Pelham"—lighter history—the lively letters of the French school, like those of Sevigné and others—or natural history—these are best adapted to peruse amidst sweets and flowers: in short, any species of writing that does not keep the mind too intently fixed to allow the senses to wander occasionally over the scene around, and catch the beauty of the rich vegetation. To me the enjoyment derived from the union of books and flowers is of the very highest value among pleasurable sensations.

For my own part, I manage very well without the advantage of a greenhouse. The evergreens serve me in winter. Then the Lilacs come in, followed by the Guelder Rose and Woodbine, the latter trained in a pot upon circular trellis-work. After this there can be no difficulty in choosing, as the open air offers every variety. I arrange all my library and parlor-plants in a room in my dwelling-house facing the south, having a full portion of light, and a fire-place. I promote the growth of my flowers for the early part of the year by steam-warmth, and having large tubs and boxes of earth, I am at no loss, in my humble conservatory, for flowers of many kinds when our climate offers none. The trouble attending them is all my own, and is one of those employments which never appear laborious. Those who have better conveniences may proceed on a larger scale; but I contrive to keep up a due succession, which to a floral epicure is everything. To be a day in the year without seeing a flower is a novelty to me, and I am persuaded much more might be done with my humble means than I have effected, had I sufficient leisure to attend to the retarding or forcing them. I cover every space in my sitting-rooms with these beautiful fairy things of

creation, and take so much delight in the sight of them, that I cannot help recommending to those of limited incomes, like myself, to follow my example and be their own nurserymen. The rich might easily obtain them without; but what they procure by gold, the individual of small means must obtain by industry. I know

there are persons to whom the flowers of Paradise would be objects of indifference: but who can imitate, or envy such? They are grovellers, whose coarseness of taste is only fitted for the grossest food of life. The pleasures of flowers and of books are, as Henry IV. observed of his child, "the property of all the world."

THE BREEZE.

"GENTLE Breeze, that giv'st my brow
Gladness never felt till now,
Is it that thou wanderest here
From some heaven-illuming sphere?

Or thy freshness dost thou bring
From the bright moon's flowered ring?
Or from fields of light that are
More remote than cloud or star?

Hast thou kissed some thymy mountain?
Hast thou swept some haunted fountain?
Or dost rather bring to me
Freshness of the ancient sea,

And, in fitting from the verge
Of the round earth's farthest surge,
Hast thou reaped the scent of blossoms
That entwine the mermaids' bosoms?

Or, perchance, by Creesha's favor
Hast thou won a dreamy savor,
From those broad-leaved glowing valleys,
Where with dark-eyed maids he dallies?

Or from off thy zoneless breast,
Am I thus intensely blest
By the breathing buds and bells
Of a thousand fairy dells?

Or on some rock-girded lawn
Have the censers of the dawn,
With their odors, dewy sweet,
Steeped thy thin and dancing feet?

Breeze, that roamest fleetly by,
Is it earth, or sea, or sky
That has lent thy trembling lip
All the joy my kisses sip?

Hermes-like thou walk'st abroad,
Playful, thieving, baby God,
Stealing all the sweets and riches,
Laid in caves and sparry niches;

All delight that Jove can sup
From the brim of Hebe's cup;
All the Muse's tuneful breath;
All the scent of Venus' wreath;

And the air that pants and floats,
Thrilling to Hyperion's notes,
Round the myrtle-blossoms that spread
Over Juno's queenly head;

Azure gleam that deeply lies
In the fair wood-spirit's eyes,
And the fount's melodious cooing,
While the waves their gems are strewing.

Hast thou not been far and near
Gathering featly for my cheer,
All of precious sound and smell,
Culled from garden, steep, and dell?"

"Not from sea or stars I roam;
Not with fairies is my home;
'Tis a thousand years since I
Sported in the Indian sky;

And but seldom have I trod
In the bower of Nymph or God,
Since, to punish sins of men,
Heaven hath fled from human ken.

I around the green earth sweep,
Dappled land and rolling deep;
Still on mortal steps attending,
And with sighs of mortals blending.

'Twas in ages far away
That I heard the Muses play;
And from starry Memnon's string
Melodies no longer ring.

In some realm of shade aloft
Juno sits, lamenting oft;
Her tiar of blossoms now
Scentless withers on her brow.

Feet of ancient kings and Gods,
Print no more these lowly sods;
And the common dust hath troubled
Founts that once with nectar bubbled.

Now no more I greet thy sense
With an elfish influence;
Drink no more at Hesper's rise
Dewy fragrance of the skies."

"If thou didst not cheat the bee
Of a bliss not meant for thee,
Nor despoil the spicy nest,
Where the humming-bird hath rest;

If those vales thou hast not robbed,
Where of old the maidens sobbed,
Weeping over Adon slain,
Precious tears, but wept in vain!

Tell me, tell me, gentle wind,
Where such freshness thou couldst find,
Such as makes my bosom own
In each pulse a tuneful tone.

Whence thou comest, thither I,
With a speed like thine, will fly,
Those delicious airs to breathe,
Known not else the stars beneath."

"Morn was on the ocean grey
With a bright and various ray,
When I wakened in an island,
Lone, and green, and calm, and silent.

From a violet-bank I flew,
Moist with yet unshaken dew;
Where nor butterfly, nor bird,
E'en one little leaf had stirred.

Over rippling waves I sprang,
And around my path they sang;
And the nautilus uplifted
His thin sail, and blithely drifted.

And the halcyon oped its wings,
Bright with jewelled spots and rings,
Starred and zoned with gold and blue,
Sunny thing of glorious hue.

And the ocean's fearless daughter,
Winged pilgrim of the water,
Bird that loves to haunt the storm,
Roud me wheeled its silvered form.

And the stately vessel glided
O'er the billows it derided,
Till amid the ropes I played—
And, methought, the pilot prayed.

But I sought the quiet shore,
And beheld the main no more;
And I shook each ancient tree
Where the doves rejoice in me.

Swift I rushed o'er hills and meads,
Like a troop of Tartar steeds;
And the clouds I drove before me
Flung their changeful shadows o'er me.

Battling lines were ranged below,
Big with hate and prompt for woe;
And the peal that fiercely broke,
Filled my nostrils with its smoke.

Fast I fled, and reached a plain,
Broidered rich with fruits and grain,
Steadfast towers and waving leas,
Such as loves a summer-breeze.

Thence I wandered to a vale,
Precious kernel of my tale,
Green and warm, with hills around,
Robed in leaves, and rocky-crowned.

Seemed it all of sunshine born,
Nurtured on the light of morn,
Every knoll a heap of posies,
Every nook a nest of roses.

Through a hedge of flowery twine,
Sweet-briar, orange, jasmine, vine;
Whispering and lithe I crept
E'en to where a lady slept.

Scarce her cheek's carnation charm
Dimpled on her foam-white arm;
And her head, with all its curls,
Bending showed its wreaths of pearls;

And those eye-lids soft and shaded,
'Neath a brow with dark hair braided,
Seemed but veils to keep from sight
Orbs of heaven's own dazzling light;

And the silken fold that fell
O'er her young breast's gentle swell,
Heaved and sank as if 'twere fraught
With a tune of holy thought.

Hands thou might'st have died to press
Drooped upon her purple dress,
And her fingers fine reposed
Round a jonquille half unclosed.

Swift I sought so fair a being,
Swifter far than human seeing,
And with faint and murmuring chime,
Floated in that happy clime;

Like a bee on leaves of flowers,
On those lips I dwelt for hours;
On that virgin side I panted,
And those eyes with kisses haunted;

Through her glossy ringlets straying,
Round her blue-veined temples playing,
From her sleeping spirit stealing
Every air-shaped thought and feeling.

In her dreams I steeped my wing
As they gurgled from their spring,
Every vision o'er her sailing,
Like a draught of life inhaling.

And whate'er of rare or sweet
Through her soul was wandering fleet,
Straight unto myself I pressed,
As unto a lover's breast.

From her bosom's inmost core
So I sucked its honey store;
Yet within that folded mind
Left more wealth of bliss behind.

And 'twas thus I deftly won
Freshest fragrance, softest tone,
All that gives a joy to thee,
Such as may not often be.

Now I sweep o'er earth and sky,
Filled and rapt with ecstasy,
Maddened in my whirling flight,
With a frenzy of delight.

And, alas! I swiftly scour,
From my love, my star, my flower;
To the spheres a messenger
Of the sweet I kissed from her.

On her face the while I bowed,—
O'er that moon an airy cloud,—
Drawing from those features tender
To my heart a gladsome splendor,

Then her lip and bosom shook,
Like a tempest-smitten brook,
And she faltered, half in woe,
Half in passion, "Angelo!"

"Now, I know, 'tis she, 'tis she,
Dearest upon earth to me,
Who from her my soul can sever
Since her faith is true as ever ?

Whence the lying dream that swore
She had scorned the love I bore ?

Wretched thing, what hateful spell
Made thee fly from Isabel ?

But how swift, and fond once more,
At her knee will I adore !
Gentle Breeze, go fare-thee-well ;
Now I speed to Isabel."

CHARACTERS OF CONTEMPORARY FOREIGN AUTHORS AND STATESMEN.

NO. II.—MONS. JACQUES LAFFITTE, MEMBER OF THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

JACQUES LAFFITTE was born at Bayonne, of poor and obscure parentage. His father was a master-carpenter, who supported with difficulty a very numerous family by his industry. His second son, Jacques, distinguished himself at an early age, by a quickness of parts very uncommon at those years. At the age of fifteen he was placed with a banker at Bayonne, of the name of Formlaques, and there speedily made himself conspicuous by his application, and promptness in comprehending all the niceties of commercial transactions. M. Formlaques conceived a friendship for him, and in a very short time young Laffitte was a complete adept in the line of business which he embraced. Already, by the fruit of his industry, he supported his entire family, when his youthful ambition suggesting to him to appear on a more extensive theatre than that of a small provincial town, he repaired to Paris at the dawn of the revolution. Being provided with a letter of recommendation, as the only ground of his fortune, from M. Formlaques, to the banker Perregaux, he presented himself before him, and was admitted into the house as clerk. The old banker was struck with his simple but intelligent countenance, and his modest and respectful behavior, and treated him with every degree of kindness. With the assistance of this new auxiliary, the business of the establishment received a rapid augmentation and improvement, which was to be attributed to his ability, vigilance and perseverance ; and in the course of time the son of the poor carpenter of Bayonne became partner, and afterwards, at

the death of M. Perregaux, head of that concern, which he has raised to such a high degree of prosperity, and the capital of which, in specie and effects, amounts to twenty millions of French livres.

The political career of M. Laffitte began in 1814 ; he then enlarged the sphere of his action, and, not bounding his ideas within the limits of a justly-merited reputation, he obtained the still more valuable estimation of being an intrepid citizen, and a man entirely devoted to the interests of his country. Twice, and at two different periods of time, he has saved the treasures of the bank of France. The Emperor Napoleon, on the first approaches of his reverses, endeavored to convert the resources of the bank to his own account. But the statutes of that establishment were found to be in opposition to the wishes of the Emperor, according to their strict interpretation. The council was assembled ; the order of the Emperor was read, and the whole meeting looked at each other with symptoms of terror and trembling, when M. Laffitte, who was the governor of the bank, arose, and with a voice of firmness and energy, refused his assent to a measure that was contradictory to the regulations of the bank, and must, ultimately, be destructive to its credit. But his colleagues were still hesitating, when he vividly reproached them for a weakness that was likely to cover them with infamy in the eyes of the commercial world, and feeling the power of his remonstrances, and the dictates of their own consciences, they joined him in his vote.

On the second occasion, a still greater danger menaced him from a different quarter. He was governor of the bank in 1814, when the greatest anarchy prevailed at Paris, and the allied armies entered it with all the power in their own hands. A messenger from General Blücher repaired to M. Laffitte's house in the evening, charging him, in the name of his superior, to surrender to him the keys of the treasury of the bank. Prompt obedience was insisted on, or else an immediate conveyance to the fortress of Spandau. The officer threatened to put the order in force at that very instant, but M. Laffitte refused to comply, and only requested to be permitted to remain with his family till the following morning. The request was granted, and M. Laffitte, profiting by the few moments allowed to him, despatched an express to the Emperor Alexander, begging him for a safeguard and protection. The aid-de-camp of Blücher passed the night in the apartments of the banker, but on the following morning the express returned with a favorable and satisfactory answer.

When the landing of Napoleon on the shores of Provence was announced at the Tuileries, the royal government felt reluctant to apply to a banker that had exhibited so many striking proofs of patriotism; nevertheless it was to him that the party addressed themselves, in the hour of distress, to transmit to England the disposable sums that were at hand on the approach of Napoleon. M. Laffitte did not hesitate to comply, and take charge of that very delicate commission, forgetful of the rebuffs that he had previously experienced; and handed to the falling monarch a letter of credit on England, before he received the necessary securities himself.

Napoleon again falls; and it is M. Laffitte that is destined to become the depository of his fortune. But what was his recompense? nothing but slanders and insults on the part of the royal government; and what is more, Napoleon, on his death-bed, bequeath-

ed his property to those who had ruined him by their flatteries, but bestowed not a single mark of kindness or gratitude on the man who had assisted him in his distress.

In the Chamber of Deputies, M. Laffitte rarely mounts the tribune; but when there he speaks only of that which he thoroughly understands. Though his physical powers are feeble, and his voice weak, he continues to make himself well understood, because he knows well how to secure a hearing. His first speech on the question of the Budget, delivered in 1815, introduced a new era into France. It was the first time that any member ventured, in the tribune, to contradict the statements of the ministers; but this style of speaking soon came into vogue, and the merit of its original invention is justly to be ascribed to M. Laffitte. In all his speeches on subjects of finance, this member is very parsimonious of two things, of which the other orators are very lavish, that is, figures of arithmetic, and figures of speech: he reasons rather than calculates, and, like M. De Labourdonnaye, and, before him, the eloquent General Foy, he never goes into mere declamation. His diction is not always elegant, but it is neat; and his speeches are occasionally diffuse, but never violent. He uses but little gesture, and his preambles, as well as his action, are simple and natural. He delivers, occasionally, unpremeditated sentiments, and very successfully, on unforeseen subjects; his written and spoken language partake of the same character, which, considered with reference to the three excellent speeches which he lately delivered, no longer allows us to believe, (as is groundlessly asserted,) that he borrowed the pen of his friend Manucl. Whether the fabric of his mind, or his physical organization, be the cause that long periods and theatrical bursts of eloquence do not belong to him, or whether he be mistrustful of his own facility, he makes frequent pauses between his sentences; so that his style of speaking is not at all of a piece, and

the contexture of his arguments is not sufficiently close ; and the art of transposition is not possessed by him with so much accuracy as to make his conceptions seem to rise naturally one after the other. The following passage in one of his speeches will enable us to estimate both the man and the speaker, as it furnishes a criterion for judging of the difficult art of speaking about one's self, or the "*art d'égoïser*," which was a term used by the less modern authors of France. M. Roy, the reporter of the Commission of the Budget, having censured the proceedings of the bank, M. Laffitte, who was then governor of that establishment, replied to him, and thus retorted on the speaker for insinuations that appeared to him to be personal :—"I am not a contractor, and my fortune which is purely commercial, does not owe its origin, or its further progress, to speculations, in which the premium of risk is comprised in the state of the original bargains—I owe it to the honorable industry of forty years, and to a spirit of fair-dealing, which causes every man to believe that he may rely on my good faith and integrity."

As a public man, M. Laffitte is a friend to liberty ; and being a foster-child of the revolution, he will always feel for it a sort of filial piety. In his private capacity he is generous, benevolent, and humane ; faithful in his friendships, and easy and engaging with his occasional acquaintance. In other respects, his vanity is excessive, and he carries it to the extreme ; so that flattery, however gross it may be, is eagerly swallowed by him on every occasion. Behold him, any evening, at one of his grand balls, where the most select society of Paris is collect-

ed around him, of those most distinguished for rank, talents, importance, and property, to the number of two or three thousand. He there resembles a king receiving the homage of his subjects, rather than the master of a house that seems eager to give a kind and hospitable reception to his guests. This degree of stiffness is rather inexplicable, because the habits of M. Laffitte are simple, and amidst the gorgeous glare that surrounds him, he frequently betrays symptoms of his originally humble condition, and narrow economy and thrift. Thus, on these evenings of parade, he frequently takes a sponge in his hand to wipe off the water that flows down from the panes of glass, so that it may not spoil his fine mouldings, and the elegant gilding of his windows. But what are these little weaknesses compared with the many valuable qualities with which they are attended ? As he possesses an immense fortune, it may be asserted that no man knows better than M. Laffitte to make a good use of it. His purse is always open to the wretched and unfortunate. He has relieved the indigence of the family of Ney, by giving his only daughter in marriage to the eldest son of that Marshal. He has also relieved his proscribed countrymen ; and those especially who have taken refuge at London, have received ten thousand livres as gratuities of his bounty. In short, he is the natural protector of all industrious enterprises, of all useful talents, and all sufferers under unmerited misfortune ; and there is scarcely a single useful enterprise, or benevolent society in France, to which M. Laffitte has not contributed either by his influence, his counsels, or his purse.

THE BEAUTY OF WOMEN.—AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

AND Sadac said unto Ismael, the son of Berar, "wherein consists thy great happiness ? Of all the men I ever beheld thou seemest to me to

have the least cause of rejoicing, since thou hast lost a limb, an eye, and a hand, and moreover thou art poor, and hast none of the enjoyments of life."

And Ismael said, "O my prince, it is because thou hast not learned to discern wherein the enjoyment of life consists. Thou hast not learned, like thy servant, to be pleased with mankind as they are, and with events as they occur; and, when evil befall thee, to be thankful that it is not worse. When I lost one of my limbs, fighting in the camp of my father, I thanked Allah that I had not lost them both. When I lost an eye, fighting in my own cause, I conquered my inveterate enemy, and rejoicing said—I shall see the clearer with the eye that is left. And when I lost an arm, fighting under thee in the great battle of Bahara, in which the pride of Persia sank before our might, the men who bound up my wound said unto me—Ismael, thou art sorely wounded and lame besides; retire thou into the tent. But I refused, and said—I have one hand left, and with it will I fight for my prince until I fall, or the battle be gained. We conquered, and I rejoiced. I know of no man who has more reason to be thankful to God and our prophet than poor Ismael, the son of Berar."

"I cannot for my life perceive wherein it consists," said Sadac, "unless it be in deprivations, which are contrary in their nature to happiness. Tell me one of the chief enjoyments of the heart."

And Ismael said, "The highest enjoyment of which my frail nature is capable, has been in the endearments of one beloved object—in the society of Abra, my beloved wife, my only spouse, and the darling of my heart. She has proved to me the light of my soul, my crown of rejoicing, my stay and comfort in affliction, and the affectionate sharer in all my joys and sorrows. Ismael, the son of Berar, has had no earthly felicity that can be compared with the love and society of that beautiful, blessed, and divine creature."

And Sadac marvelled exceedingly, and he said, "I have thirty and six wives, and seventy and two concubines, the most beautiful women in

the world. They are all pure and without blemish; arrayed in the silken gauze of Cashmere, covered over with jewels and perfumes, and all ready to bestow their smiles and favors on the son of Azor; yet, instead of being my chief joy, from them proceed my greatest earthly plagues and torments. O Ismael, bring thy Abra before me, that I may look upon that beauty which is sufficient to confer such happiness on the possessor."

But Ismael said, "Shouldst thou covet and take her from me, thy servant's chief happiness in this world would be extinct."

But Sadac swore unto him, that though he admired her ever so much, yet would he not deprive him of what he held so dear. "For I have sufficiency of female beauty already," added he; "which when thou seest thou shalt acknowledge." And he led the lame Ismael away to the apartments of the women, and caused every one of them, amounting to more than a hundred, to pass by before him, and to unveil themselves. They were all beautiful as roses, for they were from beyond the river, and fair of complexion. And Sadac said, "Thou seest how lovely they are; wouldst thou not exchange thine Abra for any of these?"

And Ismael answered and said, "No, prince; I would not exchange my Abra for any of these, nor for all, beautiful though they are, which I deny not, though thou shouldst add the wealth of Cathema to boot."

And Sadac marvelled greatly, and said, "O Ismael, let me see this wonder of my dominions, whose beauty, single and alone, can ravish and delight a man, and render him completely happy from year to year." And Ismael did as his prince and ruler commanded, and he brought his wife, and she stood before Sadac the son of Azor. And Sadac said, "Is this thy wife, even thy beloved Abra?"

And Ismael said, "It is."

And Sadac lost all power, and fell from his seat down upon the floor of his pavilion; but it was not with love

for the wife of Ismael, but with laughter at the style of her beauty. For the woman was old and homely in the extreme, with a broad brown face, and gray eyes of a heavy and mild lustre. And the servants of Sadac tried to lift him up and set him on his seat, but they could not, for he had no power either to rise or to support himself thereon; and they said one to another, "What shall we do for Sadac, the son of Azor, our lord!"

And Sadac laughed seven days and seven nights at the beauty of Abra, the wife of Ismael.

And it came to pass after these days that he called Ismael unto him, and said, "O Ismael, son of Berar, how hast thou mocked me by asserting thy happiness with thy Abra, in derision of all the beauty in my harem, collected from the great river Euphrates even to the borders of Media, for my pleasure and happiness, which all that beauty has yet failed to produce!"

And Ismael said, "Far be it from me to mock my prince, or to tell him any word that is not downright truth. I agree with him, that without beauty there can be no happiness with wo-

man; but of female beauty there are many kinds and degrees; as many as in the whole range of nature besides. There is one beauty of the flowers of the field, another of the storms of heaven, and another of the sun shining in all his glory and strength. So in woman there is one beauty of the skin, and another of the soul; but the one is as superior to the other, as the sun shining in his glory and strength is to the short-lived and fading flowers of the valley. Thou, O Sadac, seekest only for selfish gratification, deeming that there happiness is to be found. How certain the event that thou wert to be disappointed! So shall all those be who expect to find true happiness in the pleasures of sense and the vanities of time. But I have sought and found a union of souls that began in youth, has strengthened with age, and will continue to improve and brighten for ever and ever."

And Sadac went home into his house heavy and concerned, and he said unto himself, "I would instantly go in search of that union of souls if I wist what it was."

WISHES OF YOUTH.

Gaily and greenly let my seasons run;
And should the war-winds of the world up-
root

The sanctities of life, and its sweet fruit
Cast forth as fuel for the fiery sun;
The dews be turned to ice—fair days begun
In peace wear out in pain, and sounds that
suit

Despair and discord keep Hope's harpstring
mute;

Still let me live as Love and Life were
one:

Still let me turn on earth a childlike gaze,
And trust the whispered charities that
bring

Tidings of human truth; with inward praise
Watch the weak motion of each common
thing,

And find it glorious—still let me raise
On wintry wrecks an altar to the Spring.

ESSAYS ON PHYSIOLOGY, OR THE LAWS OF ORGANIC LIFE.*

ESSAY III.—ON THE POWERS BY WHICH THE OPERATIONS OF THE ORGANIC FRAME ARE CARRIED ON.

WE have stated, that every organized body is endowed with that *principle*, to which we have given the term *sensibility*; and we would now, in continuance of the subject, observe, that

the *sensibility* of each part, or organ, is peculiar to itself; that is, although *sensibility* is universally diffused throughout every part of the frame, yet each possessing only its own pecu-

* See page 115.

liarily modified sensibility, lives, feels and moves, after its own way. Thus, for instance, stimuli which affect one organ, produce no impression on others; as the eye is insensible to sound, the ear to light. Still, although the *sensibility* of all the organs is thus modified, and peculiar to themselves, the whole conjunctively work together to one common end,—their mutual preservation and improvement, and the preservation of the individual.

With regard to *contractility*, which may be said uniformly to accompany sensibility, there is one modification which I have hitherto omitted to mention,—a modification, which organs in a healthy state never exhibit, when influenced by their natural and proper stimuli, namely, *contractility* at the same time *involuntary* and *sentient*, or *perceived*,—that is to say, an action which occurs independent of the will, over which the will has no power, and of which we have at the same time complete perception; as in the example of an electric shock, which, as every one knows, will produce powerful muscular contractions, perfectly involuntary, of which, however, we are as perfectly aware. Voluntary and perceived contractility attends upon, or is associated with, percipient sensibility; or, as it may be termed, perceptibility. Involuntary and insensible contractility is associated with latent sensibility.

From this view, we may easily satisfy ourselves of the existence of two modes of *feeling*, and of two sorts of *motion*,—a sensibility, by virtue of which certain parts send to the brain the impressions they receive, to be there objects of consciousness, and by which we are aware of our own existence, as well as that of the natural world around us; and a different mode of sensibility, belonging to all organs without exception, and which are all that some possess. These are adapted and sufficient for the exercise of the functions of nutrition, and by means of which the organs appropriated to this purpose are kept in action, and preserved in their natural state.

There are also two kinds of contractility,—the one in virtue of which certain organs, obedient to the will, exercise the contractions which it determines; the other, independent of the will, and which manifests itself by actions, of which we have no more intimation than we have of the impressions by which they are determined. This latter modification of sensibility and contractility, is that which we see manifested by vegetable life, and which many species, as the sensitive plant, the fly-trap, and others, so remarkably exhibit.

The latent sensibility, however associated to animal life, at least in the higher orders, differs considerably in one of its characters from that of the vegetable world, viz. the power it has of being altered and modified by circumstances, and of elevating itself to *perception*; and we would observe, that when organs endowed with this species of sensibility become the subjects of disease, they assume a new character, and manifest a percipient sensibility—often acute to the highest degree. The stomach, for example, when in health, possesses no conscious perception of the presence of natural food, which, when that organ is suffering under inflammation, produces the most intense pain.

On the contrary, we find that percipient sensibility may be altered by habit, (with reason termed second nature,) and degenerate into the *latent*: so that what before was felt, and even occasioned pain or uneasiness, ceases at length to communicate sensation. Sensibility and contractility, which offer very considerable shades of modification and difference in different individuals, according to age, sex, temperament, &c., have been by physiologists not unaptly compared to a fluid flowing from a given source, which may be exhausted and replenished, drained and consumed, distributed equally or unequally, or occasionally even concentrated in peculiar parts.

In childhood and youth, these two properties are in the greatest activity

and perfection ; but as age advances, they diminish more and more rapidly till death. The liveliness and frequency of impressions quickly wear out, and exhaust the *sensibility* ; and in organs, as, for instance, the muscles that have been long exercised, *contractility* shares the same fate, and rest and repose are necessary, as it were, for their refreshment, when the properties are again restored to their natural energy.

Under particular circumstances, sensibility appears to forsake every part of the system, and to become as it were concentrated in one part or organ ; the rest appearing at the same time almost totally deprived of it. For instance, if any part be suffering acute pain, or agony,—and uneasiness or pain of a more moderate degree be inflicted in another part,—this, (which otherwise would have been felt as irksome,) during the continuance of the more violent, will not be regarded, or even noticed. During sleep, percipient sensibility and voluntary contraction are in some measure suspended ; and this suspension is either more or less complete, according to the healthy soundness of the repose.

In the inhabitants of the warm climates of the south, it is observed, that sensibility is more lively, and more easily excited, than in those of more cold and northern regions. In the natives of Italy and Spain, and especially of Africa, we find a sensibility irritable to the highest degree : in the latter, it often happens that the slightest wounds produce convulsions, locked jaw, and death ; which are of comparatively unfrequent occurrence in these northern climates, as sequels to trifling injuries, and then only in persons of a morbidly irritable constitution.

When the muscular powers are more than usually developed, the nervous powers, if I may use the expression, appear to suffer a proportionate diminution ; that is, there appears to exist a kind of opposition between the force of muscular contraction and the sensibility of the nerves. Hence it is observed, that those whose athletic

force is immense, are sluggish in their motions and in their intellects, and with difficulty roused to active exertion of any kind ; they are, for the most part, but slightly affected by ordinary impressions. It seems as if an extra degree of stimulus were required to rouse the slumbering energy of the muscular powers, which, when once roused, and not till then, display the extent of their efficacy.

The sensibility which the higher orders of animals possess, depends, as we have before stated, upon the nerves, and is in fact a property connected with them, and essentially inseparable from their nature ; but those animals which possess no distinct nervous system, or rather perhaps in whose contexture distinct nerves have not been discovered, appear at once endowed with sensibility (latent,) and its companion, contractility, in all their parts and organs ; throughout the structure of which it would seem that they were essentially diffused ; and indeed in these orders of beings, the two properties just mentioned are so blended, that the separate existence of each as a distinct principle, cannot be conceived or understood, except as abstract qualities.

Percipient sensibility or perceptibility, is the power which certain nerves possess of receiving an impression, and of transmitting it to the brain, and the impression thus received is termed a sensation. This we have stated before ; but it may be asked, Is it proved that the *nerves* are the organs of sensation ? or that they do transmit impressions to the brain ? For the proof of this, we can appeal to observations and numberless experiments : it is found, for example, that if any principal nerve be divided, or even compressed, the part or organ over which such nerve is distributed, becomes at once insensible. Thus, if the optic nerve be injured, loss of vision is the consequence ;—if the spinal cord be hurt, the limbs below the injury become paralyzed ;—if the brain be suffering pressure, either

from too great a volume of blood circulating in the vessels ramifying over it, or from blood effused upon its surface, apoplexy, paralysis, and death, are the results.

In advancing to direct our inquiries respecting the impressions received through that power of the nerves termed percipient sensibility, we shall observe, in limine, that a distinction is to be drawn between the vividness of sensation, and the accuracy with which the mind judges of objects by sensation, or, as it is termed, *accuracy of feeling*.

The first time that any stimulus acts upon the senses, it in general produces a vivid sensation; but the liveliness and vividness of impressions become diminished in proportion as the action of such stimulus on the senses is repeated; and by these means, the sensation may be at length almost annihilated; which effect is produced in common language by habit. Sensations can, in some degree, be rendered, at will, more vivid and intense; and the Author of our frame has also endowed us with the faculty of moderating and diminishing them. Thus, if we wish to render a sensation as impressive as possible, we dispose the organs of sensation in the most advantageous manner,—we direct the whole nervous sensibility to one particular part,—we receive but a small number of impressions at the same time, applying all our attention to them:—hence, a great difference is established between merely seeing, and regarding attentively; between hearing, and listening. On the other hand, when we wish to moderate the vivacity of any sensation, we either generalize (if the term be allowed) the nervous sensibility, or direct it intently to another object;—for instance, if I happen to be in a room where conversation is passing, to which I wish not to listen; if I direct, by a sort of mental force, my attention to some object, as the examination of a painting, or engage myself in thinking on a subject which requires a more than common exertion of the mind,—

I shall not hear a word of what is spoken; and the same effect will be produced, if I abstract my attention totally from every thing around me, and fix my thoughts, as it were, on vacancy, assuming a state of mental abstraction, called reverie.

We have already previously observed, that it is through the medium of sensation we become aware of our own existence, and the existence of surrounding objects. The sensations by which we acquire this knowledge, various and complex as they may be, have been, by some writers, referred ultimately to two classes, viz. pleasure and pain; and although numberless sensations, which we perpetually experience, appear to excite in us neither the one nor the other, we must not too hastily conclude that this arrangement is without foundation; for let us reflect on the modification which *habit* produces—how soon even pain becomes less irksome, and pleasure a matter of indifference; and remember how those circumstances, which on their first occurrence produced feelings of delight, are now little noticed by their continuance or frequency; at the same time considering, also, how in childhood, when the system is as yet new to the crowd of sensations which are about to call forth the exercise of untried faculties, no occurrence is indifferent, but a cause either of pleasure or of pain, and we shall be more ready to yield our assent. Besides, too, it must be allowed, that although numberless sensations (and it is wisely so ordered by Providence) do not draw us from our duties by the pleasure or pain they communicate, a slight or unusual increase of any of such sensations immediately determines it decisively to the one state of feeling or the other.

It is by a wise and merciful arrangement, that without any process of reasoning, without the aid of reflection, we instinctively withdraw from whatever inflicts pain, and are so led to avoid at once whatever militates against the safety and preservation of our animal frame;—and hence

arises a natural love of pleasure, which, were we like the brutes that perish, it would be well to indulge in ; but which reason and religion teach us to enjoy with moderation, or forego altogether, when (as is too often the case) such indulgence would render us useless and unworthy members of society.

We have already intimated, that sensation supposes a common sensorium, to which every impression must be referred. Hence certain animals of the lowest rank, we may conclude with reason, feel nothing ; or at least, nothing analogous to what we call pain or pleasure ; and here again we see proofs of wisdom. These animals are all incapable of avoiding injuries, to which they are continually liable ; hence, did they feel, their existence must of necessity be one of unavoidable suffering ; but such is their organization, and their tenacity of life, that they are not only divided into parts with impunity to themselves, but in many animals the parts become distinct existences.

With respect to *accuracy* of feeling, (and in this expression we would include all the senses,) we have to remark, that it is acquired only by practice and experience ; and hence, the eye is enabled to judge correctly of *size* and *distance*, as well as of the minute gradations of color. For example : to an infant, or to one born blind, but whose sight has been lately restored, distant objects seem as near as those that are so ; for a knowledge of perspective, of relative size and proportion, is yet to be gained ;—by degrees, however, the eye begins to discriminate with accuracy, and at length the sense is perfect. It is thus, also, with regard to the ear : it is, for the most part, practice alone, which enables us to distinguish, by the medium of this organ, between discord and harmony, and every modulation of sound ; and by practice, the sense of taste likewise becomes refined and discriminating. An equally complete perfection of all the senses at once, seems almost impossible to be

acquired ; for it has been observed that a more than usual development of one is generally attended by a deterioration of the rest ; and that when one is lost, some of the others are rendered more acute. Thus, in the blind, we often see an extreme liveliness and vigor of feeling, so that by the touch alone many are able to distinguish even the varieties of color : this faculty, of course, is gained only by habit and frequent practice ; but were the organs of all the senses perfect, such a result would never arise, even from the most assiduous application.

The different senses, as they are termed, although possessed by all the animals of the higher class, that is, by mammalia and birds, are not disposed among them in the same degree ; nor even among all the tribes of which the human race is composed ; since it appears, that different nations are more or less gifted in various points, according to their necessities, habits, and modes of life. For instance, man, in civilized society, endowed with vision sufficiently clear and distinct, possesses not this faculty in so powerful and extensive a degree as the Arab or American Indian ; but over the most gifted in this respect of the human race, many animals, especially of the feathered tribe, have amazing advantage. The eagle, towering above the clouds beyond our sight, or seen only as a dark speck in the sky, surveys the wide extent of the mountain-range or plain below, and marks his prey at an almost incredible distance. The sense of smell in the dog, the vulture, and many other animals, is extremely acute and discerning ; for it is by the exercise of this faculty, principally, that they are enabled to procure their food. But to man, having no need of this, and in every climate depending on means far different for his support, Nature, bountiful, but not lavish, has denied a gift, which, if possessed in so great a degree, would be of no utility, if not an actual disadvantage.

In the sense of hearing, as it respects distance, although man is infe-

rior to many animals, none possess an ear so highly discriminating and susceptible; nor does it appear that in other animals this delicacy (as far as they do possess it) can be corrected and improved;—among mankind, however, we must allow considerable difference to exist. Some individuals, for instance, are susceptible, from birth, of a peculiarly pleasurable emotion from certain successions of modulated sounds, termed music; and the individuals thus deriving pleasure, are said to have a musical ear. To others, on the contrary, music affords no pleasure; and some can scarcely distinguish one tune from another. Still, however, a taste for music may be acquired, provided the ear be capable of discriminating well between each variety and modulation of tone, or, in other words, be, as it is commonly termed, *nice*. I think we must allow, that a *nice* and a *musical* ear are distinct from each other; for (though it commonly may be so) it does not follow that an ear, possessing great discrimination between sounds, should derive much pleasure from them; yet still, by such an ear, a musical taste may certainly be acquired.

With regard to other animals, although some are delighted by melody, or a succession of simple sounds, yet it does not appear that they derive that peculiar gratification from harmony which man so universally enjoys, or at least may, by cultivation.

The sense of taste, we may reasonably conclude, man possesses in a degree decidedly superior to that of all inferior animals; for although he is certainly unable by this faculty to distinguish poisonous or noxious substances, from those of a contrary nature, which we see exemplified in many animals, especially of the herbivorous class, by their rejecting those plants whose effects are known to be injurious to them; yet as this faculty is evidently the result of an instinctive perception, and therefore unconnected with *delicacy* of taste, it will hardly be allowed probable, that, as it is unnecessary, they should possess it in a

higher, or in so high a degree of perfection as man, in whom we know this sense to be capable of such modification and refinement. The class of birds and fishes are in this point, beyond dispute, considerably below man and the mammalia; and yet these are also able to discriminate in the choice of their food, being guided merely by instinct. Hence, as it appears that it is by instinct that the lower animals are guided in the selection of food, refusing or accepting, according as it dictates, and not liking or disliking from a refined delicacy of taste, there is no reason why this endowment, in a degree equal to what man enjoys, should be assigned to them, as some physiologists have done.

In the sense of feeling, a property diffused so universally throughout all animated nature, man stands supremely preëminent. To every part of his frame this power belongs, but the *hand* alone can distinguish and appreciate; it is the regulator of the sight, and corrects its errors and mistakes,—it informs us of the size, figure, consistence, dryness, or humidity, and to a certain degree of the temperature, of bodies; and is, besides, capable of a degree of perfection scarcely credible. But among the brute creation delicacy of touch is not necessary; nor is it indeed compatible with their mode of existence. Yet if we survey the animal world, we shall find that each, according to the intellectual powers (we crave a license for the expression) of the class or order to which it belongs, possesses this sense, refined to a greater or less extent; for it would seem, that between the powers of judgment and reflection, and delicacy of touch, there exists a considerable connexion; as if the latter was given to inform, aid, and direct these mental operations, and bring more accurate information upon objects, of which juster ideas will thus be gained, and on which the mind may thus be more advantageously exercised. But as none approach mankind in mental powers, so none in this respect also

are equally endowed. Indeed, if we except the ape tribe, whose anatomical configuration approaches closely to that of man, we do not find any orders of beings endowed with, and using the hand, like man, as the grand organ of touch, and capable of such exquisite improvement.

But among the assembly of lower animals, the elephant stands conspicuous, unique, and remarkable for the peculiar organ of touch with which nature has invested him. He has not a hand, but his proboscis, with what may well be called a finger at its extremity, and which is sensitive and pliable, gives him a vast and decided advantage. He is thus enabled, not only to gather his food, which he does by means of this instrument, and convey it to his mouth, but to pick up and examine substances extremely minute.

But as it respects the brute creation in general, although many animals, as the squirrel, the cat, and others, make a considerable use of the arm, if it may be so called, and are certainly furnished by its means with the sense of touch to a limited degree, still we do not find this member terminating in a hand—flexible, and capable of such extensive power and variety of motion—so exquisitely sensible, also, as in man. We find no distinct and accurately formed fingers, covered with a soft cushion, composed almost entirely of one mass of nervous fibres, and a network of vessels. On the contrary, in all animals in which even an approach to the human hand is discovered, we find this organ ill-shaped, or indistinctly divided,—the fingers are not tapering, nor protected by a broad expanded nail;—this is constructed in such, for retaining or lacerating, rather than for serving as a defence to the multitude of nerves, with which the fingers in man are so abundantly supplied.

It may not, perhaps, be foreign in this place to remark, that the presence, absence, and relative perfection of the *clavicle*, or collar-bone, in animals, furnishes a characteristic mark of the de-

gree of motion enjoyed by the arm, (as we venture to call it,) and consequently, of an organ of greater or less similitude to the human hand, as it regards use and sensibility. For example: in the horse, cow, &c. the motion of the forelimbs is confined, being merely progressive;—in these the clavicle is wanting, and their foot bears not the slightest resemblance to the hand, either in configuration or sensibility. But, on the contrary, in the ape we find a perfect clavicle, and an arm and hand differing but in a few points from the human, and enjoying perfect freedom of motion. In the squirrel, the mouse, and others, the clavicle, though existing, is imperfect; the hand bears a much more distant resemblance to the human; the power of rotatory motion in the arm is more circumscribed; the nails are formed for seizing and retaining, and the sensibility of the hand is inconsiderable. Below these animals, are the feline tribe;—the cat, for instance, has a still less perfect clavicle, and the motion of the forelimbs is still more limited, while the foot or paw, (for here it cannot be called hand,) incapable of holding or grasping objects, as in the squirrel, is furnished with nails, destined to seize and lacerate. Thus do we find, among the inferior mammalia, according to the perfection or absence of the clavicle, a nearer or more distant approach to the human arm and hand in shape, sensibility, and power of motion.

The sense of touch, properly so called, is enjoyed universally by the skin or integument surrounding and enveloping the frame; but, as we have intimated, not by every part of it in the same accurate degree of perfection; for as this depends, in a great measure, on use and habit, (supposing also a nicer organization,) where it is the most exercised in a way accordant with nature, it will, of course, be the most perfect.

The term *skin* is employed to designate a texture, composed of *three membranes*, differing from each other in use and composition. These are the

cutis vera, or true skin; the *rete mucosum*, or mucous web; and the *epidermis*, external membrane, or cuticle. The *cutis vera* is a texture formed almost entirely of vessels and nerves,—at least they are distributed most abundantly throughout its whole composition. Here, numerous minute arteries terminate in *exhalants*,—here the *absorbent system* commences, and the *nervous filaments* end. If this membrane be accurately examined, multitudes of small *papillæ* or eminences are found arising from its surface, disposed in regular order, but varying in different parts in shape and magnitude: these are the pulpos extremities of the nerves, thus elevated, for the purpose of increasing their power of perception, and surrounded by a web of the most exquisite fineness. In those parts where the sense of touch is most exercised and in the highest perfection, as in the hand and tips of the fingers, these *papillæ* are the most distinct and elevated. Over this *cutis vera* is spread the *rete mucosum*, so called from its gelatinous consistence and net-like structure, being perforated universally by the exhalant vessels, absorbents, and nervous papillæ. The principal use of this delicate web seems to be, to preserve the nerves in a state of moisture, favorable to their sensibility and action.

In all climates the color of the *rete mucosum* is found to vary; but from what cause it is difficult perhaps to determine. In the negro it is black; in the American, copper-colored; in the Asiatic, tawny or olive; and in the European, from a darkness almost equal to the negro, to a white; in fact, it would seem, that as we recede from the temperate climes to the tropic, or to the pole, the skin gradually assumes a darker hue, till, under the equator at least, it becomes completely black.

The *rete mucosum* we have stated to be gelatinous; and to prevent the evaporation of moisture, and preserve it in its natural state of humidity, it is entirely covered by the *epidermis*,

or cuticle. This is a thin, transparent, and insensible membrane, being supplied neither with nerves nor vessels of any description. If minutely examined, it is found to be abundantly perforated in every part by the orifices of the exhalants and absorbents, commonly called the *pores*; but besides preventing evaporation, the use of the *epidermis* is also to cover the nervous papillæ, and thereby moderate the sensation, too vivid, and amounting to pain, which the actual contact of even the most delicate bodies would produce. When removed, as by blisters or scalding water, the *epidermis* is quickly reproduced, but by what precise process, is still doubtful.—Some animals shed the cuticle periodically, entire like a sheath, as serpents; from other animals, it is thrown off in the form of scales or dust, a new cuticle being previously prepared. Besides these natural changes, it undergoes others, as thickening from pressure, which we may observe in the palms of the hands, or soles of the feet, sometimes assuming the consistence of horn.

The cuticle offers a variety of appearances in different animals, from a texture soft and delicate, and even like mucus in some aquatic animals, to scales, shells, and plates, constituting a natural armor.

These are the membranes composing the skin; but besides this, there is universally or partially between it and the muscles, in most animals, what is called the *cellular membrane*. This is a tissue composed of membranous cells, formed by the crossing of the membranes in all directions, and serving as the receptacle for the fat. Its use appears to be to weaken the impressions of external injuries, and protect against the effect of changes of temperature in the surrounding element; but especially to serve as a magazine for the deposition of the superabundant nutriment which the system is supplied with, to be re-absorbed as the wants of the body may require.

TOO HANDSOME FOR ANY THING.

MR. FERDINAND FITZROY was one of those models of perfection of which a human father and mother can produce but a single example—Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was therefore an only son. He was such an amazing favorite with both his parents that they resolved to ruin him; accordingly, he was exceedingly spoiled, never annoyed by the sight of a book, and had as much plum-cake as he could eat. Happy would it have been for Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy could he always have eaten plum-cake, and remained a child. “Never,” says the Greek tragedian, “reckon a mortal happy till you have witnessed his end.” A most beautiful creature was Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy! Such eyes—such hair—such teeth—such a figure—such manners, too—and such an irresistible way of tying his neckcloth! When he was about sixteen, a crabbed old uncle represented to his parents the propriety of teaching Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy to read and write. Though not without some difficulty, he convinced them,—for he was exceedingly rich, and riches in an uncle are wonderful arguments respecting the nurture of a nephew whose parents have nothing to leave him. So our hero was sent to school. He was naturally (I am not joking now) a very sharp, clever boy; and he came on surprisingly in his learning. The schoolmaster’s wife liked handsome children. “What a genius will Master Ferdinand Fitzroy be, if you take pains with him!” said she, to her husband. “Pooh, my dear, it is of no use to take pains with *him*.” “And why, love?” “Because he is a great deal too handsome ever to be a scholar.” “And that’s true enough, my dear!” said the schoolmaster’s wife. So, because he was too handsome to be a scholar, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy remained the lag of the fourth form! They took our hero from school.—“What profession shall he follow?”

said his mother. “My first cousin is the lord chancellor,” said his father; “let him go to the bar.” The lord chancellor dined there that day; Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was introduced to him. His lordship was a little, rough-faced, beetle-browed, hard-featured man, who thought beauty and idleness the same thing—and a parchment skin the legitimate complexion for a lawyer. “Send him to the bar!” said he, “no, no, that will never do!—send him into the army; he is much too handsome to become a lawyer.” “And that’s true enough, my lord!” said the mother. So they bought Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy a cornetcy in the — regiment of dragoons. Things are not learned by inspiration. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy had never ridden at school, except when he was hoisted; he was, therefore, a very indifferent horseman; they sent him to the riding-school, and everybody laughed at him. “A horrid puppy!” said Lieutenant St. Squintem, who was very ugly; “if he does not ride better, he will disgrace the regiment!” said Capt. Rivalhate, who was very good-looking; “if he does not ride better, we will cut him!” said Colonel Everdrill, who was a wonderful martinet. “Pooh, sir, *he* will never ride better.” “And why will he not?” “Bless you! colonel, he is a great deal too handsome for a cavalry officer!” “True!” said Cornet Horsephiz. “Very true!” said Lieutenant St. Squintem. “We must cut him!” said the colonel. And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly cut. Our hero was a youth of susceptibility—he quitted the — regiment, and challenged the colonel. The colonel was killed! “What a terrible blackguard is Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!” said the colonel’s relations. “Very true!” said the world. The parents were in despair! They were not rich; but our hero was an only son, and they sponged hard upon the

crabbed old uncle. "He is very clever," said they both, "and may do yet." So they borrowed some thousands of the uncle, and bought his beautiful nephew a seat in parliament. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was ambitious, and desirous of retrieving his character. He fagged like a dragon—conceded pamphlets and reviews—got Ricardo by heart—and made notes on the English Constitution. He rose to speak. "What a handsome fellow!" whispered one member. "Ah, a coxcomb!" said another. "Never do for a speaker!" said a third, very audibly. And the gentlemen on the opposite benches sneered and *heard*! Impudence is only indigenous in Milesia, and an orator is not made in a day. Discouraged by his reception, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew a little embarrassed. "Told you so!" said one of his neighbors. "Fairly broke down!" said another. "Too fond of his hair to have anything in his head," said a third, who was considered a wit. "Hear, hear!" cried the gentlemen on the opposite benches. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy sat down—he had not shone; but, in justice, he had not failed. Many a first-rate speaker had begun worse; and many a county member had been declared a phoenix of promise upon half his merit. Not so, thought the heroes of corn laws. "Your Adonises never make orators!" said a crack speaker with a wry nose. "Nor men of business, either," added the chairman of a committee, with a face like a kangaroo's. "Poor devil!" said the civilist of the set. "He's a deuced deal too handsome for a speaker! By Jove, he is going to speak again! this will never do; we must cough him down." And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly coughed down. Our hero was now seven or eight and twenty, handsomer than ever, and the adoration of all the young ladies at Almack's. "We have nothing to leave you," said the parents, who had long spent their fortune, and now lived on the credit of having once enjoyed it. "You are the handsomest man in London; you

must marry an heiress." "I will," said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. Miss Helen Convolvulus was a charming young lady, with a hare-lip and six thousand a-year. To Miss Helen Convolvulus then our hero paid his addresses. But what an uproar her relations made about the matter! "Easy to see his intentions," said one: "a handsome fortune-hunter, who wants to make the best of his person!"—"handsome is that handsome does," says another;—"he was turned out of the army and murdered his colonel;"—"never marry a beauty," said a third; "he can admire none but himself;"—"will have so many mistresses," said a fourth;—"make you perpetually jealous," said a fifth;—"spend your fortune," said a sixth;—"and break your heart," said a seventh. Miss Helen Convolvulus was prudent and wary. She saw a great deal of justice in what was said; and was sufficiently contented with liberty and six thousand a-year, not to be highly impatient for a husband; but our heroine had no aversion to a lover, especially to so handsome a lover as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. Accordingly, she neither accepted nor discarded him; but kept him on hope, and suffered him to get into debt with his tailor and his coachmaker, on the strength of becoming Mr. Fitzroy Convolvulus. Time went on, and excuses and delays were easily found; however, our hero was sanguine, and so were his parents. A breakfast at Chiswick and a putrid fever carried off the latter, within one week of each other; but not till they had blessed Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and rejoiced that they had left him so well provided for. Now, then, our hero depended solely upon the crabbed old uncle and Miss Helen Convolvulus;—the former, though a baronet and a satirist, was a banker and a man of business:—he looked very distastefully at the Hyperian curls and white teeth of Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. "If I make you my heir," said he, "I expect you will continue the bank." "Certainly, sir!" said the nephew.

"Humph!" grunted the uncle; "a pretty fellow for a banker!" Debtors grew pressing to Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew pressing to Miss Helen Convolvulus. "It is a dangerous thing," said she, timidly, "to marry a man so admired,—will you always be faithful?" "By heaven!" cried the lover. "Heigho!" sighed Miss Helen Convolvulus, and Lord Rufus Pumilion entering, the conversation was changed. But the day of the marriage was fixed; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy bought a new curricule. By Apollo, how handsome he looked in it! A month before the wedding-day the uncle died. Miss Helen Convolvulus was quite tender in her condolences—"Cheer up, my Ferdinand," said she; "for your sake I have discarded Lord Rufus Pumilion!" "Adorable condescension!" cried our hero; "but Lord Rufus Pumilion is only four feet two, and has hair like a peony." "All men are not so handsome as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" was the reply. Away goes our hero to be present at the opening of his uncle's will. "I leave," said the testator (who I have before said was a bit of a satirist), "my share of the bank, and the whole of my fortune, legacies excepted, to"—(here Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy wiped his beautiful eyes with a cambric handkerchief,

exquisitely *brodé*)—"my natural son, John Spriggs, an industrious, pains-taking youth, who will do credit to the bank. I did once intend to have made my nephew, Ferdinand, my heir; but so curling a head can have no talent for accounts. I want my successor to be a man of business, not beauty; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy is a great deal too handsome for a banker: his good looks will, no doubt, win him any heiress in town. Meanwhile, I leave him, to buy a dressing-case, a thousand pounds." "A thousand devils!" said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, banging out of the room. He flew to his mistress. She was not at home. "Lies," says the Italian proverb, "have short legs;" but truths, if they are unpleasant, have terribly long ones! The next day Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy received a most obliging note of dismissal. "I wish you every happiness," said Miss Helen Convolvulus, in conclusion,— "but my friends are right; you are much too handsome for a husband!" And the week after, Miss Helen Convolvulus became Lady Rufus Pumilion. "Alas! sir!" said the bailiff, as a day or two after the dissolution of parliament he was jogging along with Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, in a hackney-coach bound to the King's Bench,—"Alas! sir, what a pity it is to take so handsome a gentleman to prison!"

THE SISTER'S DREAM.

"And now in visions to her couch they come,
The early lost, the beautiful, the dead,
That unto her bequeath'd a mournful home,
Whence, with their voices, all sweet laughter fled—
They rise—the sisters of her youth arise,
As from a world where no frail blossom dies."

MRS. HEMANS.

THEY come, they come, from the bowers
above—
The land of spirits, the climes of love—
A radiant band!—they are hovering now
O'er the lovely sleeper reclin'd below:
They are looking upon her with dewy
eyes,
Bidding sweet thoughts in her heart arise;
And, like guardian angels, their watch are
keeping
Around the couch where their sister's sleep-
ing.

And she sees them now in her shadowy
dream,
And she softly murmurs each well known
name,
And she calls them to her with love and truth,
By the dear familiar names of youth;
And they know her voice, and they hear her
sigh,
As she dreams of the happy days gone by;
And holy and pure are the words they shed,
As they shower down blessings upon her
head.

And they gaze on the face of the lovely sleeper,
 And call on the God of Heaven to keep her
 Free from all danger, and pain, and sin,
 Till a virtuous course of life shall win
 That home, where the lov'd ones are gone
 before,
 Where sin and sorrow can vex no more,
 And where they shall ever united be,
 Blessing and bless'd eternally !

Oh, if it be that the lov'd departed
 Are permitted to visit the broken-hearted ;
 To descend at times from their bright, bright
 sphere,
 Heralding hope to those lingering here ;
 To hover about our path and bed,
 A balm o'er our wounded hearts to shed ;—
 Surely such visits as these are given
 To prepare our souls for the joys of Hea-
 ven.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

THERE are some few grave men who think that the temple of learning is daily profaned by a rabble rout, let in at the back-door by crafty editors. They complain that the secrets discovered by them, with so much labor, are degraded into the amusements of the idle and the vulgar. They seem to regret the days when no book less than a folio was ever published, and when none, therefore, but themselves would have ever read—days when the works of authors were truly imperishable ; for, if once the mighty tomes were printed, they defied the damp of cellars, or the teeth of mice, to destroy them. They are indignant at the small compass into which many a weighty argument has been compressed, and they consider that the art of printing has been degraded, by being made the organ of so much that is familiar and transitory. Now, this last is exactly what I should glory in. The solitary man finds, in much that is printed, all the levity and relief of conversation, and can enjoy the pleasures of company and still retain his slippers and his easy chair. I look upon the Periodicals around me as a kind of society, as gentlemen who talk in print ; and I rarely take up a newspaper or a magazine, without first greeting it with the usual salutation of the day. What is still more agreeable, I can impose silence on these whenever I please, without imputation of rudeness ; and, if I am myself in a dogmatising mood, I can rail at them as long and as loud as I choose, without danger of a challenge or an answer.

There is one evil, however, in all

this, which I will not attempt to palliate. Though Periodicals are the very support and sustenance of a bachelor, yet, on the other hand, they have to answer for the destruction of the peace and sociability of many a family circle. How often has a room-full of chatterers been put to silence and confusion by the entrance of a journal ! The greatest talker of the whole betakes himself to the more selfish pleasure of reading ; and he who before amused others while he was amusing himself, is now a restraint upon the little community, and the object, perhaps, of its secret envy. For this injury to the social system, which I do not for a moment deny, but which I can only hope is overbalanced by still greater benefits, I would propose as a remedy, that every lady should make it a stipulation in her marriage settlement, “ that the said A. B. shall not, nor will, during the hours of breakfast, tea, or supper, or for the space of sixty minutes after each and every of the said meals, (the said sixty minutes to be calculated by the minute-hand of the outside clock of the nearest parish church, provided that the said clock be going, and be in thorough repair, certificate of which, &c.) read or peruse, or appear to be reading or perusing, any gazette, journal, magazine,” &c. Some such measure is undoubtedly necessary. How often has Mrs. — to exclaim, in a tone of tender petulance, “ My dear Henry, do pray put down that *stupid* paper ! ” venting her impatience by laying a cruel emphasis on the word *stupid*. “ Well, my dear, what have

you to say?" answers the said Henry, dropping his journal for a moment, but with the most provoking determination not to find any topic of conversation himself. "Mrs. V—— called on me this morning." "So you told me." "And did I tell you that her son?"—"All about it, my dear." Then follows a pause, which Henry takes advantage of, and begins again to read, while Mrs. —— consoles herself with the determination to be in her turn as sulky and as silent as she can. I have sometimes hinted to the fair complainant, that this reading will, at least, supply them with new subjects for future conversation; but I have been told in answer, that no such thing is necessary, that the old ones do well enough, and that, generally speaking, those people who think on many things, speak the least on any one.

There are some who speak in a slighting tone of *ephemeral* literature, as though it were a disgrace to be short-lived. I might repeat the old maxim of "a short life and a merry one;" but I rather think that this kind of literature has a species of immortality peculiar to itself; for, if it is every moment sinking into oblivion, it is every moment rising again into life. It should be considered as one continuous whole; not as existing in its separate parts. It is the perpetual fountain, whose life and whose beauty are not to be found in any one drop of the ever-changing liquid,—a fountain, whose boast it is to be continually exhibiting, under a graceful form, some portion of the collected, and otherwise stagnant, waters of learning. For my-

self, indeed, I do not join in the usual contempt of an antiquated Periodical. I look upon it with something of that melancholy feeling with which I should regard the picture of an ancestress, decked out in the transitory fashions, and expressing the artificial spirit, of a past century. I smile at the fervor with which it speaks of the favorite actor or singer of their day, now totally forgotten,—at the eagerness with which it relates the news, or the rumors of news, which now appear of the tamest insignificance, and the importance it attaches to facts which the dusty chronicler can now with difficulty collect. Other authors have spent their passion on subjects which will at all times command the sympathy of men; but the Magazine writer has exhausted his on a topic of momentary interest. There he stands, in the same attitude of defiance, or astonishment, into which he was surprised by the popular excitement of the time: he is still gazing, with awe and wonder, upon the ghost which the rest of the world has long since discovered to have been a white sheet upon an ivy bush. I feel a certain pleasure, too, in perusing those calmer speculations which were never expected to be read after the first month of their publication: I seem to be drawing the authors again into existence; or, rather, I seem to be visiting them alone, as they wander among the dead. And, for my own ambition, it will be well satisfied, if, on a future day, some idler like myself should alight upon my papers, and sympathise, for a brief moment, with their nameless writer.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE FIRST DAY OF THE ROOKS.

A REMINISCENCE.

HAPPIEST of all human homes, beautiful Craig-Hall! For so even now dost thou appear to be—in the rich, deep, mellow, green light of imagination trembling on tower and tree.—Art thou yet undilapidated and undecayed, in thy old manorial solemnity

almost majestical, though even then thou hadst long been tenanted but by a humble farmer's family—people of low degree? The evening-festival of the First Day of the Rooks—nay, scoff not at such an anniversary—was still held in thy ample kitchen—of

old the bower of brave lords and ladies bright—while the harper, as he sang his song of love or war, kept his eyes fixed on her who sat beneath the deas. The days of chivalry were gone—and the days had come of curds and cream, and, preferred by some people, though not by us, of cream-cheese. Old men and old women, widowers and widows, yet all alike cheerful and chatty at a great age, for often as they near the dead, how more life-like seem the living! Middle-aged men and middle-aged women, husbands and wives, those se-date with hair combed straight on their foreheads, sun-burnt faces, and horny hands established on their knees,—these serene with countenances many of them not unlovely—comely all—and with arms decently folded beneath their matronly bosoms—as they sat in their holiday dresses, feeling as if the season of youth had hardly yet flown by, or were, on such a merry meeting, for a blink restored! Boys and virgins—those bold even in their bashfulness,—these blushing whenever eyes met eyes—nor would they—could they—have spoken in the hush to save their souls—yet ere the evening star arose, many a pretty maiden had, down-looking and playing with the hem of her garment, sung linnet-like her ain favorite auld Scottish sang! and many a sweet sang even then delighted Scotia's spirit, though Robin Burns was but a boy—walking mute among the wild flowers on the moor—nor aware of the immortal melodies soon to breathe from his impassioned heart!

Of all the year's holidays, not even excepting the First of May, this was the most delightful. The First of May, longed for so passionately from the first peep of the primrose, sometimes came deformed with mist and cloud, or cheerless with whistling winds, or winter-like with a sudden fall of snow. And thus all our hopes were dashed—the roomy hay-waggon remained in its shed—the preparations made for us in the distant moorland farm-house were vain—the fishing-

rods hung useless on the nails—and disconsolate schoolboys sat moping in corners, sorry, ashamed, and angry with Scotland's springs. But though the "leafy month of June" be frequently showery, it is almost always sunny too. Every half hour there is such a radiant blink that the young heart sings aloud for joy; summer rain makes the hair grow, and hats are of little or no use towards the Longest Day; there is something cheerful even in thunder, if it be not rather too near; the lark has not yet ceased altogether to sing, for he soars over his second nest unappalled beneath the sablest cloud; the green earth repels from her refulgent bosom the blackest shadows, nor will suffer herself to be saddened in the fulness and brightness of her bliss; through the heaviest flood the blue skies will still be making their appearance with an impatient smile, and all the rivers and burns with the multitude of their various voices, sing praises unto heaven.

Therefore, bathing our feet in joy, we went bounding over the flowery fields and broomy braes to the grove-girdled Craig-Hall. During the long noisy day, we thought not of the coming evening, happy as we knew it was to be; and during the long and almost as noisy evening, we forgot all the pastime of the day. Weeks before, had each of us engaged his partner for the first country-dance, by right his own, when supper came, and to sit close to him with her tender side, with waist at first stealthily arm-encircled, and at last boldly and almost with proud display. In the church-yard, before or after Sabbath-service, a word whispered into the ear of blooming and blushing rustic sufficed; or if that opportunity failed, the angler had but to step into her father's burn-side cottage, and with the contents of his basket, leave a tender request, and from behind the gable-end, carry away a word, a smile, a kiss, and a waving farewell.

Many a high-roofed hall have we, since those days, seen made beautiful

with festoons and garlands, beneath the hand of taste and genius decorating, for some splendid festival, the abode of the noble expecting a still nobler guest. But oh! what pure bliss, and what profound, was then breathed into the bosom of boyhood from that glorious branch of hawthorn, in the chimney—itsself almost a tree, so thick—so deep—so rich its load of blossoms,—so like its fragrance to something breathed from heaven—and so transitory in its sweetness too, that as she approached to inhale it, down fell many a snow-flake to the virgin's breath—in an hour all melted quite away! No broom that now-a-days grows on the brae, so yellow as the broom—the golden broom—the broom that seemed still to keep the hills in sunlight long after the sun himself had sunk—the broom in which we first found the lintwhite's nest—and of its petals, more precious than pearls, saw framed a wreath for the dark hair of that dark-eyed girl, an orphan, and melancholy even in her merriment, dark-haired and dark-eyed indeed, but whose forehead, whose bosom, were yet whiter than the driven snow. Green-houses, conservatories, orange-ries—are exquisitely balmy still—and,

in presence of these strange plants, one could believe that he had been transported to some rich foreign clime. But then we carry the burden of our years along with us—and that consciousness bedims the beauty of the blossoms, and makes mournful the balm as from flowers in some fair burial-place, breathing of the tomb. But oh! that Craig-Hall hawthorn! and oh! that Craig-Hall broom! they send their sweet rich scent so far into the lushed air of memory, that all the weary worn-out weaknesses of age drop from us like a garment, and even now—the flight of that swallow seems more aerial—more alive with bliss his clay-built nest—the ancient long-ago blue of the sky returns to heaven—not for many a many a long year have we seen so fair—so frail—so transparent and angel-mantle-looking a cloud! The very viol speaks—the very dance responds in Craig-Hall—this—this is the very Festival of the First Day of the Rooks—Mary Mather, the pride of the parish—the county—the land—the earth—is our partner—and long mayest thou, O moon! remain behind thy cloud—when the parting kiss is given, and the love-letter, at that tenderest moment, dropped into her bosom!

DUELS IN FRANCE.

DUELS had at one time become so frequent in France as to require particular enactments for their prevention; as, for example, when the debt about which any dispute occurred did not amount to five-pence. The regulation of the mode in which the barbarous custom might be maintained, had engaged the attention of several of the French kings. In 1205 Philip Augustus restricted the length of the club, with which single combat was then pursued, to three feet; and in 1260 Saint Louis abolished the practice of deciding civil matters by duelling. With the revival of literature and the arts, national manners became ameliorated, and duels necessarily declined. It was still, however, not

unusual for the French to promote or to behold those single combats over which the pages of romance have thrown a delusive charm, and which were, in early times, hallowed, in the opinion of the vulgar, by their accompanying superstitious ceremonies.—When any quarrel had been referred to this mode of decision, the parties met on the appointed day, and frequently in an open space, overshadowed by the walls of a convent, which thus lent its sanction to the bloody scene. From day-break the people were generally employed in erecting scaffolds and stages, and in placing themselves upon the towers and ramparts of the adjacent buildings. About noon, the cavalcade was usually seen

to arrive at the door of the lists ; then the herald cried, " Let the appellant appear," and his summons was answered by the entrance of the challenger, armed cap-a-pie, the escutcheon suspended from his neck, his visor lowered, and an image of some national saint in his hand. He was allowed to pass within the lists, and conducted to his tent. The accused person likewise appeared, and was led in the same manner to his tent. Then the herald, in his robe embroidered with fleur-de-lis, advanced to the centre of the lists, and exclaimed, " Oyez, oyez ! lords, knights, squires, people of all condition, our sovereign lord, by the grace of God, King of France, forbids you, on pain of death or confiscation of goods, either to cry out, to speak, to cough, to spit, or to make signs." During a profound silence, in which nothing but the murmurs of the unconscious streamlet, or the chirping of birds, might be heard, the combatants quitted their tents, to take individually the two first oaths. When the third oath was to be administered, it was customary for them to meet, and for the marshal to take the

right hand of each and to place it on the cross. Then the functions of the priest began ; and the usual address, endeavoring to conciliate the angry passions of the champions, and to remind them of their common dependence on the Supreme Being, may have tended to benefit the bystanders, although it generally failed of its effect with the combatants.

If the parties persisted, the last oath was administered. The combatants were obliged to swear solemnly that they had neither about them nor their horses, stone, nor herb, nor charm, nor invocation ; and that they would fight only with their bodily strength, their weapons, and their horses. The crucifix and breviary were then presented to them to kiss ; the parties retired into their tents, the heralds uttering their last admonition to exertion and courage, and the challengers rushed forth from their tents, which were immediately dragged from within the lists. Then the marshal of the field having cried out, " Let them pass," the seconds retired. The combatants instantly mounted their horses, and the contest commenced.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S NEW VOLUME.*

WE think the author is more accurate and less bombastic in the present volume, than in his " Omnipresence of the Deity ;" and there is certainly little trace of that uncharitable spirit that was so obvious in his " Puffiad" and his " Age Reviewed." It would be strange, indeed, if such a disposition were so conspicuously displayed in a work of this nature ; though we are compelled to confess, that in the poem entitled " A Vision of Hell," the subject, though not the form, of which, must have been suggested by Southey's " Vision of Judgment," there is something of that daring presumption with which the Laureate has pretended to dive into the hidden

councils of the Almighty. Notwithstanding this, there is a great deal both of pious and poetical feeling in the volume ; and as we are weary of pointing out his faults, as a poet, which, though less numerous in the present instance, are of the same description as those we have already brought fully home to the author, in our notices of his former works, we shall select a few of the best passages in the book, and make better use of our space than by appropriating any portion of it to unfavorable specimens. The first poem in the volume, entitled the " Universal Prayer," is the last in merit. It is a very feeble echo of the " Omnipresence of the Deity," in

* A Universal Prayer ; Death ; a Vision of Heaven ; and a Vision of Hell. By Robert Montgomery, author of the " Omnipresence of the Deity," &c. &c. 4to. London, 1828.

blank verse instead of rhyme. With all its numerous faults, that poem had considerable spirit and harmony, while there is little of either in the "Prayer." The following lines, however, are pleasing.

"And let the young, on whose delighted gaze
The dream of life in hopeful beauty dawns,
In their unspotted bosoms treasure thoughts
Of Thee, to guide them through the cloudy
years;

And may the old, upon whose gray-worn heads
Past Time has placed an honorable crown,
When earth grows dim, and worldly joys decay,
Find heaven advancing, as the world retires!"

The next poem, entitled "Death," like all the rest of the volume, is in blank verse. We will select a beautiful picture of infancy, though with some imperfections.

"Lo!

A distant landscape, dawning forth amid
The bright suffusion of a summer sun.
On yonder mead, that like a windless lake
Shines in the glow of heaven, a cherub boy
Is bounding, playful as a breeze new-born,
Light as the beam that dances by his side.
Phantom of beauty! with his *trepid* [qy?] looks
Gleaming like water-wreaths,—a flower of life,
To whom the fairy world is fresh, the sky
A glory, and the earth one huge delight!
Joy *shaped* his brow, and pleasure *rolls* his eye,
While Innocence, from out the budding lip
Darts her young smiles along his rounded cheek.
Grief hath not dimm'd the brightness of his form,
Love and Affection o'er him spread their wings,
And Nature, like a nurse, attends him with
Her sweetest looks. The humming bee will
bound

From out the flower, nor sting his baby hand;
The birds sing to him from the sunny tree,
And suppliantly the fierce-eyed mastiff fawn
Beneath his feet, to court the playful touch.

To rise all rosy from the arms of sleep,
And, like the sky-bird, hail the bright-cheek'd
morn

With gleeful song, then o'er the bladed mead
To chase the blue-wing'd butterfly, or play
With curly streams; or, led by watchful Love,
To hear the chorus of the trooping waves,
When the young breezes laugh them into life!
Or listen to the mimic ocean roar
Within the womb of spiry sea-shell wove,—
From sight and sound to catch intense delight,
And infant gladness from each happy face,—
These are the guileless duties of the day:
And when at length reposed evening comes,
Joy-worn he nestles in the welcome couch,
With kisses warm upon his cheek, to dream
Of heaven till morning wakes him to the world."

The following extract has considerable merit. The lines in Italics are beautiful.

"And in the joyous eye of daily Life,
How frequent Death will thrust his woful face!

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See! where they come, the dark-robed funeral train,

*Solemn as silent thunder-clouds athwart
The noon day sky: from heaven a radiance
dyes*

The flowing pall with laughing hues of light;
Around life moves his mighty throng, and deep
The death-hells boom along the ebbing air:
But one poor week hath vanish'd,—and that
form,

Now clay-cold in the narrow coffin stretch'd,
Stalk'd o'er the street that takes him to his
tomb!—

On with the mourning train!—the crowd divide
Before them with a busy hum, then close
Behind, like billows by a prow dispers'd,
That sever, but to clash and roar again!"

The following couplet is, we think, extremely pretty:—

"Poor lady! then her thoughts grew into tears,
And every tear ran burning from her heart!"

Our next extract is a touching description of a female dying of consumption.

"A year hath travell'd o'er the sea of time;
And now the shadows of the grave grow dark
Upon the maiden; yet no mournful wail,
Or word abrupt, betrays unlovely thoughts
Of gloom and discontent within; she dies
As gently as delicious sound; not false
To present scenes, and yet prepared to die.
Beautiful resignation, and the hopes
That well from out the fountain of her faith,
Have breathed around her a seraphic air
Of wither'd loveliness. The gloss of life
And worldly dreams are o'er; but dewy Morn,
And dim-eyed Eve, and all the inward gleams
Of rapture, darted from regretted joys,—
Delight her still: and oft when twilight comes,
She'll gaze upon the damask glow of heaven
With all the truth of happier days, until
A sunny fancy wreathes her faded cheek;—
'Tis but a pleasing echo of the past,
A music rolling from remember'd hours."

The following picture of virtuous old age is pleasing.

"How pure,
The grace, the gentleness of virtuous age!
Though solemn, not austere; though wisely
dead

To passion, and the wildering dreams of hope,
Not unalive to tenderness and truth,—
The good old man is honor'd and rever'd,
And breathes upon the young-limb'd race
around,

The gray and venerable charm of years:
Nor,—glory to the Power that tunes the heart
Unto the spirit of the time! are all
The fancy and the flush of youth forgot:
The meditative walk by wood or mead,
The hush of streams, and language of the stars,
Heard in the heart alone,—the bosom-life
Of all that beautified or graced his youth,
Is still to be enjoy'd, and hallow'd with
The feelings flowing from a better world."

The author next presents us with some reflections upon his own youth.

"I sing of Death; yet soon perchance may be
A dweller in the tomb. But twenty years
Have wither'd since my pilgrimage began,
And I look back upon my boyish days
With mournful joy; as musing wand'ers do,
With eye reverted, from some lofty hill,
Upon the bright and peaceful vale below.—
Oh! let me live, until the fires that feed
My soul, have work'd themselves away, and
then,

Eternal Spirit, take me to Thy home!
For when a child, I shaped inspiring dreams,
And nourish'd aspirations that awoke
Beautiful feelings flowing from the face
Of Nature; from a child I learn'd to reap
A harvest of sweet thoughts, for future years."

The "Vision of Heaven" is the next poem, which is succeeded by the

"Vision of Hell." Both these poems have passages worthy of quotation, but our space is limited. Then comes a poem entitled "Beautiful Influences," which proves that the author can feel deeply the attractions of external nature. The verses "On seeing a celebrated Poet" (who it could have been we cannot easily imagine), which, though sometimes fervent and impassioned, have too many of the author's peculiar faults to allow of our reading them with pleasure, conclude the volume. Whatever the author may think, we have perused his work, and written this brief notice of it, in the most indulgent spirit.

THE WARDS OF LONDON.*

THIS is one of those light, amusing publications, which may serve to wile away an idle hour, or to furnish the fireside of the busy citizen with a pleasant evening's reading. It contains an account of the topography and history of the various districts of London, information concerning the origin, structure, and object of the institutions and edifices within the range of the metropolis, and anecdotes, with brief portraits, of the eminent men who have been born, have lived, or died here, under circumstances of any peculiar notoriety. Its author has evidently exerted much industry in compiling his narrative from ancient and authentic sources; and though his work has no pretensions to what we may call a literary character, yet it is written in that lively, rambling manner, which is probably best adapted for a miscellany of the kind. Through the heavy mass of antiquarian lore, the histories of public places, and the records of worthies of the good old times, Mr. Thomas works his way with a sprightly vigor, that carries his reader unwearied to the end. It is indeed one of the most amusing local histories which we have lately met. There is a curious satisfaction in ex-

amining the ancient boundaries of the metropolis, and tracing its progressive advancement down to the present period, when it has become almost the capital of the civilized world—a little world within itself. We are glad to perceive that the author has not plunged, with malice prepense, into the darkness of the musty legends, which may do well enough for an occasional reference, but never fail to prevent a book from being at all readable. They are only brought in, when necessary to illustrate a description, or when containing in themselves something worthy of particular attention. We could not help smiling at a list which he gives of various companies, called into existence by the success of the famous South Sea imposture. Among these stand honorably conspicuous, one for insurance against divorces; another to teach men to cast natiivities; a third, of vast importance to commerce, for making deal-boards of saw-dust; a fourth, equally essential to human comfort, for drawing butter from beech-trees; and sundry more, which we cannot well transcribe into our pages. There is also an amusing part of the volume, where he breaks into a pathetic lamentation over the

* *The Wards of London.* Vol. I. By Henry Thomas. 8vo. London, 1823.

degenerate tavern-goers of modern days. Falstaff and Prince Hal have not left their mantle to Eastcheap; Sir Walter Raleigh's celebrated "Mermaid Club" is unknown; Johnson, and Garrick, and Goldsmith, frequent Fleet-street no more; and even the Wittenagemot of our own days has ceased to enjoy "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul," in their peculiar box at the Chapter Coffee-house. Our taverns now-a-days are filled with whiskered dandies torturing

themselves into fashion with their long cigars; while the literati confine themselves within the walls of their own dwellings. The age is unquestionably altered; but we imagine that in this respect, at least, matters have not altered for the worse.

It is but justice to add, that the materials of this work are very well arranged, and only require, for reference, a comprehensive index, which will probably appear at the close of the whole publication.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

"Serene Philosophy!"

She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of Science and of Virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear."

PURE WATER.

SOME experiments have recently been made in Paris to determine the comparative value of different modes of filtration. The first experiment was made upon about six gallons of water taken from the Seine, into which, for some days previously, a small portion of animal matter had been allowed to become tainted, so as to give a disagreeable taste and smell to the water. A portion of this water was then passed through a bed of charcoal, sand, and pebbles, according to the process adopted at the establishment for the supply of filtered water to the inhabitants of Paris. It was found, when filtered, to be perfectly free from the dirt which it had held suspended, and also very nearly deprived of the bad taste which had been conveyed to it by the animal matter. Its chemical properties, however, seemed to remain unaltered; and the gypsum, which the water of the Seine holds in solution so extensively, remained, (it being proved on analysis,) almost as abundant in the filtered as in the unfiltered water. After this experiment, another portion of the water was filtered through a thin bed of animal charcoal, which was prepared by burning bones

in a close crucible, with a kind of chimney to allow the escape of the gas. The water so filtered came out perfectly bright, entirely free from the odor and taste which it had possessed, and was more brisk and sparkling than the result of the first filtration; no chemical change beyond this, however, seemed to have been produced. A third experiment was then tried with the remaining portion of the water. Into two gallons there was placed about one drachm of powdered alum; the water, after being stirred up, was allowed to remain quiet for twenty-four hours, at the expiration of which it was examined. This water, with the exception of an inch from the bottom of the vessel, was found to be more clear and sparkling than the result of the second filtration; it was perfectly pure in taste and smell, and was more brisk in the mouth than the other. Towards the bottom was a thick, cloudy, and light sediment, independent of the sand and other heavy particles which had been precipitated. This sediment, on being analysed, gave strong evidence of the presence of putrid animal matter; whilst in the other precipitate were detected several grains of gypsum.

It was then determined to ascertain what degree of astringency had been given to the water by the alum which had been introduced, and it was found that at least one-third of the alum had been neutralised, and that the remaining portion had not imparted to the water any astringency which could at all interfere with its valuable properties, or become injurious to the consumers. An equal weight of carbonate of soda, however, was subsequently introduced, so as entirely to neutralise any acidity which might be supposed to be in the water. The introduction of this soda gave no taste whatever to the liquid. The result of this experiment being considered very satisfactory, a simple and cheap filterer was constructed for domestic purposes. It is thus described in the letter from which we have taken the above particulars. Into a wooden cask, of any size, set upright upon a stand, are placed two cocks, one close to the bottom, and the other six inches above it. The cask being filled with water, powdered alum, in the proportion of something less than half a drachm to each gallon, is stirred into the water. No water is drawn out for twenty-four hours; at the end of that time it is taken as wanted from the upper cock; and when no more remains except what is below the upper cock, the water containing the sediment is let off by the lower cock, and the cask is then filled as before, for further use.

GREEN COLOR OF THE SEA.

In the Greenland Seas, about one part of the surface between the parallels of 74 deg. and 80 deg. is of an olive, or grass-green color, which often occurs in long bands, or streams, from a few miles to ten or fifteen miles in breadth, and from two to three degrees of latitude in length. These belts of green water are frequently separated as distinctly from the transparent blue water, as the waters of a large muddy river on entering the sea. This color has been ascertained to be caused by an animal of the medusa kind, from one-twentieth

to one-thirtieth of an inch in diameter, the surface of which is marked with twelve distinct patches, or *nebulæ* of dots of a brownish color, disposed in pairs, four pairs, or sixteen pairs, alternately composing one of the *nebulæ*. The body of the medusa is transparent. The fibrous or hair-like substances were more easily examined, being of a darker color. They varied in length from a point to one-tenth of an inch, and, when highly magnified, were found to be beautifully moniliform. In the largest specimens these bead-like articulations were about thirty, and the diameter of each about the 8-300th part of an inch. The number of these animalculæ, particularly medusæ, was found to be immense, in olive-green sea-water being about one fourth of an inch asunder. A cubic inch of water will, of course, contain 64; a cubic foot, 110,592; and a cubic mile, 23,888,000,000,000,000. Now, allowing that one person could count a million of these animalculæ in seven days, which is barely within the reach of possibility, it would have required that 40,000 persons should have started at the creation of the world to complete the enumeration of those contained in a cubic mile of sea-water.

RECIPE FOR SALTING BEEF.

Salt and water have a wonderful *penchant*, chemically cycled affinity, for each other. Get, therefore, a tub of pure water, rain or river water is best, let it be nearly full, and put the tongs, or two pieces of thin wood across it, and set your beef on them, distant about an inch from the water; heap as much salt as it will hold on your beef, let it stand for four-and-twenty hours, you may then take it off and boil it, and you will find it as salt as if it had been in pickle for six weeks.

A SUCKING BUTTERFLY.

Few of the parts of insects are well understood, on account of their minuteness, as well as from their want of analogy with the parts of vertebrate animals. The organs of taste in in-

sects are accordingly, for the most part, but imperfectly known. In some classes, the mechanism of the apparatus for tasting is more evident, and exhibits a wise and wonderful contrivance. Reaumur, one of the best naturalists the world ever produced, observed a butterfly, which he had in his study, alight upon a piece of lump sugar, unwind its spiral tongue, (*lingua tubulosa*, Kirby,) and begin to feed on it. Now it was evident, that it could not draw up any sugar through its long narrow tube, till it was dissolved; and, by careful observation, he found that it actually discharged upon the sugar a drop of liquid, which dissolved a portion of the sugar, and fitted it for being sucked up. We have observed the house-fly feed upon sugar in a similar way; but we have not realised Reaumur's observation of the ejection of a liquid to dissolve the sugar. M. Lamarck thinks that we cannot properly call this sucking, as insects do not breathe through the mouth ("*Animaux sans Vertebres*") ; but may they not, even in this case, have the power of exhausting the air in the tube, in a similar way as fish diminish the air in the swim-bladder, which certainly is not by breathing.

NATURAL PHENOMENON.

A substance was recently presented to the French Academy of Sciences, which had been forwarded to the government, as having fallen from the sky in Persia, at the commencement of this year. This species of celestial manna was found in such great quantities, that the earth for a considerable distance was entirely covered with it. In some places it was five or six inches in depth. The cattle, and particularly the sheep, eagerly fed upon this singular production, which was also converted into bread for the support of the inhabitants. Such was the information which a Russian general, who had witnessed the phenomenon, communicated to the French consul in Persia. Upon examination, this substance was found to be a sort of lichen, already described by botanists.

These mosses, which appear to be found in very great abundance, must have been carried by the wind to the places where their sudden appearance was remarked. A similar phenomenon was noticed, in the same regions of Persia, in the year 1824.

MONTAIGNE AND THE STONE.

It is believed, says Montaigne, that I derived the affliction of the stone from my father, though I was born above five-and-twenty years before he disease seized him, which happened in the sixty-seventh year of his age, and at last brought him to a very painful death. At my birth, he was in the most vigorous and healthful state of body; and I was his third child. Now, I would ask, where this tendency to stone lurked all the while, and how it could be so concealed as not to affect me before I was five-and-forty? Besides, among so many brothers and sisters, I am the only one of the family, up to this hour, who has been affected with the malady. He that can satisfy me on this point, I will believe him in as many other miracles as he pleases, provided always he does not, as usual, give me, for current pay, a doctrine more intricate and fantastic than the thing itself. I also inherit from my father, an antipathy to the art of physicians. He lived seventy-four years; my grandfather, sixty-nine; and my great-grandfather, almost four-score years,—without ever tasting any sort of physic. I may, however, fall into such phrenzy that I dare not be responsible for my future conduct; but then, if any one ask me how I do, I may answer as Pericles did, "Judge by this," showing my hands clutched up with six drachms of opium.

RUSSIAN SURVEY.

As a proof of the great interest which the Emperor Nicholas attaches to the advancement of science throughout his immense territories, a grand Topographical, Mineralogical, and Statistical Survey of the whole empire is now in progress on a uniform and large scale, under the superintendence

of Lieut.-General Schubart. This survey will enable the Russian Government to avail itself of the resources of the country to an extent which may perhaps afford a valuable lesson to more ancient governments.

ELECTRICITY.

By various experiments recently made to ascertain the electrical effects which result from the friction of metals with one another, it appears, that in the following order, viz.—bismuth, nickel, cobalt, palladium, platinum, lead, tin, gold, silver, copper, zinc, iron, cadmium, antimony,—each metal is

positive with reference to the metals which precede it, and negative with reference to the metals which follow it.

VESUVIUS.

An eruption took place on the morning of last March 22d. An eye-witness writes, “the cone of the mountain puts you in mind of an immense piece of artillery, firing red-hot stones, and ashes, and smoke, into the atmosphere; or, of a huge animal in pain, groaning, crying, and vomiting; or, like an immense whale in the arctic circle, blowing after it has been struck with several harpoons. . . .

VARIETIES.

“Come, let us stray
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk.”

INTEMPERANCE.

UNDER the most elegant mansions in Hamburg are to be found wine-cellars; while apartments for drinking, bacchanalian carousing, and the sale of all kinds of spirits, are to be seen in every direction; and some of them are resorted to by the very lowest of the tippling tribe. It has been remarked somewhere, in reference to these petty traders in this Stygian comfort, that there is not a more miserable shift for a livelihood than their calling. Whoever would be successful in the exercise of it, must, indeed, be of a watchful and suspicious, as well as of a bold and resolute temper, that he may neither be imposed on by sharpers, nor bullied by the oaths of coachmen and soldiers. He ought to be a dabbler in jokes and loud laughter, and have all the winning “ways and means” to allure customers, and be well versed in sallies the mob make use of to banter prudence and frugality; be obsequious to the most despicable; be able to endure with patience and good humor the vilest language of drabs; and without a frown bear with all the *squalid noise* and impertinence that the utmost indigence and laziness can produce in the most shameless and aban-

doned vulgar. On the subject of tippling, it may be added, that nothing is more destructive to the health or industry of the poor: it *charms* the inactive, the desperate, and the crazy of either sex, and makes the starving look on his rags with stupid indolence. In a word, such a propensity falls under the description of a *fiery lake, that sets the very brain in flames, burns up the entrails, scorches every internal part*, and is at the same time a *Lethe* of oblivion, in which the wretch drowns his cares. Moreover, this liquid poison makes him quarrelsome, renders him a perfect savage,—and, alas! it has often been the cause of his shedding the blood of his fellow-creatures! Would that we could say that this degrading and immoral practice—one that entails such a train of distress and misery on the lower orders and their families—pernicious alike to both body and mind—were confined to the city of Hamburg. It is absolutely idle for us to talk of the spread of intelligence among society, while so great a portion of the population abandon themselves to a habit that is not only highly pernicious and destructive in itself, but the propagator of wretchedness and crime.

WANTS A WIFE.

The following is a good joke upon *Matrimonial Advertising*.

She must be middel eaged and good tempered widdow, or a Maid, and pur-sest of propertey, and I wood far rea-ther have a Wife that is ever so plain then a fine Lady that think herself hansom; the Advertiser is not rich nor young, old nor poor, and in a very few years he will have a good incumb. Can be hiley reckamended for onestey, sobriecat, and good temperd, and has no in combrance, is very actif, but not a tradesman, have been as Butler and Bailiff for meney years in most respectable families, and shood I not be so luckey as to get me a wife, wood be most willing to take a sitteyeashan once moor, wood prefer living in the cuntry, under stands Brewing feamosley, is well adapted for a inn or public hous. Please to derect W. W., 268, Berwick-street, Oxforde-roade, or aney Ladey may call and have a interview with the widdow that keeps the hous, and say wher and when we can meet each other. All letters must be pd, no Office-keeper to applygh. My fameley ar vercy well off and welthey, far above the midling order.

WRITING DOWN A FACE.

"I once," says a late traveller in Italy, "asked a Neapolitan fisherman to sit for me to paint him. He did not in the least understand the nature of my proposition; but after some difficulties on his side, and many assurances on mine that I would not hurt him, he consented, and followed me. When I had finished, his astonishment at beholding his portrait was amusing; and, descending with me to the street, I heard him exclaim to his comrades, 'that Signore has written down my face.' So high is their idea of *writing*, that they can imagine no superior or more lofty name, for what appears to them a similar sort of conjuration."

OLD WINE.

The passion for old wines has sometimes been carried to a very ridiculous excess, for the "*thick crust*," the

"*bee's wing*," and the several other criterions of the epicure, are but so many proofs of the decomposition and departure of some of the best qualities of the wine. Had the man that first filled the celebrated Heidleburg tun been placed as sentinel, to see that no other wine was put into it, he would have found it much better at twenty-five or thirty years old, than at one hundred, had he lived so long, and been permitted now and then to taste it.

At Bremen there is a wine-cellar, called the Store, where five hogsheads of Rhenish wine have been preserved since 1625. These five hogsheads cost 1,200 francs. Had this sum been put out to compound interest, each hogshead would now be worth above a thousand millions of money; a bottle of this precious wine would cost 21,799,480 francs, or about 908,311*l.*, and a single wine-glass 2,723,808 francs, or about 113,492*l.*

STATUE TO THE KING.

Chantrey is now at Brighton, superintending the erection of the public statue of his Majesty. The figure, which is of heroic size, looks to the sea; one foot is in advance, the right hand held gently out, and over the whole is thrown a robe, which reaches to the pedestal. The statue is of bronze, a clean solid cast, which seems to have come perfect from the mould, and is the first work which the artist has executed in metal. Mr. Chantrey is said to have several other bronze statues in progress, all of heroic dimensions: one of his Majesty, for Edinburgh; one of Pitt, for London; one of Watt, for Glasgow; one of Canning, for Liverpool; and one of Sir Thomas Monro, for the East Indies.

FRENCH PERIODICALS.

The circulation of newspapers in France since the peace has increased at least two-fold; and in some of the provinces the number of political and scientific journals is in the proportion of five to one of what it used to be. An official return is preparing of all the periodical works now published in

France, with the numbers which they circulate. It is supposed that this is doing for the purpose of ascertaining the amount which a small additional tax upon them would produce to the government.

SCOTCH ADVOCATE vs. GRIMALKIN.

Mr. C—k, a very singular character at the Scottish bar, was one evening deeply engaged in a case of so great legal intricacy as to compel him to hammer his sapient brains with more than wonted energy. While he was involved in a labyrinth of doubts, his cogitations were interrupted by a succession of horrible sounds, so unearthly, indeed, that they could hardly be exceeded by those in the infernal regions. These fearful noises appeared to the learned counsel to proceed from a legion of cats assembled for an unholy purpose in the green behind his house. Up he started in a fury, and opening the window which immediately overlooked the offending parties, he addressed them as follows: "Leddies and gentlemen, I give you fair warning to betake yourselves to your respective domiciles, for fear of waur consequences." This gentle hint being treated with great contempt, and the horrid din still continuing, away he posts for an immense blunderbuss, loaded with small shot, and again opening the window, read the Riot Act to the obdurate culprits; but without bringing them to a sense of their error. He then complimented them with a salute, and with such fatal precision, that, on the morrow, no less than half-a-dozen unfortunate caterwaulers were discovered stretched lifeless on the sward: *Facilis ex amore in mortem transitus.*

AVARICE.

A singular instance of avarice was recently witnessed in Paris. A Jew, of the name of Bunck, was found almost lifeless, on a filthy bed, but still grasping the key of his coffers: he was taken to the hospital, where he recovered his senses for a few days; but nature was exhausted by age and voluntary privation, and in a short

time he expired, bitterly regretting that he could not take with him his hoarded treasure of about 600,000 francs; 100,000 of which were concealed in different kitchen utensils.

GERMAN INDUSTRY.

Like all their sisters of Saxony, the ladies of Weimar are models of industry; whether at home or abroad, knitting and needle-work know no interruption. A lady, going to a route, would think little of forgetting her fan, but could not spend half an hour without her implements of female industry. A man would be quite pardonable for doubting, on entering such a drawing room, whether he had not strayed into a school of industry. At Dresden this is carried so far, that even the theatre is not protected against stocking wires. I have seen a lady gravely lay down her work, wipe away the tears which the sorrows of *Thekla* in *Wallenstein's Death* had brought into her eyes, and immediately reassume her knitting.

OBSTINACY AND PERSEVERANCE.

Obstinacy and perseverance, though often confounded, are two very different things; a man may be very obstinate, and yet not persevere in his opinion ten minutes. Obstinacy is resistance to truth; perseverance is a continuance in truth or error.

THOMSON.

The "Seasons" have lately been translated into Italian prose, by Patrizio Muschi, and published at Florence. There had been several previous translations of them into Italian verse; but their want of success, or the extreme difficulty of the undertaking, induced M. Muschi to prefer prose. A preface contains the life of Thomson, and an analysis of his works.

A new edition of *Salathiel*, a Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future, is on the eve of publication.

A second edition of *Pelham*, or the Adventures of a Gentleman, will appear immediately.

SPIRIT

OF THE

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CHRISTMAS DREAMS.

FEEBLY my lamp is glimmering, about to leave me to the light of the moon and stars. There is it trimmed again—and the sudden increase of lustre cheers the heart within me like a festal strain—and To-Morrow—To-Morrow is Merry Christmas, and when its night descends, there will be mirth and music, and the light sound of the merry-twinkling feet within these now so melancholy walls, and sleep, now reigning over all the house—save this one room—will be banished far over the sea—and Morning will be reluctant to allow her light to break up the innocent orgies.

Were every Christmas of which we have been present at the celebration, painted according to nature—what a Gallery of Pictures! True, that a sameness would pervade them all—but only that kind of sameness that pervades the nocturnal heavens,—one clear night being always, to common eyes, so like another,—for what hath any night to be proud of but one moon and some thousand stars—a vault “darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,” here a few braided, and there a few castellated clouds? Yet no two nights ever bore more than a family resemblance to each other before the studious and instructed eye of him who has long communed with nature, and is familiar with every smile and frown on her changeful, but not capricious countenance. Even so with the Annual Festivals of the heart. Then our thoughts are the stars that illumine

those skies—on ourselves it depends whether they shall be black as Erebus, or brighter than any Aurora.

My Father's House! How it is ringing, like a grove in spring, with the din of creatures happier, a thousand times happier, than all the birds in the world! It is the Christmas Holidays—Christmas Day itself—Christmas Night—and Joy intensifies Love in every bosom. Never before were we brothers and sisters so dear to one another—never before had our hearts so yearned towards the authors of our being—our blissful being! There they sit—silent in all that outcry—composed in all that disarray,—still in all that tumult—yet, as one or other flying imp sweeps round the chair, a father's hand will playfully try to catch a prisoner,—a mother's gentler touch on some sylph's disordered cymar he felt almost as a reproach, and, for a moment, slacken the fairy-flight. One old game treads on the heels of another—twenty within the hour,—and many a new game never heard of before nor since, struck out by the collision of kindred spirits in their glee, the transitory fancies of genius inventive through very delight. Then, all at once, there is a hush, profound as ever falls on some little plat within a Forest, when the moon drops behind the mountain, and the small green-robed People of Peace at once cease their pastime, and vanish. For She—the Silver-Tongued—is about to sing an old ballad, words and

air both hundreds of years old,—and sing she doth, while tears begin to fall, with a voice too mournfully beautiful long to breathe below,—and, ere another Christmas shall come with the falling snows, doomed to be mute on earth—but to be hymning in Heaven!

Of that House—to our eyes the fairest of earthly dwellings—with its old ivied turrets, and orchard-garden, bright alike with fruit and with flowers, not one stone remains! The very brook that washed its foundations has vanished along with them,—and a crowd of other buildings, wholly without character, has long stood, where here a single tree, and there a grove, did once render so lovely that small demesne! which, how could we, who thought it the very heart of Paradise, even for one moment have believed was soon to be blotted out from being, and we ourselves, then so linked in love that the band which bound us all together was, in its gentle pressure, felt not nor understood, to be scattered far and abroad, like so many leaves, that after one wild parting rustle are separated by roaring wind-eddies, and brought together no more! The old Abbey,—it still survives,—and there, in that corner of the burial-ground, below that part of the wall which was least in ruins, and which we often climbed to reach the starlings' and martins' nests—there, in hopes of a joyful resurrection, lie the Loved and Venerated,—for whom, even now that so many long, long, grief-deadening years have fled, I feel, in this hushed and holy hour, as if it were impiety so utterly to have ceased to weep—so seldom to remember!—and then, with a powerlessness of sympathy to keep pace with youth's frantic grief—the floods we all wept together—at no long interval—on those pale and smiling faces, as they lay in their coffins, most beautiful and most dreadful to behold!

“Childish! childish!” methinks I hear some world-wise thinker cry. But has not one of the wisest of spirits said, “The child is father of the man”? And if so, ought the man

ever to lose sight of any single one of those dear, dim, delightful remembrances, far off and remote, of objects whether alive or dead,—whether instinct with love and intelligence, or but of the insensate sod, that once were to him all his being,—so blended was that being then, with all it saw and heard on this musical and lustrous earth, that, as it bounded along in bliss, it was but as the same creation with the grass, the flowers, the streams, the trees, the clouds, the sky and its days and nights,—all of them bound together by one invisible chain,—a green, bright, murmuring, shadowy, floating, sunny and starry world,—of which the enraptured creature that enjoyed it was felt to be the very centre,—and the very soul!

Then came a New Series of Christmasses, celebrated, one year in this family, another year in that—none present but those whom the delightful Elia, alias Charles Lamb, calleth the “old familiar faces;” something in all features, and all tones of voice, and all manners, betokening origin from one root—relations all, happy, and with no reason either to be ashamed or proud of their neither high nor humble birth—their lot being cast within that pleasant realm, “the golden mean,” where the dwellings are connecting links between the hut and hall, fair edifices resembling manse or mansion-house, according as the atmosphere expands or contracts their dimensions, in which Competence is next-door neighbor to Wealth, and both of them within the daily walk of Contentment.

Merry Christmasses they were indeed—one Lady always presiding, with a figure that once had been the stateliest among the stately, but then somewhat bent, without being bowed down, beneath an easy weight of most venerable years. Sweet was her tremulous voice to all her grandchildren's ears! Nor did those solemn eyes, bedimmed into a pathetic beauty, in any degree restrain the glee that sparkled in orbs that had as yet shed not many tears, but tears of pity or of

joy. Dearly she loved all those mortal creatures whom she was soon about to leave; but she sat in sunshine even within the shadow of death; and the "voice that called her home" had so long been whispering in her ear, that its accents had become dear to her, and consolatory every word that was heard in the silence, as from another world.

Whether we were indeed all so witty as we thought ourselves—uncles, aunts, nephews, cousins, and "the rest," it might be presumptuous in us, who were considered by ourselves and some few others the most amusing of the whole set, at this distance of time to decide—especially in the affirmative; but how the roof did ring with sally, pun, retort, and repartee! Ay, with pun—a species of impertinence for which we have therefore a kindness even to this day. Had incomparable Thomas Hood had the good fortune to have been born a cousin of ours, how with that fine fancy of his would he have shone at those Christmas festivals, eclipsing us all! Our family, through all its different branches, has ever been famous for bad voices, but good ears; and we think we hear ourselves—all those uncles and aunts, nephews, and nieces, and cousins—singing now! Easy is it to "warble melody" as to breathe air. But, oh! we hope harmony is the most difficult of all things to people in general, for to us it was impossible; and what attempts ours used to be at Seconds! Yet the most woful failures were rapturously encored; and ere the night was done, we spoke with most extraordinary voices indeed, every one hoarser than another, till at last, walking home with a fair cousin, there was nothing left for it but a tender glance of the eye—a tender pressure of the hand—for cousins are not altogether sisters, and although partaking of that dearest character, possessing, it may be, some peculiar and appropriate charms of their own; as didst thou, Emily the "Wild-cap!"—That *soubriquet* all forgotten now—for now thou art a matron, gentle as a dove,

and smiling on an only daughter, almost woman-grown—fair and frolicsome in her innocence as thou thyself wert of yore, when the gravest and wisest withstood not the witchery of thy dancings, thy singings, and thy showering smiles!

On rolled Suns and Seasons—the old died—the elderly became old—and the young, one after another, were wafted joyously away on the wings of hope, like birds, almost as soon as they can fly, ungratefully forsaking their nests, and the groves in whose safe shadow they first essayed their pinions; or like pinnaces, that, after having for a few days trimmed their snow-white sails in the land-locked bay, close to whose shores of silvery sand had grown the trees that furnished timber both for hull and mast, slip their tiny cables on some summer day, and gathering every breeze that blows, go dancing over the waves in sunshine, and melt far off into the main! Or, haply, some were like fair young trees, transplanted during no favorable season, and never to take root in another soil, but soon leaf and branch to wither beneath the tropic sun, and die almost unheeded by those who knew not how beautiful they were beneath the dews and mists of their own native clime. Vain images! and therefore chosen by fancy not too painfully to touch the heart! For some hearts grew cold and forbidding in selfish cares—some, warm as ever in their own generous glow, were touched by the chill of Fortune's frowns, that are ever worst to bear when suddenly succeeding her smiles—some, to rid themselves of painful regrets, took refuge in forgetfulness, and closed their eyes to the past—duty banished some abroad, and duty imprisoned others at home—estrangements there were, at first unconscious and unintended, yet ere long, though causeless, complete—changes were wrought insensibly, invisibly, even in the innermost nature of those, who being friends knew no guile, yet came thereby at last to be friends no more—unrequited love broke some bonds—requited love re-

laxed others—the death of one altered the conditions of many—and so—year after year—the Christmas Meeting was interrupted—deferred—till finally it ceased, with one accord, un-renewed and un-renewable. For when Some things cease—for a time—that time turns out to be for ever. Survivors of those happy circles! wherever ye be—should these imperfect remembrances of days of old chance, in some thoughtful pause of life's busy turmoil, for a moment to meet your eyes, let there be towards the inditer a few throbs of revived affection in your hearts—for his, though “absent long and distant far,” has never been utterly forgetful of the loves and friendships that charmed his youth. To be parted in body is not to be estranged in soul—and many a dream—and many a vision, sacred to nature's best affections, may pass before the mind of one whose lips are silent. “Out of sight out of mind,” is rather the expression of a doubt—of a fear—than of a belief or conviction. The soul surely has eyes that can see the objects it loves, through all intervening darkness—and of those more especially dear it keeps within itself almost undimmed images, on which, when they know it not, think it not, believe it not, it often loves to gaze, as on a relic imperishable as it is hal-lowed.

Hail! rising beautiful, and magnificent, through the mists of morning—hail! hail! ye Woods, Groves, Towers, and Temples, overshadowing that famous Stream beloved by all the Muses! Through this midnight hush—methinks I hear faint and far off a sacred music,—

“Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise!”

How steeped in the beauty of moon-light are all those pale, pillared churches, courts and cloisters, shrines and altars, with here and there a Statue standing in the shade, or Monument sacred to the memory of the pious—the immortal dead! Some great clock is striking from one of ma-

ny domes—from the majestic tower of St. Mary Magdalen—and in the deepened hush that follows the solemn sound, hark how the mingling waters of the Cherwell and the Isis soften the severe silence of the holy night!

Remote from kindred, and from all the friendships that were the native growth of the fair fields where our boyhood and our youth had roamed, and meditated, and dreamed, those were yet years of high and lofty mood, which held us in converse with the shades of great poets and sages of old in Rhedicyna's hallowed groves, still, serene, and solemn, as that Grecian Academe where divine Plato, with all Hybla on his lips, discoursed such excellent music, that this Life seemed to the imagination spiritualized—a dim reminiscence of some former state of being. How sank then the Christmas Service of that beautiful Liturgy into our hearts! Not faithless we to the simple worship that our forefathers had loved; but Conscience told us there was no apostacy in the feelings that rose within us when that deep organ 'gan to blow, that choir of youthful voices so sweetly to join the diapason, our eyes fixed all the while on that Divine Picture over the Altar, of our Saviour

“Bearing his cross up rueful Calvary.”

But “a change comes o'er the spirit of my dream.” How beautiful in the setting sunlight are these mountains of soft crimson snow! The sun hath set, and even more beautiful are the bright-starred nights of winter, than summer in all its glories beneath the broad moons of June! Through the woods of Windermere, from cottage to cottage, by coppice-pathways winding up to dwellings among the hill-rocks, where the birch-trees cease to grow,—

“Nodding their heads, before us go,
The merry Minstrelsy.”

They sing a salutation at every door, familiarly naming old and young by their Christian names; and the eyes that look upward from the vales

to the hanging huts among the plats and cliffs, see the shadows of the dancers ever and anon crossing the light of the star-like window; and the merry music is heard like an echo dwelling in the sky! Across those humble thresholds often did we on Christmas nights of yore—wandering through our solitary sylvan haunts, under the branches of trees within whose hollow trunk the squirrel slept—venture in, unasked, perhaps, but not unwelcome; and in the kindly spirit of the season, did our best to merryify the Festival by tale or song. And now that we behold them not, are all those woods, and cliffs, and rivers, and tarns, and lakes, as beautiful as when they softened and brightened beneath our living eyes half-creating, as they gazed, the very Paradise that they worshipped! And are all those hearths as bright as of yore, without the shadow of our figure? And the roofs, do they ring as mirthfully, though our voice be forgotten!

But little cause have we to lament that that Paradise is now to us but as remembered poetry—poetry got by heart—deeply engraven there—and to be read at any thoughtful hour we choose—charged deeper and deeper still with old memories and new inspirations. The soul's best happiness is independent of time and place. Such accidents touch it not—they “offer not even any show of violence, it being a thing so majestic.” And lo! another New Series of Christmas Festivals has to us been born! For there are our own Living Flowers in our family garland! And as long as He, who gave them their bloom and their balm, averts not from them or us the sunshine of his countenance, content—oh! far beyond content—would we be with this, the most sacred of all

Religious Festivals, were it even to be holden by us far apart from them in some dungeon's depth.

Ay—well may we say—in gratitude, not in pride—though, at such a sight, pride might be thought but a venial sin within a father's heart,—“There is our Christmas rose”—while a blush brightens the beauty of a face that we call “fair, not pale,” and brighter and softer than the leaves of any rose, the ringlets dance over her forehead to the breeze of joy, and bliss and innocence give themselves vent in one of our own Scotia's pleasant but pathetic songs!

But the heart hugs such treasures as these in secret,—and if revealed at all to other eyes, it must be by but a fleeting and a partial light. Few words are needed to awaken, before parental eyes, the visions now stealing before mine,—and, broken and all imperfect though these effusions be, yet may they touch with pensive pleasure some simple hearts, that recognise the expression of some of their own emotions,—similar, or the same,—although life and its circumstances may have been different,—for in every single sentence, if it be but sincere, a word or two may be found, that shall awaken some complete reminiscence of joy, as the striking but of two notes at once fills ear and heart with a well-known tune, and gives it the full power of all the melody.

The lamp glimmers as it would expire,—the few embers are red and low,—and those are the shadows of moonlight on the walls. How deep a hush! Let me go and hear them breathing in their sleep,—and whisper—for it will not disturb them—a prayer by the bedside of my children. To-Morrow is Christmas Day—and thankful am I indeed to Providence!

THE SHIP AT SEA.

A WHITE sail gleaming on the flood,
And the bright-orbed sun on high,
Are all that break the solitude
Of the circling sea and sky;—
Nor cloud, nor cape is imaged there;
Nor isle of ocean, nor of air.

Led by the magnet o'er the tides,
That bark her path explores,—
Sure as unerring instinct guides
The birds to unseen shores;
With wings that o'er the waves expand,
She wanders to a viewless land.

Yet not alone ;—on ocean's breast,
 Though no green islet glows,
 No sweet refreshing spot of rest,
 Where fancy may repose ;
 Nor rock, nor hill, nor tower, nor tree,
 Breaks the blank solitude of sea ;—

No ! not alone ;—her beauteous shade
 Attends her noiseless way ;
 As some sweet memory, undecayed,
 Clings to the heart for aye,
 And haunts it—wheresoe'er we go,
 Through every scene of joy and woe.

And not alone ;—for day and night
 Escort her o'er the deep ;
 And round her solitary flight
 The stars their vigils keep.
 Above, below, are circling skies,
 And heaven around her pathway lies.

And not alone ;—for hopes and fears
 Go with her wandering sail ;
 And bright eyes watch, thro' gathering tears,
 Its distant cloud to hail ;
 And prayers for her at midnight lone
 Ascend, unheard by all, save One.

And not alone ;—with her, bright dreams
 Are on the pathless main :
 And o'er its moan, earth's woods and streams
 Pour forth their choral strain ;
 When sweetly are her slumberers blest
 With visions of the land of rest.

And not alone ;—for round her glow
 The vital light and air !
 And something that in whispers low
 Tells to man's spirit there,
 Upon her waste and weary road,
 A present, all-pervading God !

THE SPHINX.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA, ETCHED IN THE MANNER OF CALLOT.

"OLD-FASHIONED sticks ! Rational sticks ! Sticks for sober citizens !" exclaimed an old woman, standing with a bundle of sticks before her, on that pleasant public walk in Hamburg, called the Jungfern-stieg. Her stock in trade comprised canes and walking-sticks in endless variety, and many of them were adorned with knobs of ivory and bone carved into grotesque heads and animal forms, abounding in grimace and absurdity. It was early in the day, the passengers were all hurrying in the eager pursuit of business, and for a long time the old woman found no customers.

At length, she observed a pedestrian, of a different and more promising class, striding along the avenue. He was a tall and well-grown youth, and attired in that old Teutonic costume which it has pleased the enthusiastic students of Germany to revive in the nineteenth century. His step was the light bound of youth and happiness, and there was a kindling glance in his deep blue eye, and an involuntary smile at play upon his lip and cheek, which indicated that the cares of life were yet unknown to him, and that he was enjoying the brief and delicious interval between the close of academical studies and the commencement of professional la-

bors and anxieties. Soon as the keen orbs of the old woman discerned him, she screamed, with renewed energy,—
 "Rare sticks ! Noble sticks ! Knob and club-sticks for students ! Canes for loungers ! Fancy sticks ! Poetical sticks ! Romantic sticks ! Mad sticks ! and sticks possessed with a devil !"

"Indeed, you have, Mother He-cate !" exclaimed our student, as he approached her ; "then I must have one of them ; so look out the maddest stick in your infernal collection."

"If you choose the maddest stick in my stock, you must pay a mad price for it," said the old woman. "Here is one with a devil in it, and mad enough to turn the brain of any one who buys it ; but the lowest price is a dollar."

With these words, she held up to his inspection a knotted stick, on which was carved in bone the withered and skinny visage of an old woman, with hollow eyes and cheeks, a hook-nose and chin as sharp as hatchets, and tending towards each other like a pair of pincers : in short, the very image of the old hag before him.

"Buy that stick, I'll warrant it a good one," whispered a friendly and musical voice in his ear. Arnold turned quickly round, and saw a youth of fifteen, of slender and graceful

figure, and clad in the fancy costume of an English jockey, who nodded to him smilingly, and disappeared in the crowd. While Arnold was gazing in silent wonder at the stranger youth, the old woman, who had also observed him, renewed her vociferations, with "Sticks à-la-mode! Whips for jockeys! Canes for fops and dandies, fools and monkeys!"

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed the startled student; "this poor creature must be madder than her whole collection. 'Twill be charity to purchase."

With mingled feelings of pity and disgust, he threw down a dollar, seized the stick, and hastened from her unpleasant vicinity. Soon as his back was turned she saluted him with piercing screams of "Spick-and-span new sticks! Rods for treasure-seekers! Wands for harlequins and conjurers! Sticks for beggars to ride to the devil on! Broomsticks for witches and warlocks! Crutches for the devil and his grandmother!" and concluded with a laugh so horribly unnatural, that the astonished youth turned round in dismay, and beheld the gaunt features of the old woman distorted with scorn and laughter, and her small grey eyes, protruding like fiery meteors from their sockets, glared upon him with an expression so truly maniacal, that he sprung forward in alarm, and was on the point of throwing away his stick to banish the hateful resemblance from his thoughts, when raising his hand for the purpose, instead of that horrid mask, he beheld with astonishment the smiling features of a nymph. Looking more intently, he discovered that the knob represented a Sphinx carved in the purest ivory. The pouting and beautiful lips were curved into an arch and mysterious smile, which, in combination with the raised fore-finger, seemed to warn, to mock, and to menace alternately, as the light and position were changed. The stick was a plain knotted stick, like the one he had purchased; but the carved knob, which displayed the masterly spirit and elaborate finish of

Cellini, appeared to him of inestimable value. He gazed upon it with a delight which speedily banished the hateful old woman from his thoughts, and the longer he gazed upon the laughing little Sphinx, the more enchanted he became with his prize, the more unconscious of what he was about, and whither he was going. Rambling onwards, he passed the city gate leading towards Holstein, and wandered through its pleasant groves and pastures in absorbing reveries for six or seven hours; nor was he roused from this pleasant day-dream until the rude contact of an oak-branch with his cap restored to our visionary Arnold the use of his faculties, and made him sensible that he was entangled at night-fall in a pathless wood of considerable extent. "What a fool I must be," he exclaimed, "to fall in love with a knob-stick, and lose myself in this ugly forest at dusk!" The recollection of his long reverie about the pretty Sphinx acted so forcibly upon his risible faculties, that he burst into an involuntary laugh, which continued until he was interrupted by a yelling peal in reply. He would willingly have regarded it as the echo of his own, but there was a cutting and sarcastic tone in the responsive laugh which jarred painfully upon his excited ear, and created a suspicion that he was the sport of mirth or malice. "Surely the devil houses here!" he exclaimed with emphasis, as he walked onward. Immediately a dozen voices answered him, and exclamations of "The devil houses here! Houses here! Here! Here!! Here!!!" resounded from all quarters. More startled than before, he looked around him in perplexity, but a brief pause of recollection recalled his scattered senses. "Nonsense!" he muttered to himself, as he paced more rapidly through the increasing gloom, "these sounds are nothing but echoes; but the night is at hand, and I would willingly know where I am. But is there not lurking mischief near me?" thought he, relapsing into suspicion that all was not right in these

dusky woodlands. "Come out!" he shouted, "and do your worst; be you man or devil!" There was no immediate reply, but listening attentively, the word "Devil," whispered at some distance, fell upon his startled ear, and the unhallowed sound was repeated in lower whispers, until it melted into distance. "This is beyond endurance," he exclaimed, as he rushed onward; "these cursed echoes will drive me mad."—"Mad! Mad! Mad!" replied a host of voices. At that moment he heard something rustling in the branches, and his foot struck against some object which uttered an inarticulate and moaning sound. He stepped hastily backwards, and looking down, discovered an enormous toad lying on its back, and struggling vainly to regain its legs. Yielding to a sudden impulse of uncontrollable disgust, he plunged the point of his stick into the bloated reptile, and hurled it into the adjacent underwood. The rays of a bright moon fell through an opening in the trees in the direction where he had thrown the toad, and Arnold shuddered with horror as he beheld the hideous features of the old stick-woman grinning at him like Medusa from the spotted toad. "Accursed beldam! Avaunt!" he shouted; "am I to be dogged for ever by this old woman?" Rushing through the underwood, he aimed a blow at her horrid visage, but encountered only the pale and streaky stem of a birch-tree. He laughed aloud on discovering the cause of this delusion, and immediately his ears were stunned by the monstrous and reiterated peals of laughter which assailed him on all sides. "I am surely beset by a legion of devils," thought the agonized youth, while his hair stood erect, and cold drops of perspiration rolled down his face as he listened to this horrid burst of merriment. Collecting, by a sudden effort, his scattered energies, he brandished his stick, and rushed headlong through the tangled thicket, shouting, "Have at ye all! Sprites! Witches! Ghosts! and Devils!" He plunged forward

like a maniac through the wood, until he stepped upon another toad, which yielded to the pressure; he lost his footing, fell breathless on the brink of a declivity, and rolled down the shelving side of a deep ravine, where he lay a considerable time, exhausted and senseless.

When restored to consciousness, he found himself reposing upon an embroidered sofa in a baron's hall, of antique and curious magnificence; and the soft rays of the morning sun were beaming brightly upon him through the arched and lofty windows. A lovely girl, of nymph-like hues and form, and robed with elegant simplicity, stood near his couch. Tresses of the brightest chesnut fell in waving luxuriance over her ivory neck and shoulders; her soft blue eye shot rays as mild as moonbeams upon the astonished Arnold; and around her bewitching mouth lurked a smile of indescribable archness and mystery. In short, she was the startling resemblance, the very counterpart, of the pretty Sphinx-head upon his stick.

"In the name of wonder, where am I?" exclaimed Arnold, starting from the sofa, and gazing upon the lovely stranger with delight and amazement. "Have the wheels of time rolled back again? Have the romantic splendors of the middle ages risen from the dead? Or have I been translated from that hellish forest to an angel's paradise? Or has my pretty Sphinx been gifted with life and motion, like Pygmalion's statue? Or have I lost my senses? Or,—pardon me, your ladyship!—You are surely no carved knob? I mean, my lady, no ivory Sphinx? I would say, that your lovely features are so mysterious and Sphinx-like, that I am perplexed and amazed beyond expression."

"Return to your couch, good youth!" replied the smiling fair one; "the fever paroxysms are not over. You are still raving; but I see symptoms of amendment. Be seated, I pray you, and endeavor to collect your wandering faculties. I can assure you,"

she continued, "that there is nothing supernatural about me or my castle, which is well known in Holstein as the country residence of the Countess Cordula. You approached it last night through my park, which is well wooded, and so intersected with rocks and ravines, as to be somewhat dangerous to night-walkers. Rambling, as is my wont, by sunrise, I discovered you lying senseless in a deep hollow, near the castle. The stick you rave about is at your elbow. How it came into your possession, I know not, but it once belonged to me; and the Sphinx-head was carved by my page Florestan, who is an ingenious little fellow, and amuses himself with carving my features, and applying them to every thing grotesque and fabulous in the animal world."

"Either my senses are the sport of dreams, or this world is altogether an enigma," replied the still bewildered Arnold; "I know very well that I live in the nineteenth century, and that I have studied at the University of Kiel. Common sense tells me that there are neither witches, ghosts, nor fairies, and yet I could almost swear that ever since yesterday noon, I have been the sport and victim of supernatural agency. If, therefore, noble lady! you are really no fairy, but, in good faith, the Countess Cordula, and a human being, I trust you will pardon my strange language and deportment, and attribute them to the real cause—my unaccountable transition from the horrors of your park to this splendid hall, and the dazzling presence of its lovely owner."

"Singular being!" replied the blushing Countess, "you have introduced yourself to me and my castle in so abrupt and original a manner, that I feel somewhat curious to become better acquainted with such an oddity. If, therefore, your time and engagements permit you to remain here a few days, I shall be happy to retain you as a guest, and to share with you the summer amusements of my secluded residence. If you delight in music and in song, in fine old pictures,

and the pleasant tales and legends of Scandinavia, you will find abundant resources under my roof."

"Your kindness and condescension enchant me, lovely Countess! I seek no happier fate," exclaimed the enraptured Arnold, pressing the hand of his fair hostess to his lips with fervent and deep delight. She acknowledged her consciousness of his undisguised admiration by a blush and smile of such flattering, such thrilling potency, that her intoxicated guest already ventured to indulge in some audacious dreams of the possible consequences which might ensue from daily and incessant intercourse with this fascinating Countess. Sympathy, love, and marriage, might follow in natural succession, and make him the happiest, the most enviable of human beings.

In a glowing tumult of delightful anticipations, he obeyed an invitation of his hostess to accompany her in a stroll through the castle gardens. Here a romantic scene of hills, and woods, and waters, met the eye, and Arnold recognised, with amazement, in the extensive lake, margined with hanging woods, and dotted with green islands and temples, a scene connected with some floating reminiscences of his childhood, or of some vivid dream, he could not determine which; but he recollected having gazed, on a glorious morning, over the hedge which bounded a noble park, with its Gothic castle, reflected in the mirrored surface of a lake. Pleasant footpaths meandered through its groves and gardens, and a cavalier of noble presence was ranging with his fair one through the beauteous landscape. He well remembered with what curious longings he had seen and envied the happy lot of that loving pair; and now, ecstatic thought! he no longer gazed on a forbidden paradise, but walked a bidden guest over this fairy scene by the side of its beautiful mistress; and this fondest dream of his juvenile fancy was realized with a vividness and abruptness which, to his still bewildered senses, partook of Arabian enchantment.

Returning to the castle, the Countess led the happy student to her picture gallery, which contained some rare and admirable specimens of the old masters. Arnold was no painter, but he had a painter's eye for the beautiful in art and nature, and he gazed with delight upon the works of Raffaele, Titian, Correggio, and Paul Veronese. The Countess pointed out to him some matchless portraits painted by these great men, and dilated upon their merits with such grace, spirit, and intelligence, that the figures seemed to breathe, and almost start from the canvass, when touched by the wand of this enchantress. One department of the gallery was occupied by the pictures of a modern German artist, who seemed to have drawn his inspiration from the eccentric etchings of the imitable Jacques Callot. So wild and grotesque were his combinations of the imaginative and the supernatural, with the realities and commonplaces of every-day life, that Arnold, whose foible was a vivid and ill-regulated imagination, bestowed more earnest and admiring attention upon these ingenious caricatures, than he had devoted to the costly specimens of the old masters. Recollecting himself, he apologized to the Countess for this singular preference, and explained it, by acknowledging himself an admirer of the eccentric tales and visions of Hoffmann, whose intense sympathy with the extravaganzas and capriccios of Callot was abundantly notorious. The Countess replied only by a lifted forefinger, and an arch smile, which reminded him somewhat disagreeably of his ivory Sphinx, and he followed her in silence to the fine old gothic library, where she desired he would amuse himself for an hour, and left him to his reflections. These were unfavorable to study, and while he turned over many curious manuscripts and missals, unconscious of their contents, his memory was busily occupied in re-tracing every look and gesture of the fascinating Cordula. Wearied at length of studying so unprofitably the antique lore of this curious library, he

looked around for some book in a modern garb, and discovered a single tome in an elegant fancy binding. It was a volume of his favorite Hoffmann, and opened at the tale of the "Golden Vase." This narrative was new to him, and he devoured it with a relish so absorbing, that he had no difficulty in tracing a mysterious and startling resemblance in his own adventures to those of the student Anselmo. "Surely," he exclaimed, "that student must be my double, and he, or I, or both of us, are phantasms in the manner of Callot." The sudden entrance of the Countess dismounted him from his hobby, and although he felt a strong impulse to ask her if she thought he resembled a phantasm of Callot, the recollection that she had attributed his ravings about the Sphinx to temporary derangement, gave him a timely check, and the silver tones of her melodious voice dispelled entirely his delusion; he was again the happiest of men, and the blissful hours flew by unheeded, like moments.

Three days had vanished thus delightfully, and had appeared to our enamored student like a pleasant summer-night's dream, when, on the fourth morning, he heard with terror that the Countess was confined to her apartment by indisposition, and not visible to any one. Arnold's consternation and anxiety were for some time excessive, but they gradually yielded to a growing suspicion that the Countess was not altogether what she appeared. He recollected the story of the beautiful Melusina, who was at certain periods changed into a serpent, and carefully secluded herself when the hour of metamorphosis approached. His apprehension of a similar catastrophe was so enlivened by the fairy splendor which surrounded him in this mysterious castle, that he relapsed headlong into the fancies created by the strong resemblance of the Countess to his ivory Sphinx; and, forgetting alike the obligations of decorum and gratitude, he rushed onwards to her private apartment, push-

ed aside the opposing servants, and abruptly entered the forbidden chamber. The curtains were closely drawn to exclude the glare of daylight, and the yellow rays of a large French lamp threw a soft and mysterious light around the spacious apartment. The lofty walls were decorated with a French landscape paper, on which were skilfully depicted the wondrous features of Egyptian scenery. In different compartments were seen the enormous pyramids and temples; the broad and venerable Nile, with here and there a crocodile reposing in long and scaly grandeur on its margin; and opposite the door was painted, in high and full relief, the mysterious head of the Sphinx, resting its vast proportions on the drifted sand, and gazing in mild majesty over the vestiges of Egyptian grandeur, like the surviving monarch of a shattered world. The elegant Parisian furniture of this apartment was in corresponding taste, and the Countess was reclining upon a couch, supported by two large and admirably sculptured Sphinxes, while all the tables and chiffoniers were resting on the same pleasant-looking monsters. The lovely Cordula looked pale as an ivory statue; her lips were flushed with the glow of fever, and there was in her eyes a dark and melancholy lustre. She was reclining on her side, her bosom supported by her left arm, and when the agitated youth approached her, she raised the forefinger of her right hand, and thus addressed him. "Arnold! Arnold! who are you? and who am I?" "My lovely Sphinx!" exclaimed the bewildered student, "what do I see and hear? You propose to me an enigma which it is impossible to solve. Do you think I am one of Callot's phantasms? or, do you take me for *Œdipus* himself?"

"Arnold! Arnold!" continued the Countess, in tremulous tones and evident anxiety, "if you could solve my enigma, I should expire before you; and yet my cruel destiny compels me to ask, Who are you? and who am I?" At these dreadful words, the

unhappy Arnold felt his heart sink within him; his fairy visions vanished, his lips quivered with dismay, his knees smote together, his brain began to whirl, and all around him was mist and confusion. The sublime scenery which adorned the walls appeared to move around him like a panoramic landscape; the pyramids of Memphis and Saccara, the giant obelisks and temples, threw up their awful forms from earth to heaven, and stalked before him in colossal march, like spectral visions of the past. The troubled waters of the Nile began to leave their bed, and the scaly monsters on its banks to creep with opening jaws around the chamber; while the numerous Sphinxes which adorned it, assuming suddenly the form and features of the Countess, pointed their warning fingers at the frenzied Arnold, and with smiles of boding mystery, screamed in his shrinking ears the fatal questions, "Who are you? and who am I?"

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the agonized student, "I am hedged in by all the plagues of Egypt. Forbear! in mercy forbear!" he continued in delirious terror, while he covered his aching eyes and throbbing temples with his hands. "Forbear those horrid questions! I know not who I am.—Would I had never been!" Rousing, by a desperate effort, his expiring energies, he rushed out of the apartment, and fled from the castle to the adjacent wood. Winged with terror, he bounded through the tangled underwood, stumbled over the root of an oak tree, and rolled down the side of a declivity. He lay for some time stunned and dizzy with the shock, but gradually recovered his senses, and resumed his flight. After running with headlong speed for some hours, he looked up, and to his infinite amazement, found himself within a mile of the Holstein gate of Hamburg, and the ivory knob-stick in his hand. Slackening his pace to a sober walk, and gazing at the pretty Sphinx, he began to commune with himself.—"Surely the events of the last three

days cannot have been a dream? No, impossible! They were far too lively and circumstantial for a vision. But, if no dream, my Holstein Countess must be well known in Hamburg. I will make diligent search, and on the spot." He began immediately to question every passenger he met where the Countess Cordula resided; but no one had ever heard the name, or knew the stately baronial castle he described so minutely, and the vehement language, flushed cheeks, and sparkling eyes of the questioner, excited amongst the more thinking passengers a suspicion that he had drunk too deeply at the maddening fount of poetry and romance. "Alas!" soliloquized the disappointed Arnold, "if such a countess and such a castle are unknown, my strange adventure must indeed have been a dream, and the less I say of it the better, lest my friends should pronounce me a visionary, and my prospects in life be blasted by a nickname. I would give one of my ears," he continued, as he strolled towards the city, "if I could banish that fatal enigma from my memory.—'Who are you?'—Who I am indeed is more than I can tell. I am the natural son of somebody, but whether of a prince or a pedlar, I could never learn. The question would have puzzled *Œdipus* himself. However, what has been may be again, and I have always the pleasant consciousness that I am possibly a prince incog., like a metamorphosed king in a fairy tale. The enchantment may be broken some day by a word, and I may find myself all at once betrothed to a princess, and heir apparent to a throne. But whatever I may turn out to be according to the flesh, I should like very much to know what I am in spirit and in truth; and, above all, whether I am a poet. Certainly my imagination is very prone to take wing, and fly away with me; and I have been often told that I am absent and eccentric. Surely these are indisputable tokens of a genius for poetry and romance.—By Heaven, I'll write a book! My own life and adventures will make an admirable epic,

and this laughing little Sphinx a delicious episode. The Countess Cordula; her matchless beauty and accomplishments; her stately castle, with its books and pictures, woods and waters—what delightful materials! But that horrible Egyptian chamber with its dancing pyramids; and those gaping crocodiles and chattering Sphinxes—Faugh! the recollection turns my brain. And those cursed enigmas, 'Who are you? and, Who am I?—Dear incomprehensible Countess!' sighed the still enamored student, "could I wish to solve these fatal questions at the risk of thy precious existence? No, my sweet Cordula!—Vision, or no vision! I shall never forget thee, and never cease to love thee."

On the following morning he hired an apartment in the suburb, overlooking the Holstein road. The house was in the centre of a pleasant garden, and commanded a view of the road and passengers without exposure to the dust and noise. He chose this situation in the latent hope that the Countess had deceived him by an assumed name, and that he might some day be so fortunate as to see her equipage on the road to or from Hamburg. The utmost efforts of his understanding had been unable to reach an entire conviction that his late adventure had been a dream, and the intense eagerness with which he began and pursued the story of his life, tended only to increase his delusion.

Prefixing the title of "Adventures of a Student, a Romance of Real Life, in the manner of Callot and Hoffmann," he compressed into a single chapter every precious incident as comparatively unworthy of his authorship; and, plunging with mad delight into the episode of "The Sphinx," he detailed, in glowing and impassioned language, his adventures in the haunted wood, and mysterious castle of the Countess. He wrote the earlier portion of this episode in the form and language of fiction, but the longer he wrote, the more confirmed was his belief in the truth of his romance; and

at length he yielded to a conviction that he was entangled in a romantic web of incidents, and that the sudden discovery of his illustrious parents would be the solution of the problem. The startling questions of "Who are you? and, Who am I?" haunted him like spectres, and amongst many singular speculations upon his own origin and identity, he began to indulge a suspicion that he had a double existence, and that he could inhabit two places at once. He now recollected with alarm the many tales he had heard, and once discredited, of men who had two distinct and intelligent existences, who had even beheld their own doubles, and had been warned by those mysterious appearances of their approaching deaths. Fearful of yielding himself too entirely to the dominion of this excitement, he would often rush into the busy streets of Hamburg, and endeavor to regain, by rough collision with the world and its realities, some portion of common sense and self-possession. But, whenever he approached his lodgings, his visionary fears returned, and he often hesitated to open his door, from an apprehension that he should behold himself seated at the table, and writing the continuation of his romance.

On St. John's day, Arnold returned home from a long ramble, and sat down after dinner in his verandah, which commanded a view of the road and passengers. It was a genuine midsummer-day; the sun was hot and brilliant, the sky was the deep blue of Italy, and the dusty road was crowded with vehicles, horses, and pedestrians innumerable; all eager to exchange the narrow streets and oppressive atmosphere of Hamburg, for the pure air and pleasant shade of the adjacent groves and gardens. Arnold gazed with envy upon the gay and elegant groups which passed in review before him; and coveted one of the many beautiful horses which pranced under their riders, or, in splendid harness, along the spacious avenue. Passionately fond of riding, he pictured to himself, in glowing colors, the delight

of bounding along on a fine English hunter, and of displaying before the admiring eyes of numerous belles his noble and fearless horsemanship. "And might I not have the good fortune," he exclaimed, as he gazed on the ivory Sphinx in his hand, "to meet my lovely Countess amidst that crowd of fashionables?" Reclining with his head and arms upon the railing of his verandah, he fell into his wonted reverie; and at length the sultry atmosphere, combined with the fatigue of a long walk, soothed him into a profound slumber, from which he was unpleasantly roused by that ominous question, "Arnold! who are you?" Looking up, he saw, in the garden, the elegant little jockey, whose mysterious recommendation of a stick on the Jungfern-stieg walk had so much perplexed him. The laughing boy stood below the verandah, and, pointing towards Arnold with his right fore-finger, repeated the annoying question, "Who are you?" Prompted both by anger and curiosity, the student started from his seat, rushed down stairs, and out of the house door, but the boy was gone.

Darting across the garden into the high-road, the puzzled youth looked right and left, but in vain; the jockey had disappeared, and Arnold, after some fruitless inquiries amongst the passengers, determined to join the gay throng, and amuse himself as well as he could without a horse. But all his endeavors to reconcile himself to the use of his own legs were ineffectual; and he recollected, with keen regret, those happy days of childhood, when a stick between his legs was as good as an Arabian courser. "How pure the delights, how poetical the delusions of childhood!" soliloquized our student, as he paced along. "Would I were but four years old! I should mount this knotted stick, and trot along this pleasant road, with fresh and exquisite enjoyment. I should believe myself mounted on a real horse; and what we thoroughly believe becomes a real and palpable truth, whatever this dull prosaic world

may say to the contrary." Pursuing this train of thought, the visionary Arnold plunged so deeply into the vivid recollections and associations of his childhood, that he at length forgot there was a world without, as well as a world within him, and actually putting the stick between his legs, began to canter away with great speed and spirit along the highway, to the indescribable amusement of the numerous passengers. Shouts of laughter resounded on all sides, but they were blended with the sounding hoofs and rolling wheels of numerous equipages, and fell unheeded or unheard upon the ears of Arnold, who pursued his ride with infinite satisfaction, until he beheld, in the distance, an equipage of surpassing splendor leave the avenue, and strike into a cross-road. It was an open English carriage, of rich and elegant design, drawn by four magnificent Danish horses, and preceded by two outriders in English jockey-cos-tume. The only occupant of this dazzling vehicle was a young and elegantly attired woman. Soon as Arnold beheld the jockeys, he recognised the garb of the mysterious youth who had spoken to him on the Jungfern-stieg, and again but an hour since in his garden. "That must be my lovely Countess," he exclaimed, as he bounded forward with lightning-speed to overtake the brilliant equipage. Finding his horse an encumbrance rather than a help, he transferred it from his legs to his fingers, succeeded at length in overtaking the carriage, and, to his inexpressible delight, discovered in the fair traveller his radiant and enchanting Cordula.

She immediately observed and recognised him. Stopping the carriage, she greeted the breathless and agitated student with a melodious laugh. "Hah! do we meet again?" said she. "Strange and incomprehensible youth! Are you not ashamed of yourself, to have mistaken me for an enchanted Melusina? What do you think of me now? Am I a marble Sphinx, or an ivory knob? Ha! ha! ha! You are truly an original personage, and far

more amusing than a Spanish comedy. Do step into the carriage, and give an account of yourself."

The abashed and bewildered Arnold did not wait a second invitation. Springing with an elastic bound of delight into the vehicle, he took the proffered seat by its lovely mistress, and the four prancing Danes resumed their speed.

"Ah! my adorable Countess," exclaimed the happy student, as soon as he could find breath and language, "why did you address me so mysteriously in that Egyptian chamber? And why did you recline upon your couch in the very attitude of the Egyptian Sphinx? Dangerous and incomprehensible fair-one! My adventures in your enchanted castle, and my vivid recollection of its lovely mistress, have brought me to the verge of insanity. My nights and days are successive dreams, haunted by your angelic form; and, so strong is the delusion, that I have almost lost the faculty of distinguishing between my waking and sleeping visions. Even the common incidents of every-day life assume a supernatural and mysterious character; and, can you believe it, lovely Countess! when I first beheld your equipage, I was mounted on this foolish stick, and cantering along the high-road like a brainless child, firmly believing all the while that I had a noble courser under me? Nay, more! I have even doubted the reality of those days of paradise, which I lived under your hospitable roof; and even now, that your vicinity brings the sweet conviction home to my ravished senses, I am disturbed by a vague and unconquerable apprehension that my present happiness is but a delusion, which a word or look may dissolve for ever."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Countess, until the tears rolled down her cheeks. "Singular being! Can you still doubt the evidence of your senses? When will these wanderings of fancy cease? Beware, friend Arnold, of indulging such pernicious excitements, or you will end in doubt-

ing your own existence. You must struggle manfully against these dangerous hallucinations, and open your eyes and senses to a conviction that you are again my prisoner, and returning to the castle as fast as my impetuous Danes can whirl you."

"Would I were your prisoner for life, most lovely Countess! or that I had never entered the sphere of your enchantments!" exclaimed the enamored youth, with a gaze so fraught with tender meaning, that the blushing, smiling Cordula found it expedient to introduce a less hazardous topic of conversation.

The hours flitted on rosy wings over the enraptured student as he listened to the music of her thrilling voice, and became each moment more enthralled by her radiant features, and the nameless fascinations of her language and deportment. The evening had advanced unperceived, and the sun was sinking majestically behind the dark woods which belted the horizon, when the carriage stopped at a park-entrance, and the Countess, with a smile of mystery, invited him to walk through her enchanted grove to the castle.

As he assisted her descent, he observed, for the first time, the features of the two outriders, and discovered in one of them the mysterious youth who had roused him by that fatal question from beneath his window. While he hesitated to indulge his curiosity, the Countess, with flattering familiarity, took his arm and led him through the forest scenery which surrounded and concealed her castle. The daylight was rapidly disappearing, but he could easily discern in the numerous cliffs and caverns which adorned this romantic wood, and in the singular echoes which proceeded from them, the natural causes of those unpleasant adventures which attended his first approach to the Castle. The increasing gloom of this sylvan region was partially dispelled by the rising moon, and the intervals between the dense foliage were gemmed with stars which shone like pendant lamps in the dark

blue heavens. Suddenly a stream of brilliant light shot across the horizon. "Hah!" exclaimed Arnold, "what a splendid meteor!"

"It was no meteor," replied the Countess, "but a rocket from the castle gardens. You will meet a numerous assemblage of my friends and neighbors, invited to celebrate my birth-day by a *fête champêtre*, and a masked ball of dramatic costumes. That rocket was a signal to commence the illuminations, which are designed by my clever little page Florestan. I love that little fellow as if he were my brother, and you, Arnold! must love him for my sake. He is full of ingenious attentions to me, and he excels in everything he undertakes. He paints admirably in oil; and to-morrow," she added, with a sigh, "he shall paint your portrait, that I may at least possess a copy, in case the strange original should again doubt—again abandon me. But I trust, Arnold!" continued the bewitching Cordula, "that your second visit will be more enduring than the first."

These words were uttered in a voice trembling with emotion, and the supremely blest and enraptured student, no longer doubting her sympathy, knelt to his fair enslaver, and, with a beating heart and faltering tongue, stammered his tale of love. In blushing haste the lovely Countess extended her ivory hands to the kneeling Arnold, and bade him rise. Still holding his hands in hers with a gentle pressure, which electrified the happy student, she fixed upon his glowing features a long and searching gaze. "Ah, Arnold! Arnold!" at length she said, in tones of tender and impassioned modulation, "if you really loved me, you would not feel so inquisitive about me. You would love me for my own sake, regardless of the world and its opinions. But men were ever selfish and distrustful. They cannot love with the entire devotedness, the pure and lofty confidence of woman."

"Celestial creature!" exclaimed the delirious Arnold, "forgive my doubts and wanderings. They are at

rest for ever ; and, henceforward, you are my world, my universe. Pardon my daring hopes, my mad presumption, and make me the first and happiest of human beings, the husband of the beautiful, the accomplished, and highly-gifted Cordula."

"Dear Arnold!" whispered the blushing and gratified Countess, "I am yours. Henceforward you are the chosen partner of my affections and my life ; but beware of future doubts, and forget my singular questions in the Egyptian chamber. They were intended as a trial of your regard for me, but it was then unequal to the test. You doubted me because you could not comprehend me, and you would not believe, because you were not permitted to investigate. If you would not lose me for ever, follow blindly the impulses of your affectionate nature, and destroy not our happiness by inordinate anxiety to know of what materials it is composed."

The fortunate student, still dizzy with this unexpected height of bliss, promised boundless confidence, and love everlasting, and sealed his promise with a fervent kiss upon the rosy lips of the blushing fair one. When this rapturous overflow of feeling had somewhat subsided, he observed a fiery glow spreading over the horizon ; and as they emerged soon after from the forest-shades, he was startled, and for a moment blinded by a spectacle almost too dazzling for human vision. The noble mansion of the Countess was illuminated from end to end, and reared its proud and castellated form like a huge pyramid of light. The ingenious Florestan had traced with lines of radiant lamps, each buttress, battlement, tower, and pinnacle of the lofty edifice, which stood in bright relief before a dark background of woody hills, and realized the chivalrous magnificence of the middle ages. The stillness of the lovely night was now bro-

ken by a gentle breeze, which gradually swelled into a gust, and suddenly the sound of sad and thrilling harmony floated above the loving pair. A louder strain succeeded, and the whole atmosphere was suffused with the lofty intonations of harp-music, which soared insensibly into the sustained and solemn grandeur of an organ, and then, melting down in progressive cadences, died away on the breeze like the faint and lingering whispers of an *Æolian harp*.

"Surely, my sweet Cordula!" exclaimed the wondering Arnold, "we listen to the music of the spheres. Whence come those awful sounds?"

"It is the giant's harp," replied the Countess. "Seven powerful wires, tuned to the gamut, are stretched between the flanking towers which overtop the castle, and when it blows a storm, the pealing of this great weather-harp is carried on the gale for several miles."*

Another rocket soared aloft, and suddenly an unseen band of Turkish music began a lively, bounding measure. The castle-gates flew open, and a numerous train of youths and maidens, carrying torches, issued from the portal to meet the approaching pair, strewed flowers along their path, and danced before them in gay procession to the entrance of the great baronial hall of the castle, in which the tasteful illuminations of Florestan had created the blaze of noon. Their arrival was announced by a triumphant flourish from the trumpets stationed in the gallery, and immediately a crowd of dramatic maskers and mummers rushed forward to greet them. Arnold gazed in speechless amazement at the grotesque extravagance of garb and feature exhibited in the masks and costumes of the numerous guests. All the witches, and demons, the ghosts, and grave-diggers, of Shakspeare and Goëthe ; the harlequins,

* The giant's harp is a colossal imitation of the *Æolian harp*, and was invented in 1786, by the Abbate Gattoni, at Milan. He stretched seven iron wires, tuned to the gamut, from the summit of a tower fifty feet high, to the house of Signor Moscati, who took a lively interest in the success of the experiment. In blowing weather, this mighty instrument would play harmoniously for many hours, and its powerful tones were carried to a distance hardly credible.

buffoons, and merry beggars, of Gozzi and Goldoni; and, yet stranger, the wild and grotesque conceptions of Callot, Hoffmann, and the eccentric artist in the castle-gallery, were embodied and let loose on this occasion. Arnold and the Countess retired for a short time to array themselves in the picturesque and splendid costumes of Romeo and Juliet, and, on their return to the hall, the music played an inspiring measure, and the merry maskers separated into groups for dancing. Too much excited and astonished to join in this amusement, the student stood in silence by his Countess, and gazed with painful forebodings upon the wild and fantastic scene around him. Meanwhile, the princely Hamlet and his crazed Ophelia, the aspiring Faust, the tender Margaret, and all the spectres and witches of Macbeth and May-day night, began to thread the mazes of a new quadrille; the buffoons and scaramouches of Venice performed with wild and startling vehemence the dramatic dances of Italy; and, while these groups filled the centre of the hall, the spectacted, distorted, and fantastic creations of Callot and Hoffmann encircled them, and waltzed around the hall in revolutions so fearfully rapid that their figures resembled flitting shadows rather than human beings.

"And where is Mephistopheles?" said Arnold, at length, somewhat ashamed of his long silence.

"He is the master of the revels," replied the Countess, "and the best dressed character in the hall. His mask especially is an admirable piece of mechanism, the contrivance of my ingenious Florestan. Behold him standing on a table, directing the music and the dancers."

Arnold approached the table, and started with dismay when he beheld this awful conception of the highly gifted Goethe personified with superhuman accuracy. He stood erect upon a table, and marked the time with a roll of parchment, on which music was traced in red and glowing charac-

ters, as if written with a pen of fire. His tall figure was muffled in a Spanish mantle, his narrow forehead and upward slanting eyebrows were shaded by his hat and feather, and a half-mask concealed only the higher portion of his unearthly visage, leaving exposed a mouth, cheeks, and chin of brown, livid, and horny texture, like the skin of a mummy. The nostrils of his beaked nose were dilated with intense scorn, and a derisive and satanic smile lurked round his skinny lips and spreading jaws, while his small and deepset eyes gleamed faintly through their pasteboard sockets like nebulous stars. A sudden shivering ran through the frame of Arnold as he gazed upon this awful masker, and he recoiled in abhorrence; but an unaccountable and serpent-fascination deprived him of all volition, and involuntarily he again approached the table; when, behold! the eyes of Mephistopheles, before so undistinguishable, were now protruding from the sockets of the mask, and glared upon him like the riveted and glittering orbs of a rattle-snake. Rooted to the spot, and unable to avert his gaze from this tremendous visage, the loathing student beheld those terrible eyes slowly recede into the head, and wane into utter darkness, like the revolving lights of a Pharos. He watched, with growing horror, until the luminous points re-appeared; the eyes again approached the pasteboard, and flashed out upon him with a glow so intensely fierce and vivid that no color was distinguishable. Sick and giddy with abhorrence, Arnold covered his aching eye-balls with his hands, and by a desperate and convulsive effort released himself from the thralldom of this basilisk. Turning away, he would have rushed from the hall, but found himself hemmed in by the grotesque and waltzing phantasms of Callot and Hoffmann, whose endless numbers darted in rolling succession round the immense hall, like the vast and buoyant articulations of a sea-serpent. While gazing on these extravagant caricatures, Arnold observ-

ed, with new surprise, that their eyes were not the soft blue of northern Europe, but of a tincture dark, steely, and glittering, like those of Spain and Italy; and as their mysterious forms whirled round him with appalling velocity, the alarmed student could not dispel an instinctive apprehension that some inscrutable and tremendous evil was maturing amidst all this portentous festivity. He fancied himself gazing on a Shakspearean mask, or midnight revel, and dreaded that, like the ill-fated Romeo, he should see the splendors of this princely hall too soon succeeded by the sepulchral gloom of tombs, the death of his sweet Cordula, and the sudden annihilation of all his earthly felicity.

"Enough! enough!" exclaimed the Countess at his elbow, as she made a signal to the band to cease. The dancers paused to refresh themselves, and the sweet converse of his lovely mistress soon roused the dreaming Arnold from his tragic visions, and restored him to a full sense of his happiness. The large folding-doors were now thrown open; the vivacious Florestan bounded into the hall, and summoned the Countess and her guests to view his fireworks from the castle gardens. Immediately the mob of maskers rushed like a torrent through the portal, and spread themselves in gay and laughing groups along the margin of the lake. Upon an island in its centre appeared an illuminated tower, modelled after the castle of St. Angelo at Rome. A signal rocket rose from the castle roof, and immediately a girandole of a thousand rockets rushed with volcanic force and brilliancy from the island-tower, filling the vault of heaven with its blaze, and dazzling all beholders with its splendid coruscations. The tower disappeared, and the vivid outlines of temples, palaces, and pyramids, appeared in magical succession, concluding with a lofty altar of colored lamps, before which stood two colossal candelabras, whose innumerable tapers blazed with serene and steady lustre in the tranquil night air. A venerable man, with silver

locks, and clad in priestly garb, was kneeling in prayer before the altar, and by his side stood a young and blooming chorister, swinging a golden censer. "My beloved Cordula!" exclaimed the delighted Arnold, "let not that splendid altar blaze in vain. Confirm at once my promised happiness, and bid that venerable priest unite our destinies for ever."

The blushing and agitated Countess answered not, but gazed upon him for some moments with mute and tender significance; then took his offered hand, and accompanied him to the margin of the lake, where rode a galley, gorgeous as that which bore the Queen of Egypt, and manned with numerous rowers. A velvet couch under a silken canopy received the beauteous pair, and the stately vessel, yielding to the efforts of the rowers, glided majestically over the tranquil bosom of the lake, while strains of solemn and triumphant music resounded from its shores, and white-robed nymphs in light gondolas, with each a Chinese lantern on its prow, flitted like water-sprites around the galley. A flight of marble steps, descending from the altar to the lake, was crowded with a group of choristers, each holding in his hand a blazing torch. They welcomed the enraptured Arnold and his Countess with a hymeneal chant, and accompanied them to the foot of the altar, where the aged priest greeted the happy pair with a benevolent and approving smile. He joined their hands, and in deep and impressive tones proceeded to bestow upon them the final benediction. At this moment the bridegroom thought he heard a voice whispering the fatal questions in his ear, "Arnold! Who are you? And who is your bride?" He turned hastily round to look at his beauteous Cordula, and, oh horror! her bloom and freshness had disappeared; she was pale and deathlike as a marble statue, and the position in which she reclined before the altar, was that of the Egyptian Sphinx. Glancing hastily at the priest and chorister, the alarmed student beheld

the fiendish smile of Mephistopheles lurking on the old man's lips, and the boy, before so different, was now the very image of the laughing Florestan. "No, by all that's sacred! Cordula! thou art no human being;" exclaimed the gasping and horror-struck Arnold, as he started on his feet. The Countess uttered a wild and unearthly shriek, and in an instant the torches, lamps, and tapers were extinguished by a fearful gust which swept with blasting speed over the lake and island. The bride, and priest, and choristers disappeared, and the stars were veiled in darkness; the giant's harp broke out in loud and wailing murmurs, the rain streamed down in torrents, hot lightnings hissed, and horrid thunders rolled around the heavens. The sleeping waters of the lake rose up in madness, enormous waves threw up their foaming tops, on which the lantern-boats, magnified by the diseased vision of Arnold into Sphinxes of colossal bulk, floated like argosies. Pointing their monstrous paws and eyes of livid flame at the crazed and breathless student, they jeered him with devilish grins, and in voices which rung through the hurricane like Indian gongs, tore his distempered ears with the horrid enigmas, "Who are you? And who am I?" The agonized youth was on the brink of absolute insanity: his brain collapsed with horror, his joints shook, his arteries swelled almost to bursting, and every fibre of his frame was racked with torture. He felt the foundations of the little island loosening beneath him, and it was too evident that it could not long resist the repeated shocks of the agitated and rising waters. Exerting his last remains of strength and consciousness, he clung to the highest of the marble steps, and awaited his inevitable fate in silent agony. Soon a loftier wave rushed up the staircase, drenched the luckless Arnold to the skin, tore up the solid marble, and covered the highest level

of the tottering islet. Clinging with the last energies of despair to a contiguous shrub, the breathless and half-drowned youth regained his feet after the wave receded, and as quickly as the darkness would permit, sought a tree, in the branches of which he might attain at least a temporary refuge. He succeeded in finding a stem strong enough to support him, but his powers were so exhausted that he could ascend only a few feet above the ground. Again the lightning blazed upon the lake, and by its flitting glare, Arnold beheld the boiling labyrinth of waters articulate with life, and all the slimy worms and bloated reptiles of the Nile gliding and quivering with open jaws around him. With an inarticulate shriek of horror he made a final and desperate effort to escape the teeming waters, and succeeded in gaining a higher branch. Vain hope! succeeding waves covered the yielding island, and the bending tree tottered and creaked beneath its trembling occupant. A monstrous gust came on with lightning speed, and lashed the waters of the lake to fiercer efforts; the giant's harp rang out, and pealed, and labored in the storm, louder than battle-trumpets; and, at length, a mountain-wave, rising above the head of the devoted Arnold, swept man, and tree, and island into the yawning gulf.

At this awful moment—a shrill voice shouted in the ear of Arnold, "You have dropped your stick into the garden, sir!" Opening his eyes, the amazed student found himself seated by moonlight in his verandah, and the old woman who took care of his apartments standing by him with the Sphinx stick in her hand. "Thank God!" exclaimed the inexpressibly relieved youth, as he wiped his streaming forehead, and threw his stick into the garden well—"Thank God! 'twas but a midsummer-night's dream, and that cursed Sphinx was nothing but a nightmare."

THE SUPERIORITY OF THE WORKS OF NATURE ABOVE THOSE OF ART.

——— What skill, what force divine,
Deepfelt in these appear ! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined ;
Shade unperceived, so softening into shade ;
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.—THOMSON.

To the mind possessed of a refined taste, and which delights in the exercise of its reflective powers, the works of nature, as they are generally termed, have ever been pregnant with the most satisfying and delectable sources of investigation. They have yielded, and still continue to yield, innumerable objects for the natural philosopher to examine, as well as for the unlettered to admire ; and, replete with the most positive beauties, and communicative of the most agreeable sensations, they will never cease to engage the attention, till all that is beautiful and sublime in nature loses the power of captivating, and the mind becomes incapable of receiving delight.

Wherever we turn our eye, some object of admiration presents itself ; into whatever recess we penetrate, our attention is arrested by the charms of some natural curiosity ; and the more extensively we examine, and the deeper we search, the richer will be the conquest we attain. A more delicious feast cannot be presented to the curious and contemplative mind, than to roam amidst all the luxuriances of nature, and view her sporting in a thousand blooming and fascinating charms, or sublimely moving amidst the stupendous and wonderful works of the universe.

Above and around us, in the illimitable regions of space, roll the millions of orbs, which afford to us the blessing of light—which, it is presumed, bear a strong analogy to our own globe ; these display the sublimer glories of nature. Scattered over the diversified surface of the earth, for various useful and important purposes,

the innumerable tribes of animal and vegetable nature exhibit amazing skill and contrivance ; the depths of the ocean, the womb of the earth, and the regions of the air, all unite to set forth the glorious and inimitable perfections of the works of nature, while all conspire, by the regular and harmonious performance of their respective functions, however more or less operative, to send up a grateful song of praise to their wise and benevolent Author.

That the works of art assume to themselves the extensive and well-earned meed of approbation and admiration, will not be denied. That they may well be held up to the observation of the wise and good, and that they should be generally patronized as conducive to the comfort and pleasure of life, will be conceded without hesitation. But that they fall infinitely short of the nice and inimitable perfection, the well-regulated utility, and the positive beauty which characterize those of nature, is a fact which few can venture to disclaim, without sacrificing truth and judgment at the shrine of ignorance and impiety. No very deep insight into nature, or very extensive experience in art and science, is requisite to determine so obviously, though interesting a point.

The superiority of the works of nature may be argued—first, *from their originality*. Here all is fully, legitimately, the sole production of an all-wise Author : here all bears internal evidence of originality—for as they were called into being from nothing, they could not be copied from any thing antecedently existing. But with regard to the works of art, *they* are only copies from the masterpieces of

nature, and few will be bold enough to deny, that many of the most splendid and elaborate works of art, become so, simply from their unequalled models. Scarcely a performance is executed by man, which does not glory in being a transcript from nature; not an invention is made, without being analogous to some principle or operation of nature, whether more or less secret. It is truly to the hidden sources of nature, that men look for the most brilliant trophies of their talent and research; it is with delight they hail any appearance of nature, upon which they may display or exert their genius; and with no less ardor than pleasure, do they avail themselves of whatever may present itself to notice.

The works of nature are superior to those of art,—secondly; *in their workmanship and perfection*. Examine any of the former with the most scrutinizing eye, and you will find it to be framed with the nicest skill and proportion; all the parts exactly correspond and harmonize with one another; all perform the respective parts assigned them by eternal Wisdom, without the least deviation; and thereby the great ends of nature are regularly and effectually accomplished. There is not a single object in nature, that may not court the strictest investigation as it regards its perfection; and though many objects of course far exceed others in wonder and beauty, yet each in itself lays open an interesting view of consummate skill—a pleasing exhibition of divine goodness.

The tints which adorn the petals of a flower, and the delicate wings and body of an insect, may well bear the test of examination; and the finest and most delicate specimens of the pencil, in comparison of such, cannot but appear coarse and imperfect. The color, the frame, the texture, of the multifarious diversities of coloring for the brute creation, and the nice adaptation thereof to their natures, are so exquisite, as to outvie every attempt of art to rival them. Even the beautiful verdure which clothes our fields and

meadows, in its several varieties, is so replete with divine skill, that it has been frequently said, “a single blade of grass contains more than will ever be discovered by the most patient and minute investigator.” Nature, while she sports in her wildest vagaries, is never inconsistent. All her works, though surprisingly diverse, are yet not less regular; and while beautiful to the eye, they will bear no less extraordinary investigation.

The modern discovery of the microscope has unfolded the hidden beauties of nature in a manner never before known. Unexpected wonders have been by this laid before our eyes. Specimens of nature have been brought to light, which were before unknown, and unthought of; and not only so, but we have been enabled to become better acquainted with whatever was before known. Subject, then, the most delightful productions of nature to microscopic observation, and, notwithstanding the magnitude to which it is thereby increased, its finest parts will appear not more blunt or less elegant: but let any of the works of art, however fine in their workmanship, be put to a similar test, and they will lose all the beauty and skill with which, to the naked eye, they seemed invested, and appear unsightly, and unworthy of attention.

Among the many mechanical inventions of men, none, however perfect and regular, can ever equal the extensive and admirable mechanism which constitutes the frame of man. Here, amidst the vast diversity of bones, and muscles, sinews, veins, and other apparatus of this machine, all is in the most positive and valuable harmony, each part being adapted to the other, and in systematic and perfect operation.

Thirdly; *in their variety, extent, and utility*, the works of nature excel those of art. It is really astonishing to behold the vast diversity which prevails in the grand system of animal and vegetable nature, both in the number, peculiarities and properties of its subjects. It is calculated, that

there are at present known between four and five hundred species of land animals, six hundred of birds, of fish five thousand, and of insects it may safely be concluded nearly two hundred thousand. Exclusive of these, there are doubtless a vast number of the brute creation, which are unknown to man. Of plants, it is not improbable, that their number would almost defy the powers of calculation. Every thing in nature partakes of this amazing variety; and to direct our attention to the heavens alone, would be a decisive proof, that her works are indeed incomparable and multitudinous.

The works of man, diverse as they may be, cannot, in any degree, equal those of nature. It is recorded of a certain ancient artist, that he carved figures of animals in ivory with the most exquisite skill, and of which an astonishing number might be contained in a very contracted space: but what shall we say, when not less than a million of animalculæ may be held on the point of a needle, and to which a spoonful of water is, as it were, an unbounded ocean! What shall we say, when an incalculable number of insects, all perfectly and delightfully formed, invisible to the naked eye, roam and sport over the leaves of plants and trees, as in a spacious meadow! Surely these display skill more than human; wisdom of more than earthly mould.

But what constitutes, in no small degree, the superexcellence of the works of the great framer of all things, is, their *general utility*. The most beautiful productions of art are mostly those which are only calculated to please and captivate—to which the epithet of *elegant* may be appended, rather than that of *useful*: whereas in the system of nature there is not a plant or animal, or any inanimate substance, but is of some service in the great plan, and performs some function devolving upon it, however more or less indirectly. One is adapted to the support and nourishment of the other:—this, tends to the benefit of man in a more positive degree; that, in a less

ostensible, but not less certain manner.

The works of nature claim to themselves unquestionable preëminence, fourthly, in *their durability*. Turn once more to the orbs of heaven, and see with what uniform regularity they have performed their revolutions, from the period when they were called into existence by the Divine fiat—and still perform them, without the least diminution of efficacy, or irregularity. Very many of the other works of nature have remained with equal perfection, from the moment of their creation to the present. And even all the animal and vegetable tribes, notwithstanding they decay and die at stated and regular periods, may be said to have endured from the beginning; since they have been, and still are, continually reproduced in succession: and thus, one continued series exists, and the animal world is ever replenished. But it is too true, that mutability and corruptibility are inseparable from the works of man; they, like himself, are frail, and a few fleeting years are sufficient to mar their beauty, and spoil their excellence. The most ancient relics of art we possess, are frequently so mutilated and defaced by the consuming hand of time, as to become valuable, not for the skill exhibited in their workmanship, but solely on account of their antiquity. Nature's works, however, are always blooming, are always beautiful in themselves.

Nature, in many of her operations—if at any time she appears to advance in age, may be said to renew her youth; she frequently seems to undergo, in her own system, a renovation, which gives a perpetuity to all her works: while the beautiful and costly works of man, notwithstanding the props and patchings they sometimes receive, eventually yield to time, whose breath completely scatters and destroys them.

The comparison might be carried further than in the four preceding particulars; but certainly where originality in design, beauty and perfection

in execution, variety, and utility, and durability, are combined in so eminent a degree, they must carry with them irrefragable proofs of a superior hand, and an infinitely larger portion of wisdom.

Nature has ever stood unrivalled—she must ever remain so. Her treasures have never been, and it is certain they never will be, exhausted. She pours forth her beauties and luxuriances with an unsparing and lavish hand, in every possible variety, to en-

gage the heart, to charm the ear, and to delight the eye. She will ever be sought after by the curious mind, and she will never disappoint the true admirer. Art, exalted and adorned as she certainly is, will ever look up to nature as her great original—as the beautifier of all her productions—as the charm of all her fascinations—the source of all her excellence. Art, when uncorrupted, will be content to follow nature, will delight to acknowledge her superiority.

A FAREWELL TO THE YEAR.

From the Spanish of L. Baylon.

HARK, friends, it strikes: the year's last hour:

A solemn sound to hear:

Come, fill the cup, and let us pour

Our blessing on the parting year.

The years that were, the dim, the gray,

Receive this night, with choral hymn,

A sister shade as lost as they,

And soon to be as gray and dim.

Fill high: she brought us both of weal and woe,

And nearer lies the land to which we go.

On, on, in one unwearied round

Old Time pursues his way:

Groves bud and blossom, and the ground

Expects in peace her yellow prey:

The oak's broad leaf, the rose's bloom,

Together fall, together lie;

And undistinguished in the tomb,

Howe'er they lived, are all that die.

Gold, beauty, knightly sword, and royal crown,

To the same sleep go shorn and withered down.

How short the rapid months appear

Since round this board we met

To welcome in the infant year,

Whose star hath now for ever set!

Alas, as round this board I look,

I think on more than I behold,

For glossy curls in gladness shook

That night, that now are damp and cold.

For us no more those lovely eyes shall shine,

Peace to her slumbers! drown your tears in wine.

Thank Heaven, no seer unblest am I,

Before the time to tell,

When moons as brief once more go by,

For whom this cup again shall swell.

The hoary mower strides apace,

Nor crops alone the ripened ear;

And we may miss the merriest face

Among us, 'gainst another year.

Whoe'er survive, be kind as we have been,

And think of friends that sleep beneath the green.

Nay, droop not: being is not breath;

'Tis fate that friends must part,

But God will bless in life, in death,

The noble soul, the gentle heart.

So deeds be just and words be true,

We need not shrink from Nature's rule;

The tomb, so dark to mortal view,

Is heaven's own blessed vestibule;

And solemn, but not sad, this cup should flow,

Though nearer lies the land to which we go.

NOLLEKENS AND HIS TIMES.*

WE will not occupy room with prefatory remarks on this very amusing work, which may be much more agreeably devoted to the illustration of our author. Simply promising, therefore, that we have not been more entertain-

ed since the days of Boswell's Johnson than we have been with Mr. Smith's desultory, rambling, topographical, and anecdotal miscellany of every thing which could interest a literary gossip during half a century,

* Nollekens and his Times: comprehending a Life of that celebrated Sculptor, &c. &c. By John Thomas Smith, Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828.

with a few years to boot, we shall proceed at once to communicate a part of our pleasure to our readers.

Mr. Smith was for three years a pupil of Nollekens, an acquaintance of nearly sixty years' duration, and one of his executors; so that he was well fitted for the task he has here discharged. Nollekens himself was the son of an indifferent painter (originally from Antwerp), born in England in 1737, a Roman Catholic in the little religion he professed, and for ten years a student under Scheemakers. In early life he obtained several premiums for models from the Society of Arts; and in 1760 went to Rome. Here he wrought, and among other productions acquired fame and emolument from busts which he made of Garrick and Sterne; and about this period we find the following records:

"Whilst Mr. Nollekens was at Rome, he was recognised by Mr. Garrick with the familiar exclamation of, 'What! let me look at you! are you the little fellow to whom we gave the prizes at the Society of Arts?' 'Yes, sir,' being the answer, Mr. G. invited him to breakfast the next morning, and kindly sat to him for his bust, for which he paid him 12*l.* 12*s.*; and I have not only often heard Mr. Nollekens affirm that the payment was made in 'gold,' but that this was the first busto he ever modelled. Sterne also sat to him when at Rome; and that bust brought him into great notice. With this performance Nollekens continued to be pleased even to his second childhood, and often mentioned a picture which Dance had made of him leaning upon Sterne's head. During his residence in Italy he gained the Pope's gold medal for a basso-relievo. Barry, the historical painter, who was extremely intimate with Nollekens at Rome, took the liberty one night, when they were about to leave the English coffee-house, to exchange hats with him; Barry's was edged with lace, and Nollekens's was a very shabby plain one. Upon his returning the hat the next morning, he was requested by Nollekens to let him

know why he left him his gold-laced hat. 'Why, to tell you the truth, my dear Joey,' answered Barry, 'I fully expected assassination last night: and I was to have been known by my laced hat.' This villanous transaction, which might have proved fatal to Nollekens, I have often heard him relate; and he generally added, 'It's what the Old Bailey people would call a true bill against Jem.' * *

"The patrons of Nollekens, being characters professing taste and possessing wealth, employed him as a very shrewd collector of antique fragments; some of which he bought on his own account; and, after he had dexterously restored them with heads and limbs, he stained them with tobacco-water, and sold them, sometimes by way of favor, for enormous sums. My old friend, Mr. George Arnald, A. R. A., favored me with the following anecdote, which he received immediately from Mr. Nollekens, concerning some of these fragments. Jenkins, a notorious dealer in antiques and old pictures, who resided at Rome for that purpose, had been commissioned by Mr. Locke of Norbury Park, to send him any piece of sculpture which he thought might suit him, at a price not exceeding one hundred guineas; but Mr. Locke, immediately upon the receipt of a head of Minerva, which he did not like, sent it back again, paying the carriage and all other expenses. Nollekens, who was then also a resident in Rome, having purchased a trunk of a Minerva for fifty pounds, found, upon the return of this head, that its proportion and character accorded with his torso. This discovery induced him to accept an offer made by Jenkins of the head itself; and two hundred and twenty guineas to share the profits. After Nollekens had made it up into a figure, or, what is called by the venders of botched antiques, 'restored it,' which he did at the expense of about twenty guineas more for stone and labor, it proved a most fortunate hit, for they sold it for the enormous sum of *one thousand guineas!* and it is now

at Newby in Yorkshire. The late celebrated Charles Townley and the late Henry Blundell, Esqrs. were two of his principal customers for antiques. Mr. Nollekens was likewise an indefatigable inquirer after terracottas, executed by the most celebrated sculptors, Michael Angelo, John di Bologna, Fiamingo, &c. The best of these he reserved for himself until the day of his death. The late Earl of Besborough and the late Lord Selsey were much attached to Mr. Nollekens at this time,—but his greatest friend was the late Lord Yarborough. For that nobleman he executed many very considerable works in marble, for which he received most liberal and immediate payment. Nollekens, who wished upon all occasions to save every shilling he possibly could, was successful in another manœuvre. He actually succeeded as a smuggler of silk stockings, gloves, and lace; his contrivance was truly ingenious, and perhaps it was the first time that the custom-house officers had ever been so taken in. His method was this: all his plaster busts being hollow, he stuffed them full of the above articles, and then spread an outside coating of plaster at the back across the shoulders of each, so that the busts appeared like solid casts.—His mode of living when at Rome was most filthy: he had an old woman, who, as he stated, ‘did for him,’ and she was so good a cook, that she would often give him a dish for dinner, which cost him no more than three-pence. ‘Nearly opposite to my lodgings,’ he said, ‘there lived a pork-butcher, who put out at his door at the end of the week a plateful of what he called cuttings, bits of skin, bits of gristle, and bits of fat, which he sold for two-pence, and my old lady dished them up with a little pepper and a little salt; and with a slice of bread, and sometimes a bit of vegetable, I made a very nice dinner.’ Whenever good dinners were mentioned, he was sure to say, ‘Ay, I never tasted a better dish than my Roman cuttings.’ By this time, the name of Nollekens was pretty well known on the Stock

Exchange of London, as a holder to a considerable amount.”

In 1771, enriched by such rascally pursuits, he was elected an associate, and in the following year a royal academician; and his practice in London increased to the utmost extent. He then married a Miss Welch (daughter of Justice Welch, and the Pekuah in *Rasselas*); an admirable match, if penuriousness and selfish wretchedness could make a match admirable. He was not surpassed by Elwes himself; and of her likeness, praised be the sex! we never read of a sufficiently miserly prototype.

“During the time (says his biographer) I was with him, he now and then gave a dinner, particularly when his steadfast friend Lord Yarborough, then the Hon. Mr. Pelham, sent his annual present of venison; and it is most surprising to consider how many persons of good sense and high talent visited Mrs. Nollekens, though it probably was principally owing to the good character her father and sister held in society. Dr. Johnson and Miss Williams were often there, and they generally arrived in a hackney-coach, on account of Miss Williams’s blindness. When the doctor sat to Mr. Nollekens for his bust, he was very much displeased at the manner in which the head had been loaded with hair, which the sculptor insisted upon, as it made him look more like an ancient poet. The sittings were not very favorable, which rather vexed the artist, who, upon opening the street-door, a vulgarity he was addicted to, peevishly whined—‘Now, doctor, you *did* say you would give my busto half an hour before dinner, and the dinner has been waiting this long time.’ To which the doctor’s reply was, ‘Bow-wow-wow!’ The bust is a wonderfully fine one, and very like, but certainly the sort of hair is objectionable; having been modelled from the flowing locks of a sturdy Irish beggar, originally a street pavior, who, after he had sat an hour, refused to take a shilling, stating that he could have made more by begging! Doctor Johnson also considered this

bust like him ; but, whilst he acknowledged the sculptor's ability in his art, he could not avoid observing to his friend Boswell, when they were looking at it in Nollekens's studio, ' It is amazing what ignorance of certain points one sometimes finds in men of eminence : ' though, from want of knowing the sculptor, a visitor, when viewing his studio, was heard to say, ' What a mind the man must have from whom all these emanated ! ' "

" His singular and parsimonious habits were most observable in his domestic life. Coals were articles of great consideration with Mr. Nollekens ; and these he so rigidly economised, that they were always sent early, before his men came to work, in order that he might have leisure time for counting the sacks, and disposing of the large coals in what was originally designed by the builder of his house for a wine-cellar, so that he might lock them up for parlor use. Candles were never lighted at the commencement of the evening ; and whenever they heard a knock at the door, they would wait until they heard a second rap, lest the first should have been a runaway and their candle wasted. Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens used a flat candlestick when there was any thing to be done ; and I have been assured that a pair of moulds, by being well nursed, and put out when company went away, once lasted them a whole year ! "

" My old school-fellow, Smith, the grocer, of Margaret-street, has been frequently heard to declare, that whenever Mrs. Nollekens purchased tea and sugar at his father's shop, she always requested, just at the moment she was quitting the counter, to have either a clove or a bit of cinnamon, to take some unpleasant taste out of her mouth ; but she never was seen to apply it to the part so affected ; so that, with Nollekens's nutmegs, which he pocketed from the table at the Academy dinners, they contrived to accumulate a little stock of spices, without any expense whatever. "

" He for many years made one at

the table of what was at this time called the Royal Academy Club ; and so strongly was he bent upon saving all he could privately conceal, that he did not mind paying two guineas a-year for his admission ticket, in order to indulge himself with a few nutmegs, which he contrived to pocket privately ; for as red-wine negus was the principal beverage, nutmegs were used. Now it generally happened, if another bowl was wanted, that the nutmegs were missing. Nollekens, who had frequently been seen to pocket them, was one day requested by Rossi, the sculptor, to see if they had not fallen under the table ; upon which Nollekens actually went crawling beneath upon his hands and knees, pretending to look for them, though at that very time they were in his waistcoat pocket. He was so old a stager at this monopoly of nutmegs, that he would sometimes engage the maker of the negus in conversation, looking at him full in the face, whilst he slyly, and unobserved as he thought, conveyed away the spice : like the fellow who is stealing the bank note from the blind man in that admirable print of the Royal Cock-pit, by Hogarth.—I believe it is generally considered, that those who are miserly in their own houses, almost to a state of starvation, when they visit their friends or dine in public, but particularly when they are travelling, and know that they will be called upon with a pretty long bill,—lay in what they call a good stock of every thing, or of all the good things the landlord thinks proper to spread before them. This was certainly the case with Nollekens when he visited Harrowgate, in order to take the water for his diseased mouth. He informed his wife that he took three half-pints of water at a time, and as he knew the bills would be pretty large at the inn, he was determined to indulge in the good things of this world ; so that one day he managed to get through ' a nice roast chicken, with two nice tarts and some nice jellies. ' Another day he took nearly two pounds of venison, the fat of which

was at least 'two inches thick;' at breakfast he always managed two muffins, and got through a plate of toast; and he took good care to put a French roll in his pocket, for fear he should find himself hungry when he was walking on the common by himself."

Mrs. Nollekens appears to have been one of the most unamiable women that ever existed. Take the following as an example out of many: "At the corner of her house there was a small part of the street railed in, on which she gave a poor woman leave to place a table with a few apples for sale upon a bit of an old napkin. To this miserably-hooded widow she was seen to go, when she intended to treat the family with a dumpling, with the question of 'Pray, Goody, how many apples can you let me have for a penny?' 'Bless your kindness! you shall have three.' 'Three!' exclaimed the lady, smiling, 'no, you must let *me* have four;' and touching her left thumb with the forefinger of her right hand, she continued, 'for there's my husband, myself, and two servants, and we must have one a-piece.' 'Well,' observed the miserable dependent, '*you* must take them.'"

"With the drapery of the bust of George III., Nollekens had more anxiety and trouble than with any of his other productions: he assured Mr. Joseph, the Associate of the Royal Academy, that after throwing the cloth once or twice every day for nearly a fortnight, it came excellently well, by mere chance, from the following circumstance. Just as he was about to make another trial with his drapery, his servant came to him for money for butter; he threw the cloth carelessly over the shoulders of his lay-man, in order to give her the money, when he was forcibly struck with the beautiful manner in which the folds had fallen; and he hastily exclaimed, pushing her away, 'Go, go, get the butter.' And he has frequently been heard to say, that that drape-

ry was by far the best he ever cast for a busto."

"To prove the wonderfully sagacious and retentive memory of Mrs. Garrick's little dog Biddy, and how much it must have noticed its master when rehearsing his parts at home, I shall give (says Mr. S.) the following most extraordinary anecdote, as nearly as I can, in the manner in which Mrs. Garrick related it to me a short time before her death. 'One evening, after Mr. Garrick and I were seated in our box at Drury-lane Theatre, he said, Surely there is something wrong on the stage, and added, he would go and see what it was. Shortly after this, when the curtain was drawn up, I saw a person come forward to speak a new prologue, in the dress of a country bumpkin, whose features seemed new to me; and whilst I was wondering who it could possibly be, I felt my little dog's tail wag, for he was seated in my lap, his usual place at the theatre, looking towards the stage. 'Aha!' said I, 'what, do you know him? is it your master? then you have seen him practise his part?'"

"During my long intimacy with Mr. Nollekens, I never once heard him mention the name of the sweetest bard that ever sang, from whose luxuriant garden most artists have gathered their choicest flowers. To the beauties of the immortal Shakspeare he was absolutely insensible, nor did he ever visit the theatre when his plays were performed; though he was actively alive to a pantomime, and frequently spake of the capital and curious tricks in Harlequin Sorcerer. He also recollected with pleasure Mr. Rich's wonderful and singular power of scratching his ear with his foot like a dog; and the street-exhibition of Punch and his wife delighted him beyond expression. * * *

"Miss Welch brought down upon herself his eternal hatred, by kindly venturing to improve him in his spelling. She was a friendly and benevolent woman; and I am indebted to her

and the amiable Mrs. Barker for many acts of kindness during the time I was laboring under a tremendous loss by fire. One evening, when I was drinking tea with her at her lodgings, she showed me a little book in which she had put down Mr. Nollekens's way of spelling words in 1780, with the manner in which they should be written. I copied a few of them with her permission, which, I must say, she gave me with some reluctance, notwithstanding she disliked Nollekens most cordially, though they were both Catholics."

"Mr. Nollekens, when modelling the statue of Pitt, for the Senate House, Cambridge, threw his drapery over his man Dodimy, who after standing in an immovable position for the unconscionable space of two hours, had permission to come down and rest himself; but the poor fellow found himself so stiff, that he could not move. 'What!' exclaimed Nollekens, 'can't you move yourself? then you had better stop a bit.' I am sorry to say there are other artists who go on painting with as little compassion for their models.—Mr. Arminger has declared that, in eating, nothing

could exceed the meanness of Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens; for whenever they had a present of a leveret, which they always called a hare, they contrived, by splitting it, to make it last for two dinners for four persons. The one half was roasted, and the other jugged."

"In the year 1817, in the 74th year of her age, his congenial partner was taken away from the light of the 'sun of her life,' as she termed her husband, and the disconsolate Nollekens 'soon sported two mould candles instead of one; took wine oftener; sat up later; laid in bed longer, and would, though it made no change whatever in his coarse manner of feeding, frequently ask his morning visitor to dine with him: and I have been informed that the late Rev. Thomas Kerrick, Principal Librarian of the University Library of Cambridge, to my very great astonishment, had stomach enough to partake of one of his repasts. As for my part, his viands were so dirtily cooked with half melted butter, mountains high of flour, and his habits of eating so filthy, that he never could prevail upon me to sicken myself at any one of his feasts."

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

BY THOMAS HOOD, AUTHOR OF "WHIMS AND ODDITIES."

[The late Admiral Burney went to school at an establishment where the unhappy Eugene Aram was usher subsequent to his crime. The admiral stated, that Aram was generally liked by the boys; and that he used to discourse with them about *murder*, in somewhat of the spirit which is attributed to him in this poem.]

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four and twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran and some that leapt
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside;
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eye'd.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp:
"O God, could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
 Some moody turns he took,—
 Now up the mead, then down the mead,
 And past a shady nook,—
 And, lo! he saw a little boy
 That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
 Romance or fairy fable?
 Or is it some historic page,
 Of kings and crowns unstable?"

The young boy gave an upward glance,—
 "It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,
 As smit with sudden pain,—
 Six hasty strides beyond the place,
 Then slowly back again;
 And down he sat beside the lad,
 And talk'd with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
 Whose deeds tradition saves;
 Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
 And hid in sudden graves;
 Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
 And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
 Shriek upwards from the sod,—
 Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
 To show the burial clod;
 And unknown facts of guilty acts
 Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
 Beneath the curse of Cain,—
 With crimson clouds before their eyes,
 And flames about their brain:
 For blood has left upon their souls
 Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
 Their pangs must be extreme,—
 Wo, wo, unutterable wo—
 Who spill life's sacred stream!
 For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
 A murder in a dream!

One that had never done me wrong—
 A feeble man, and old:
 I led him to a lonely field,
 The moon shone clear and cold;
 Now here, said I, this man shall die,
 And I will have his gold!

Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
 And one with a heavy stone,
 One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
 And then the deed was done!
 There was nothing lying at my foot,
 But lifeless flesh and bone!

Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
 That could not do me ill;
 And yet I fear'd him all the more,
 For lying there so still:
 There was a manhood in his look,
 That murder could not kill!

And, lo! the universal air
 Seem'd lit with ghastly flame,—
 Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes

Were looking down in blame;
 I took the dead man by the hand,
 And call'd upon his name!

Oh God, it made me quake to see
 Such sense within the slain!
 But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
 The blood gush'd out again!
 For every clot, a burning spot,
 Was scorching in my brain!

My head was like an ardent coal,
 My heart as solid ice;
 My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
 Was at the Devil's price:
 A dozen times I groan'd; the dead
 Had never groan'd but twice!

And now from forth the frowning sky,
 From the heaven's topmost height,
 I heard a voice—the awful voice
 Of the blood-avenging sprite:—
 'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
 And hide it from my sight!'

I took the dreary body up,
 And cast it in a stream,—
 A sluggish water, black as ink,
 The depth was so extreme.
 My gentle boy, remember this
 Is nothing but a dream!

Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
 And vanished in the pool;
 Anon I cleansed my bloody hands
 And wash'd my forehead cool,
 And sat among the urchins young
 That evening in the school!

Oh heaven, to think of their white souls,
 And mine so black and grim!
 I could not share in childish prayer,
 Nor join in evening hymn:
 Like a devil of the pit I seem'd,
 'Mid holy cherubim!

And peace went with them one and all,
 And each calm pillow spread;
 But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
 That lighted me to bed,
 And drew my midnight curtains round,
 With fingers bloody red!

All night I lay in agony,
 In anguish dark and deep;
 My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
 But stared aghast at Sleep:
 For Sin had rendered unto her
 The keys of hell to keep!

All night I lay in agony,
 From weary chime to chime,
 With one besetting horrid hint,
 That rack'd me all the time,—
 A mighty yearning, like the first
 Fierce impulse unto crime!

One stern, tyrannic thought, that made
 All other thoughts its slave;
 Stronger and stronger every pulse
 Did that temptation crave,—
 Still urging me to go and see
 The dead man in his grave!

Heavily I rose up,—as soon
 As light was in the sky,—
 And sought the black accursed pool
 With a wild misgiving eye ;
 And I saw the dead in the river bed,
 For the faithless stream was dry !
 Merrily rose the lark, and shook
 The dewdrop from its wing ;
 But I never mark'd its morning flight,
 I never heard it sing :
 For I was stooping once again
 Under the horrid thing.
 With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
 I took him up and ran,—
 There was no time to dig a grave
 Before the day began :
 In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
 I hid the murder'd man !
 And all that day I read in school,
 But my thought was other where ;
 As soon as the mid-day task was done,
 In secret I was there :
 And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
 And still the corse was bare !
 Then down I cast me on my face,
 And first began to weep,
 For I knew my secret then was one

That earth refused to keep ;
 Or land or sea, though he should be
 Ten thousand fathoms deep !
 So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
 Till blood for blood atones !
 Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
 And trodden down with stones,
 And years have rotted off his flesh—
 The world shall see his bones !
 Oh God, that horrid, horrid dream
 Besets me now awake !
 Again—again, with a dizzy brain,
 The human life I take ;
 And my red right hand grows raging hot,
 Like Cranmer's at the stake.
 And still no peace for the restless clay
 Will wave or mould allow ;
 The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
 It stands before me now !"—
 The fearful boy looked up, and saw
 Huge drops upon his brow !
 That very night, while gentle sleep
 The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
 Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
 Through the cold and heavy mist ;
 And Eugene Aram walked between,
 With gyves upon his wrist.

THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR IN VIENNA.

To "welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," is so universal an instinct among the human race, that it can lead us to rejoice over the loss of an integral portion of our very existence, and to hail the dawning sun of a new year, forgetful that its main object is to light the pilgrims of the earth "their way to dusty death."

In London, thanks to parliaments and fox-hunters, who have introduced a *new style* into the fashionable calendar, New Year's Day is left to mere plebeian celebration ; but, on the continent, it still remains the first signal for the renewal of social intercourse,—the harbinger of the gaieties of the Carnival,—the rallying point for dismembered families. Under its magnetic influence, the absent return,—the frugal wax generous,—the reserved open their hearts and their houses ! Woe to the female form which does not on that day prove the powers of some new adornment,—and woe to the *soupirant* who neglects the occasion of doing rich and fitting homage

to its antecedent attractions ! *L'ami de la maison* who wishes to secure himself an appetizing perspective of future dinners, must not omit to repay the luxuries of the past by an *à compte* of sugar plums and gilt paper on the eventful day "*à Strenna consacré*," and the "step-dames and dowagers, who wither out a young man's revenue" by their obstinate adherence to the possession of many happy new years, must be duly propitiated by liberal sacrifices on the very altar which renders their worship hateful.

I have more than once witnessed the excitement produced in France by the arrival of *le jour des étrennes*. I have seen elderly gentlemen in full costume,—buckles, silk stockings, and pigtails,—simper the livelong day from house to house, with the *cornet et compliment d'usage*. I have seen *bons-bons* distributed in the service, and under the influence of every passion ; for love, vanity and ambition, contribute in equal shares to the *débit* of the *Rue des Lombards*.

But the acknowledged, the almost boasted levity of the French character, renders these inconsistencies a matter of little marvel. Among the Germans,—the sober, undemonstrative, deliberate Germans,—I was surprised to find the *Neu Jahr* a festival of equal importance, and commemorated with almost equal frivolity. Anxious to note every variation of popular character, I mingled on the last day of the year with the idlers of the *Graben*, which is the Bond-street or *Rue Vivienne* of Vienna.

What cheerful faces met me at every step! What a gay appearance every shop had assumed to entice the wary and to ruin the generous! The porcelain, rivalling that of Sévres,—the millinery, affecting to be an importation from the banks of the Seine,—the varnished wares of Nuremberg,—the delicate carvings of Berchtingsgaden,—the lackered saints of Augsburg, encased in fillagree,—put forth in turn their daintiest allurements. It appeared, however, to my casual observation, that the character of the purchasers,—of the frequenters of the *galanterie* shops, differed materially from that of the *coueurs des boutiques* in Paris. There is more frankness, more simple plain-dealing worthiness, more *loyauté*, about an untravelling German, than I have found in the native of any other continental country; and the spirit which dictated such purchases as fell under my observation was, without exception, that of affectionate good will. The utility of the objects selected,—the taste of the intended possessor, were consulted in preference to that passion for display which is so generally-actuating a motive with the French.

I will not certify, however, that colored paper and gilding,—*ormoulu* and mother-of-pearl,—wreaths of Lilliputian roses,—comestibles of *papier-maché*, and fruit of plaster of Paris, not intended to be *maché* at all,—had not their share of amateurs. But the crowd was more than equally distributed in the *Niederlagen* of the vendors of *Meerschaum* pipes, whose tran-

sient and dazzling brightness might still farther tax the well-worn simile of maiden fame,—where the rich amber tubes, studded with blue enamel, afford objects of no niggardly interest. Bohemian pearls, whose size and lustre compensate for their want of oriental regularity,—garnets from the same rich land,—opals, chrysophrases and turquoises from Hungary, as well as the glittering topazes of Silesia, were not less in request. The eternal almanacs of every literary city or village of the empire—(*où diable les belles-lettres vont-elles se nicher!*)—*Uranias*, *Mnemosynes*, *Auroras*, appeared to attract only the *petite-maitresse* and the sentimental university-student; while the painted cards exhibited in thousands in the same shops, whose transpositions usually illustrate some far-fetched specimen of German pleasantry, afford a cheap resource to those economists whose friends are enriched with a numerous offspring.

To myself, as a stranger in the land, the purchasers themselves were objects of stronger interest than those articles heaped before them on the counters. On that day, all ranks became inevitably united. The high and puissant Princess of Hungary, preceded by a gorgeous Heiduke, descends from a splendid carriage, of which the coachman is enveloped in the richest furs of Siberia, and the hussar behind is glittering with embroidery, at the door of the same warehouse to which the simple *Bauer-mädchen*, the peasant-girl of the *Wiener-wald*, clad in an ample scarlet petticoat and towering gold cap, brings her well-hoarded florin. In the strife between extortion and frugality, you hear the guttural *patois* of the Faubourg contrasted with the mincing affectation of the Saxon dialect; nay,—for Austria extends her “leadenn mace” over many tongues and many nations,—you may hear on one side the softest accents of the *lingua Toscana*, and on the other the less polished, but equally musical language of Slavonia. The dark-browed Jew in his furry tunic, apparently escaped

from one of Rembrandt's pictures, mingles with the excited crowd in hopes of securing a bargain; the Greek's high cap is seen above the sea of heads; and the scowling Turk turns hastily away as the plan of Navarin greets him among the splendid engravings in Artaria's window.—There, too, stands the chartered mendicant—the wild Slavack from the mountains, with his coarse but picturesque white woollen draperies, and his long matted hair escaping from under his broad-flapped hat; who, despite his wretchedness, looks down with scorn upon the ragged *Zingaro*, the Paria of Hungary, whose appeal to the charity of passengers is as loud and fervent as starvation can make it.

These, however, are objects which may be found on the same spot every day in the year; it is only on the *last*, that a spirit of universal animation sparkles upon every countenance, and heightens every voice into exclamation. The murmur of the crowded street deepens till it resembles the roar of a stormy sea; and the loud laugh of the merry girl, who is coaxing a parsimonious grandmother at my side, becomes lost in the general confusion. To escape from the din of

the motley throng, I direct my steps towards the now deserted bastions.

How unexpected—how glorious a spectacle, greets me on my ascent! The last sun of 1827 is setting clear and brilliant, and magnificent as a king who abdicates his throne in the splendor of his pride. The Vienne is pouring its tributary waters into the Danube like a stream of radiant lava. The cupola of St. Carl looks like a crown of glory, and the numerous spires of the *Vorstadt* seem tipped with fire. Beyond, the distant mountains, receding far in the horizon, appear obscured by a veil of gold; and, over all, the glowing sky shines as though half its secret glories were revealed for a moment!

But those mountains, melting in the clouds,—that mighty stream, which flows at their feet,—yonder busy crowd, stretching far away in the distance,—they are not of my country, they are not of my race! Their waters are waters of bitterness to me; and “I have no part in them or theirs.” But why should I speak of this?—To-day is a season of rejoicing; and those who have words of grief or wisdom to unfold, must speak with a *still small voice*, or defer them for a time.

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

“There is nothing in the wide world so like the voice of a spirit.”—GRAY'S LETTERS.

Oh! many a voice is thine, thou Wind! full many a voice is thine,
From every scene thy wing o'ersweeps, thou bear'st a sound and sign.
A minstrel wild, and strong thou art, with a mastery all thine own;
And the Spirit is thy harp, O Wind! that gives the answering tone.

Thou hast been across red fields of war, where shiver'd helmets lie,
And thou bringest thence the thrilling note of a Clarion in the sky;
A rustling of proud banner-folds, a peal of stormy drums—
All these are in thy music met, as when a leader comes.

Thou hast been o'er solitary seas, and from their wastes brought back
Each noise of waters that awoke in the mystery of thy track;
The chime of low soft southern waves on some green palmy shore,
The hollow roll of distant surge, the gather'd billows' roar.

Thou art come from forests dark and deep, thou mighty rushing Wind!
And thou bearest all their unisons in one full swell combined;
The restless pines, the moaning stream, all hidden things and free,
Of the dim old sounding wilderness, have lent their soul to thee.

Thou art come from cities lighted up for the conqueror passing by,
Thou art wafting from their streets a sound of haughty revelry ;
The rolling of triumphant wheels, the harpings in the hall,
The far-off shout of multitudes, are in thy rise and fall.

Thou art come from kingly tombs and shrines, from ancient minsters vast,
Through the dark aisles of a thousand years thy lonely wing hath pass'd ;
Thou hast caught the Anthem's billowy swell, the stately Dirge's tone,
For a Chief with sword, and shield, and helm, to his place of slumber gone.

Thou art come from long-forsaken homes, wherein our young days flew,
Thou hast found sweet voices lingering there, the loved, the kind, the true ;
Thou callest back those melodies, though now all changed and fled—
Be still, be still, and haunt us not with music from the dead !

Are all these notes in *thee*, wild Wind ? these many notes in *thee* ?
Far in our own unfathom'd souls their fount must surely be ;
Yes ! buried but not unsleeping *there*, Thought watches, Memory lies,
From whose deep Urn the tones are pour'd through all earth's harmonies !

THE "ANNUALS" FOR 1829.

THE ANNUALS !—The Forget me Not !—The Friendship's Offering !!
—The Anniversary !!!—The Amulet !!!!—The Winter's Wreath !!!!!
—The Literary Souvenir !!!!!—Is it possible !—Complete ! "fresh as a bridegroom"—glittering in green and gold, and purple, and puce leather, and pea-green cases.—Heavens ! are Christmas and New Year's Day come again with their gifts and their greetings.

Ackermann deserves the thanks of his country for the introduction of what we now familiarly call the *Annals* ; and it is only a marvel that the German and French almanacs had not earlier set us upon their imitation. But why talk about Ackermann having the thanks of his country ? He sells ten thousand of his book, and in that circumstance he will find abundant reward for his enterprising perseverance.

The "Forget me Not" was first published by Mr. Ackermann, in 1823. The "Friendship's Offering" came out next, in 1824. Mr. Watts's "Literary Souvenir" appeared in 1825, and the "Amulet" in 1826. After these there was a pause of two years, until 1828, when the "Bijou" and "Keepsake" appeared, and for the coming year, 1829, two more, viz. the "Anniversary" and "Gem," are announced.

The "Forget me Not," elegant as its embellishments are, does not excel its preceding volumes, and in the literary part, as respects the poetry, falls short of them. Two or three years ago the plates in the present volume would have been deemed the perfection of art ; but emulation has been excited, and Mr. Ackermann must not lie on his oars. As he was the master of the ceremonies, and introduced these publications, we would fain see him head the race. We cannot agree in the remark in the preface, "that the present volume has a decided literary preëminence," nor that it surpasses those of preceding years. James Montgomery, Hemans, Delta, Hogg, Barry Cornwall, all so well known and valued by the public, are here, but not in their Sunday dress. The poetry is decidedly inferior, and a great deal of it bad. The prose is better. One or two pieces are superior, and furnish a pleasant treat to the reader.

The "Friendship's Offering" of this year is much superior to the last, and the binding in leather is uncommonly handsome, indeed quite unique. Under its new editor, increased success is certain.

Mr. Watts's well-known and elegant "Souvenir" (like the last annual, edited by a poet) is this year excellent. In his engravings, Mr. Watts has surpassed any of his former volumes.

The poetry is of a superior order, as might be expected, and the prose is well sustained.

The "Amulet," the next in age, is this year also an improvement upon the preceding, though its literary contents are very variable in excellence. This work differs from all its brethren in its object, which will be best understood by its title of "Christian and Literary Remembrancer," being devoted to subjects more particularly of a moral and religious character. It is edited by Mr. S. C. Hall, with industry and discrimination. There is much serious poetry of great merit in this little volume, some by the editor himself, which the most fastidious as to religion and morals may peruse with high satisfaction. The embellishments have been well selected and are very finely executed, and the green silk binding looks uncommonly well.

The second volume of the "Bijou," published by Mr. Pickering, so well known for his elegant pocket editions of the most valuable works, has a character and appearance very distinct from the other Annuals. It is printed in a small type, and decorated with engravings of a peculiar character, for the most part on classical subjects of English history; it is an unobtrusive beautiful little work.

The "Keepsake," bound in crimson silk, at a guinea, being higher in price than the preceding Annuals, is put forth with great pretension. The plates are excellent, and fully support the high character of the engraver, Heath, who has executed ten of them himself.

The "Anniversary," like the "Keepsake" in size and price, is edited by that talented author and excellent man so well known to the public, Mr. Allan Cunningham. The plates, eighteen in number, are beautifully engraved, and rival those of the "Keepsake." Some of these are as fine specimens as art is capable of producing.

The "Gem," edited by the facetious Mr. T. Hood, is got up in a style of great elegance. The plates

are in number fourteen, not including the vignettes.

Not only is there a great improvement in the London Annuals this year, but a publication of the same class from the Liverpool press, "The Winter's Wreath," has this season so much improved, that it equals its metropolitan rivals in typography, and is uncommonly well got up.

Besides the foregoing Annuals, we have this year a series of juvenile publications, edited in a very superior manner, announcing a start in literary works for the young, commensurate with the intellectual progress of the age. The admirable logic taught in old school-book tales, such as that of the "Boys going to swim," who are flogged, some because they can, and others because they cannot swim, is dissipated for ever, and common sense, at length, obtains something like a mastery in tales for youth. These works are well got up. The contents show how well females and mothers understand the adaptation of ideas to children's capacities. We are truly happy to greet such works, in behalf of the hitherto insulted understandings of children.

The Annuals have done a great deal for the arts; and for that we are, perhaps, mainly indebted to one of Mr. Ackermann's rivals. Alaric Watts took advantage of the growing knowledge of the people in these matters; and thus, instead of giving them the same sprawling cherubim, which ladies had been gumming for twenty years upon their fire-screens, he boldly engraved some of the finest pictures of the modern school,—not in a slight, sketchy style, but with a truth and beauty, quite surprising upon so small a scale. Others have, perhaps, gone beyond him now in this excellence; for we are a luxurious public, and do not mind price in the purchase of the best thing in its line. It is a capital thing to have forty or fifty thousand of such plates as they now give us, scattered about the country, instead of the trashy prints in books which used to be mis-called embellishments.

On taking our leave of these beautiful publications, we cannot help holding them up as an example of that proud march of mind which the ignorant and bigoted deprecate, but which the man of talent and learning, whatever his creed or party, will, like the present Bishop of London, hail as great and glorious. We do not mean in respect alone to the excellence of the literary efforts they call into exertion, though these are not to be despised, nor to the aid to art which they afford so extensively, but to the incitement they will yield to thousands, whom their very elegances will entice to read, and study, to the displacement of some frivolous luxu-

ry, or childish bauble, and in whom they will awaken thought, and infuse a taste for mental gratification. We recommend the rich to form annually a library of them ALL; and every one, according to his means, to buy one or two of them. All should encourage what is both elegant and entertaining. For the summer walk, or the unoccupied five minutes which so frequently occur in life, they are admirably adapted as companions, and their crimson and green, or gold bindings, make them ornaments in the boudoir and drawing-room. We trust next year we shall find a further improvement in them, for nothing, in this age, must stand still.

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF MISS EMILY KAY, (COUSIN TO MISS ELLEN GEE OF KEW.)

WHO LATELY DIED AT EWELL, AND WAS BURIED IN ESSEX.

SAD nymphs of UL, U have much to cry
for,

Sweet MLE K U never more shall C!
O SX maids! come hither, and VU,
With tearful I this MT LEG.

Without XS she did XL away—
Ah me! it truly vexes I 2 C
How soon so DR a creature may DK,
And only leave behind XUVÉ!

Whate'er I 0 to do she did discharge,
So that an NME it might NDR:—
Then Y an SA write? then why N?
Or with my briny tears her BR BDU?

When her Piano-40 she did press,
Such heavenly sounds did MNS, that she,
Knowing her Q, soon I U 2 confess
Her XLNC in an XTC.

Her hair was soft as silk, not YRE,
It gave no Q nor yet 2 P to view:

She was not handsome; shall I tell U Y?
UR 2 know her I was all SQ.

L 8 she was, and prattling like A J.
O, little MLE! did you 4 C
The grave should soon MUU, cold as clay,
And U should cease to B an N. TT!

While taking T at Q with LN G,
The MT grate she rose to put a:
Her clothes caught fire—no I again shall C
Poor MLE, who now is dead as Solon.

O, LN G! in vain you set at 0
GR and reproach for suffering her 2 B
Thus sacrificed: to JL U should be brought,
And burnt U 0 2 B in FEG.

Sweet MLE K into SX they bore,
Taking good care her monument to Y 10,
And as her tomb was much 2 low B 4
They lately brought fresh bricks the walls
to I 10.

THE LATEST LONDON FASHIONS.

DINNER PARTY DRESS.

OVER a white satin slip is a dress of amber crape, with the border ornamented by two very full flounces, *en dents des lours*, which stand out, in large and stiffened flutings: alternating with each quill, or fluting, is a point fastened down close to the dress, giving to this trimming a truly novel

and unique effect. Next the shoe is a full wadded *rouleau* of amber satin; and the points and flutings of the flounces are edged with a narrow satin *rouleau*: above the upper flounce is an ornament consisting of oblique points, inclining towards the left side, formed of narrow satin *rouleaux*, in outline. The body is quite plain, and tightly

fitting the shape : a very broad, falling tucker of blond, of a superb pattern, and set on full, surrounds the bust. The sleeves are short, and of white satin ; over these are long sleeves of plain *tulle*, *à la Marie*, confined round the centre of the thickest part of the arm, by an amber satin band ; and the wrist part of the sleeve is finished by a broad, pointed cuff of amber satin, the points edged round by narrow blond : a very broad bracelet of gold encircles the wrist, fastened by a large emerald, or a turquoise stone, set *à l'Antique*. The head-dress is a dress-hat of transparent crape, or stiffened net, of turquoise-blue ; though some ladies, whose complexions will admit of it, prefer having the hat of pistachio-green satin : whichever may be adopted, this becoming hat is profusely ornamented under the right side of the brim, which is elevated, with blond, in fan-flutings ; on the left side, which is brought down low, over the ear, is a rosette, at the edge of the brim, of white gauze brocaded ribbon, with ends. An ornament of satin, *en bateau*, the color of the hat, waves gracefully across the crown, in front, and the whole is finished by a superb plumage of white feathers. The necklace is of wrought gold, of light and elegant workmanship, formed in festoons, which are caught up by various-colored gems.

MORNING DRESS.

A petticoat of ethereal-blue *gros de Naples*, with two broad bias folds round the border, on which are raised ornaments, representing branches of palm-leaves. A *canezou*-spencer of cambric, trimmed down the front, and round the base of the waist with a *ruche* of thread *tulle* ; and surmounted at the throat by a very full quadruple ruff of the same material. The sleeves very wide, and *à la Marie*, with the fulness confined at equal distances. *Mancherons* of cambric, with a double quilling of *tulle*, ornament the sleeves at the shoulders. At the wrists are bracelets of broad black velvet, fastened with a gold buckle. A sash of

white satin ribbon encircles the waist. The hair is arranged in ringlets round the face, *en tirebouchons*, under a hat of Murrey-colored *gros de Naples*, ornamented with bows of the same colored ribbon, on which are hair-stripes in black : a few flowers, in *bouquets*, are slightly scattered over the crown ; they consist of blue convuluses and geraniums.

Explanation of the Print of the Fashions.

WALKING DRESS.

A DRESS of myrtle-green *gros de Naples*, with a very broad hem at the border ; vandyked at the head, and trimmed round the points with a full double *ruche* of the same material and color as the dress, pinked. The body made to fit tight to the shape, and bound round the waist with a zone pointed in front. Sleeves *à la Marie*, confined only by one band, at the thickest part of the arm, above the elbow : broad gauntlet cuff, with a row of very small buttons placed up it, on the outside of the arm. A *pele-rine* of white sarcenet or *gros de Naples*, edged with a narrow *rouleau* of green, and near the throat is an ornament of beautiful embroidery in green. Beneath a French ruff of lace, tied round the throat, is a painted silk *sautoir*-cravat. The ground of this elegant appendage is pistachio-green, on which are admirably painted various flowers. The bonnet worn with this dress is of Navarin-brown, or, as is preferred by some ladies, of the same color as the dress. The crown is trimmed in front with two double folds, in bias, of the same color and material as the bonnet, with bows of myrtle-green ribbon. The bonnet ties with a bow on the right side. Half-boots of light-grey corded silk, with the tips of kid, and Woodstock gloves, complete this costume.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white satin, with a very broad hem round the border, headed by a narrow *rouleau* ; above which is

a full and splendid embroidery, embossed in floize silk. The body is *en gerbe*, with a pointed zone round the waist, embroidered in a similar manner with the border round the skirt. A very narrow tucker of blond surrounds the bust : the sleeves, short and very full, are of white crape, and are confined in the centre by a white satin band. The hair is arranged à

la Grecque, and richly ornamented with pink ears of corn, grouped very close, but very tastefully, together. The ear-pendants are *en girandoles*, formed of three turquoise stones of a pear shape : the necklace is of pearls, with a *girandole* ornament in the centre, of turquoise stones, to correspond with the ear-rings. A drapery scarf of pink silk is worn with the above dress.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

“ Serene Philosophy !

She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd ; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of Science and of Virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear.”

POTATO FARINA.

THE farina obtained from potatoes is now an article of commerce in Scotland, where very fine samples of it are brought to market. It is stated to be quite equal to genuine arrow-root, and is sold at about half the price of that preparation. Mixed with wheaten flour in the proportion of one-third, it is a great improvement to household bread, and is light of digestion. Sir John Sinclair's mode of preparing the farina is perhaps generally known ; but the following short account of the process for domestic use may not be uninteresting. Into a pale of clean water place a fine colander or coarse sieve, so that it may be two inches in the water ; grate the potatoes when pared into the colander, taking care from time to time to agitate the pulp in the colander, so that the farina may fall to the bottom of the pail. When the fibrous part which remains in the colander or sieve, has accumulated so as to impede the washing of the farina into the pail, remove it. About one gallon of potatoes is sufficient for a pail of water. After the water has remained in an undisturbed state for twelve hours, pour it off ; the farina will be in a cake at the bottom. It is to be dried slowly before the fire, being rubbed occasionally between the hands to prevent its becoming lumpy ; and it is then fit for

use. The French prepare an extract from the apple in the same way ; but this is expensive, as the farinaceous part of the apple is very small.

CIDER.

Mr. Platt had a curious mode of making strong cider in America. In the month of January or February, he placed a number of hogsheads of cider upon stands out of doors. The frost turned to ice the upper part of the contents of the hogshead, and a tap drew off from the bottom the part which was not frozen. This was the spirituous part, and was as strong as the very strongest of beer that can be made. The frost had no power over this part ; but the lighter part which was at the top it froze into ice. This, when thawed, was weak cider.

BULBOUS ROOTS.

In glasses filled with water, bulbous roots, such as the hyacinth, narcissus, and jonquil, are blown. The time to put them in is from September to November, and the earliest ones will begin blowing about Christmas. The glasses should be blue, as that color best suits the roots ; put water enough in to cover the bulb one-third of the way up, less rather than more ; let the water be soft, change it once a week, and put in a pinch of salt every time you change it. Keep the glasses

in a place moderately warm, and *near to the light*. A parlor window is a very common place for them, but is often too warm, and brings on the plants too early, and causes them to be weakly.

THE MOLE.

Does the mole see? Aristotle, and all the Greek philosophers, maintain that it does not; Galen, on the contrary, maintains that it does. The question has been reagitated in modern days. Naturalists discovered the eye; but as it was unprovided with an optic nerve, its capacity of vision was still doubted. It has, however, since been ascertained that the mole actually sees, and that it is enabled to do so by the aid of a particular nerve, of which it is exclusively possessed.

ANIMAL CHARCOAL.

Some years ago the newspapers gave an account of an establishment at Copenhagen, in which the charcoal made from bones was used with great success in the purification of common oils, whilst the gas that was generated served to light a great part of the

neighborhood. An establishment of this kind *is being formed* at Stockholm. It is said that the most rancid fish oils are made equal to the finest sperm oil by the use of this charcoal, and that in consequence of the profit resulting from its employment in that way, the gas which the bones give out in great abundance can be supplied at a much cheaper rate than the gas obtained from coals. It is rather singular that the experiment has not been tried in this country.

IMPROVEMENT OF CANDLES.

Steep the cotton wick in lime water, in which has been dissolved a considerable quantity of nitrate of potass, (chlorate of potass answers better, but is too expensive for common practice); and, by these means, a purer flame and superior light is secured, a more perfect combustion is ensured, snuffing is rendered nearly as superfluous as in wax candles, and the candles thus treated do not "run." The wicks must be thoroughly dry before the tallow is put to them.

VARIETIES.

"Come, let us stray
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk."

THE ALPINE HORN.

THE Alpine Horn is an instrument made of the bark of the cherry-tree, and like a speaking-trumpet, is used to convey sounds to a great distance. When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak of those mountains, takes his horn, and cries with a loud voice, "Praised be the Lord." As soon as the neighboring shepherds hear him they leave their huts and repeat these words. The sounds are prolonged many minutes, while the echoes of the mountains, and grottoes of the rocks, repeat the name of God. Imagination cannot picture any thing more solemn, or sublime, than this scene. During the silence

that succeeds, the shepherds bend their knees, and pray in the open air, and then retire to their huts to rest. The sun-light gilding the tops of those stupendous mountains, upon which the blue vault of heaven seems to rest, the magnificent scenery around, and the voices of the shepherds sounding from rock to rock the praise of the Almighty, must fill the mind of every traveler with enthusiasm and awe.

TALLEYRAND.

This veteran politician recently lost three millions of livres by the failure of a Paris banker. He has still, however, more than 20,000*l.* sterling per annum left, most of which he spends in hospitality. In fact, his

life is represented as one round of pleasure and excitement. In his own hotel at Paris, he is constantly surrounded by his satellites; and, when he sojourns at his princely palace at Valency, he is attended by a host of visitors. Under these circumstances, it can be no matter of surprise, that the threatened "Memoirs of his eventful life" proceed but slowly.

TURKISH MEDALS.

The Sultan Mohammed is resorting to a somewhat unusual mode of stimulating the valor of his troops. He has ordered honorary medals to be conferred upon those who distinguish themselves in the present war against the Russians. These medals have for their device—"For valor." The Turks have hitherto shown an aversion to such distinctions. The order of the Crescent, instituted by Selim III., and conferred on Lord Nelson, could never be rendered popular in Turkey.

DANISH PERIODICALS.

The first periodical publication printed in Denmark, was in the year 1644, which was soon followed by many others, one of which was always in verse. There are now no less than eighty works of a similar nature, either daily, weekly, monthly, or quarterly; and of these seventy are in the Danish language.

IMPORTANT TO THE STUDIOUS.

Edmund Castell, one of the scholars of the seventeenth century, of whom England may be most justly proud, devoted his whole time and his eyesight to complete his *Lexicon Heptaglotton*—a most extraordinary monument of learning and industry. It is important, however, for scholars to know, that the regular application of eighteen hours a day, for seventeen years, did not so far impair his constitution as to prevent his reaching the advanced age of seventy-nine.

ADULATION.

Perhaps one of the finest specimens of base and impious servility on record,

is the speech which, it is stated in Bertrand's History of Boulogne-sur-Mer, was made by the prefect of the Pas-de-Calais to Napoleon, at the period when the latter was projecting the invasion of England, and had collected all kinds of materials for the attempt, viz: "God created *Buonaparte*, and then rested himself!"

CRANIOLOGY.

Philosophy is a very pleasant thing, and has various uses; one is, that it makes us laugh; and certainly there are no speculations in philosophy, that excite the risible faculties more than some of the serious stories related by fanciful philosophers. One man cannot think with the left side of his head; another, with the sanity of the right side judges the insanity of the left side of his head. Zimmerman, a very grave man, used to draw conclusions as to a man's temperament, from his *nose*!—not from the size or form of it, but the peculiar sensibility of the organ; while some have thought, that the temperature of the atmosphere might be accurately ascertained by the state of its tip! and Cardan considered *acuteness of the organ* a sure proof of genius!

LYING.

A Dutch ambassador, entertaining the king of Siam with an account of Holland, about which his majesty was very inquisitive, amongst other things told him, that water in his country would sometimes get so hard that men walked upon it; and that it would bear an elephant with the utmost ease. To which the king replied, "Hitherto I have believed the strange things you have told me, because I looked upon you as a sober, fair man; but now *I am sure you lie*."

ORIENTAL RHODOMONTADE.

When his innumerable armies marched, the heavens were so filled with the dust of their feet, that the birds of the air could rest thereupon. His elephants moved like walking mountains; and the earth,

oppressed by their weight, mouldered into dust, and found refuge in the peaceful heaven.

CHINESE PRIDE.

The Chinese are said to divide the human race into men, women, and Chinese.

ROSINI'S MOISE.

Dr. Cottugno, the principal physician at Naples, told me, at the time of the extraordinary success of Rosini's *Moise*, that he had more than forty cases of brain fever, or of violent convulsions, with which young females dotingly fond of music were seized, chiefly caused by the superb change of tone in the prayer of the Hebrews in the third act.

HUBERT POOT, THE DUTCH POET.

Hubert Poot, of Delft, was the son of a peasant, who, although he had no education, and little or no reading, became the author of Dutch Pastoral and Elegy. He never allowed his passion for making verses to interrupt his duty as a day-laborer, and is said to have sold his watch, shoe-buckles, and ring, to purchase books, deeming the former luxuries—the latter, necessities.

SILVER BOOKS.

In the library of Upsal, in Sweden, there is preserved a translation of the Four Gospels, printed with hot metal types, upon violet-colored vellum. The letters are silver, and hence it has received the name of *Codex Argentea*. The initial letters are in gold. It is supposed that the whole was printed in the same manner as bookbinders letter the titles of books on the backs. It was a very near approach to the discovery of the art of printing; but it is not known how old it is.

NAVAL ECONOMY.

At the battle of St. Vincent, the *Excellent*, shortly before the action, had bent a new fore-top-sail, and when she was closely engaged with the *St. Isidro*, Captain (afterwards Lord) Collingwood called out to his boatswain, "Bless me! Mr. Peffers,

how came we to forget to bend our old top-sail? They will quite ruin that new one: it will never be worth a farthing again."

NEW WORKS.

Tales of Woman, designed to exhibit the female character in its brightest points of view, are announced for immediate publication. It is said to be a work peculiarly worthy of female acceptance.

The Garrick Correspondence has, it is said, been placed in the hands of an experienced literary character and dramatic amateur, to be prepared for publication.

In the Press.—The Life and Times of Daniel De Foe, containing a review of his writings, and his opinions upon a variety of important matters, civil and ecclesiastical. Also an account of many contemporary Writers. By Walter Wilson.

An elegant volume of a novel character, devoted to the most elegant recreations and pursuits of young ladies.

Memoirs of Paul Jones; compiled from his Original Journals, Correspondence, and other Papers, brought from Paris by his heirs at the time of his death, in 1792.

The Life and Adventures of Alexander Selkirk, who died in 1723; containing the real Incidents upon which the Romance of Robinson Crusoe is founded.

Scenes of War, and other Poems, by John Malcolm.

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GOOD SIR WALTER.

SIR WALTER MEYNELL was born in the last year of the seventeenth century, and was an only son, although he had several sisters. He went through the education which was then becoming fixed as the course proper for the Meynells, and which, in fact, has descended as regularly as the family-plate ever since. Eton, Oxford, and the Grand Tour formed this system of training, which was continued unremittingly till the French revolution, together with one or two other slight changes that it wrought, took away from the rising Meynell of the day the power of travelling with a bear-leader through the principal parts of Europe.

But no such naughty doings existed in the days of Sir Walter's adolescence. He was accordingly presented at the court of the Regent, Duke of Orleans, where nothing naughty was ever heard of, and thence duly performed the whole of that itinerary which has been named the Grand Tour, from the circumstance, I suppose, of the traveller going straight on end, and returning almost precisely the way he came. Sir Walter, however, brought but little of foreign fashions back with him to England. He returned the same hearty, bright-spirited fellow he went—with some additional cultivation indeed—for his mental qualities were keen and sound—but in no degree warped or made foreign by his residence abroad.

Not long after his return, he succeeded to his title and estate. His

mother had been dead some years; and he came and settled at Arlescot, retaining his eldest sister at the head of his household, as she had been in their father's time, and all the others remaining exactly as they had then been. Sir Walter was not the man to put forth his sisters because they ceased to be *daughters* of the house—he loved them all dearly, and delighted to have them around him. “Arlescot,” said he, in answer to his man of business, who spoke to him on the subject, “shall ever be their home till they marry. I wish, in every respect, to fill my poor father's place as much as possible.” And, indeed, if it had not been that the face at the head of the table was some thirty years younger than that which had been there so lately, one would scarcely have known that any change had taken place at Arlescot-hall.

There was a very considerable difference between the age of the eldest and the youngest of Sir Walter's five sisters, so that he continued to have a lady-house (—and the word, though I coin it for the purpose, carries with it a most comprehensive signification—) for many years. There was none of that loneliness, which so often sheds a chill over a bachelor's dwelling. There were always smiling faces and merry voices, to welcome his return home;—and all those elegances and amenities, which exist in no society among which there are not women, constantly graced, and at the

same time gave added animation to, the circle that congregated within the walls of Arlescot. Indeed, celebrated as that venerable pile has always been for its hospitality and joyous society, the days of Sir Walter and his sisters have come down in tradition as the most brilliant and festive of all. The numerous Christmas party seldom broke up till it belied its name, and was treading on the heels of Lent; and the beautiful woods of green Arlescot, as they waved in the full pride of summer, ever saw bright and happy groups beneath their shade, and echoed to the sounds of springing voices and young laughter.

In a word, Sir Walter lived during these years a most happy life. He had around him those whom he loved best in the world: he not only saw them happy, but he helped to make them so. Indeed, so thoroughly did the milk of human kindness pervade his heart, that he drew his own chief enjoyment from conferring it. To the poor, he was, indeed, a benefactor. Not contented with an alms hastily given, or a dole regularly meted out at the gate, he would *personally* enter into their interests—assist the beginner, encourage the rising man, and protect and provide for the destitute, the aged, and the sick. He would give his attention to their representations, and deal to them a merciful justice. He would speak a kind word, as the flower of that beautiful tree of charity of which the kind action was the fruit. Before he was thirty years old, he had acquired, among the peasantry around Arlescot, the epithet of “Good Sir Walter.” If any one met with injustice—“Go to good Sir Walter, and he will see you righted;” if any one fell into distress—“Go to good Sir Walter, and he will set you on your legs again.”

And among persons of his own station, Sir Walter was equally popular. He had, shortly after his coming into the country, been the means of reconciling a most distressing quarrel between two of his neighbors of the highest consideration—and this at-

tracted the attention of the neighborhood towards him. His constant good humor as a companion—his extreme hospitality—the delightful footing upon which the society at Arlescot was placed—his readiness to perform a friendly office, and the excessive reluctance with which he refused a favor,—all combined to make the gentry adopt the language of the poor, and say—“they have given him the right name—he is, indeed, Good Sir Walter.”

One very natural consequence of the position in which Sir Walter was placed, was that he remained a bachelor. The smile of woman constantly cheered his home, while her accomplishments gave to it all the advantages of refinement and taste. In short, even the most manœuvring mammas in——shire had given up the matter as a bad job—and set Sir Walter down as a man that would never marry.

The youngest of his sisters was very much younger than any of the family; and, indeed, there was almost twenty years between his age and her's. At the time this sister, whose name was Elizabeth, was about ten years old, there was only one of the others left unmarried, and Sir Walter began to feel, with sorrow, how much their happy family circle was diminished. This circumstance drew his affections most vividly towards the little Elizabeth. He felt that she was his last stay—that when she left him, he would be widowed quite—and, accordingly, his kindness towards her increased so greatly, that she would have gone near to become a spoiled child—if it had not been that her nature was of a most excellent disposition, and that that nature had been directed, originally, by her eldest sister, towards the best and most beautiful issues. Accordingly, when, at about ten years old, her brother began to be over-indulgent towards her, the effect produced upon her was scarcely more than to render her affection for him every day stronger and more fond, while it left untouched the

admirable temper, and generous character, which were hers already.

It was a year or two later, just after the marriage of their only remaining sister, and when Elizabeth and Sir Walter were left alone, that a particularly-esteemed friend of the latter, who lived in the near neighborhood of Arlescot, had the calamity to lose his wife. Mr. Adair—so he was named—was left with an only child, a daughter, about a year younger than Elizabeth, who had thus become motherless. Sir Walter had been in the constant habit of going to Mr. Adair's, and had always remarked the extreme beauty and animation of this child. Accordingly, after the first burst of sympathizing sorrow for the loss his friend had sustained,—and it was no common one, for Mrs. Adair had been a woman of a degree of merit indeed rare,—Sir Walter's mind turned upon the thought of what the deprivation of such a mother must be to such a child!—"Poor, poor Lucy!" he exclaimed, "what will become of her now!—I pity her from the bottom of my soul. Such a disposition as hers needs most a mother's guidance; and now, at these tender years, she is left without female help, direction, or support!"

And justly was Sir Walter's pity bestowed. What, indeed, can deserve pity more than a girl who, at eleven years old, has a precocity which increases her age by at least half of its real amount—with the promise of an eager and wild temperament, and of singular yet great beauty—*who has lost her mother?* Such a being as this may escape great misfortunes—but the chances are sadly the other way.

Lucy Adair had been a playfellow of Elizabeth Meynell's. The difference of age between the latter and her sisters had caused far more companionship to exist between these two, than Elizabeth ever had enjoyed in her own family. Their tendencies of disposition were widely different, and yet their attachment to each other was extreme. Elizabeth was mild and

sweet in temper, firm as well as decided in principle, and possessed, as yet almost unknown to herself, a strong and vivid energy, which it needed only some fitting occasion to call forth. Lucy, on the other hand, was all animation, and wildness, and fire—playful as are the most playful of her age, yet occasionally displaying a burst of violence of mingled temper and feeling which was far, far beyond it. In fact, to any one who observed her minutely, she formed a subject for metaphysical study and prophecy, rather than of that sweet and simple contemplation which beautiful children of her age commonly afford.

It was in consequence of the peculiar intimacy subsisting between these young people, that, when he went to pay his visit of condolence to Mr. Adair, Sir Walter took Elizabeth with him. He felt, moreover, and with pride and joy, that she was one who, even now so young, was eminently fitted to administer such consolation as can be administered on an occasion like this. "Lucy, I am sure, suffers deeply,"—said Sir Walter to his sister—"it will be for you, dear Elizabeth, to bring her mind to a state of calm, and to infuse into it that resignation which is alike our duty and our refuge when those we love are removed from us by death."

When they arrived at Wilmington, they found Mr. Adair alone. The warm and cordial grasp of Sir Walter's hand was, indeed, cordially, though more feebly, returned—but the widowed man shrank from his friend's glance, and, turning away, covered his face with his hands, to gain a moment to recover his composure. After a short pause, he said, "This visit is, indeed, kind, dear Meynell—I know the goodness of your heart, and what you must feel for me at such a moment as this. I am, indeed, desolate!"

Sir Walter answered his friend with that delicacy, yet depth, of feeling, which showed how far beyond the formal condolences of the world were his expressions of sympathy—expressions,

indeed, which could come only from a most sensitive heart under the influence of warm and strong friendship.

At length he broke a pause which had supervened, by asking whether his sister might not see her young friend. "Assuredly—and yet I fear the meeting will be almost too much for her—Oh, Meynell, you can form no idea of how that child has suffered!" As he spoke, he rang the bell, and desired his daughter to be called.

An object of more beauty and interest than was Lucy Adair, as she entered the room, it would be most difficult to conceive. She was dressed in the deepest mourning, and the contrast between her dress of sorrow, and the feelings of joyous gaiety which ought to be those of her age and more peculiarly so of her individual disposition, was most striking and sad. The change altogether in her appearance struck Elizabeth most painfully. Her jet-black hair, which commonly tossed in a profusion of ringlets, was now plainly parted upon her brow—her large dark eyes, which usually flashed with animation and buoyant life through their lashes of singular darkness and length, were now sunken, and, if I may use the phrase, *pale* with the cold moisture of protracted tears;—and her cheek, instead of flushing and mantling with the brilliant blood of health and youth, was now of a whiteness equal to that of the ivory neck, which showed in such startling contrast against the mourning dress.

When Lucy entered, her pace was slow, and her eyes were bent upon the ground. She seemed to be under the action of violent feeling, for her breath came and went rapidly, as was shown by the almost tumultuous heaving of her bosom. At length she raised her head, and running forward to Elizabeth, uttered one cry, and fell into her arms in a paroxysm of convulsive tears.

Mr. Adair turned to Sir Walter—and merely uttering the words, "You see"—left the room to regain that composure so necessary before his

child, and which he found it impossible at that moment to support.

Sir Walter sat down silently, and gazed with emotion upon the picture before him. Two beautiful children, the one wrapt in an agony of grief, sheltered and cherished in the bosom of the other, whose gentle countenance, now tinged with sadness and pity, might almost, her fond brother thought, form a model for that of an angel sent from heaven on an errand of mercy—such a group as this could not be contemplated without feelings of the softest, purest, and most pitying nature. The violence of Lucy's tears had now passed away—and she lay upon her friend's bosom, her gentle sobs coming at increasing intervals—like the ebbing of a calm tide at evening.

Sir Walter kept withdrawn from the young friend's as much as possible, and heard only the murmuring of their voices as they spoke, the one in complaint, the other in consolation. At length, Elizabeth gently disengaged herself from her friend's arms, and coming to her brother, said to him—"Dear Walter, I have a great favor to beg of you, but I feel sure you will not refuse it. Lucy says, that if I could be with her for a few days, I should be the greatest support to her: she says that, after having now seen me, and our having talked together, the first dread of meeting me, which she felt, is over, and that she shrinks from falling back upon her own sad thoughts, and seeing her father shed tears over her. I feel sure that she is right, and that I should indeed be of service to her, as her feelings are now. So you will let me stay with her, Walter, won't you? and you must get Mr. Adair to consent—I will promise to keep quite out of his way; he may almost believe I am not here—nobody but Lucy shall see me."

"Good, kind girl," said Sir Walter, kissing her brow: "most willingly do I consent to your staying with your poor Lucy—I will arrange it with Adair. God bless and protect you," he added, addressing Lucy as he passed her, and placing his hand upon her brow.

"That is, indeed, a most extraordinary child," he continued in thought,—
"pray Heaven the issues of her destiny may be happy!"

Elizabeth remained with her friend; and, in a short time, the smile again began to beam, and the color to bloom, on Lucy's cheek. Truly has it been said—

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the rain-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry!"

And a most benevolent provision of Nature it is, that thus it should be! If a heart were to suffer, at that age, the sorrows of maturity, maturity would never be reached.

Elizabeth's visit, at this time, tended greatly to increase the intimacy and the intercourse between the two families. Lucy constantly came to Arlescot to profit by sharing in the progress of her friend's education. In music, especially, they advanced together—and Sir Walter would hang with delight upon the union of their voices, as they joined in their frequent duets. Lucy's voice had an early richness, peculiarly rare. At the age of twelve it had a round full sweetness, scarcely ever possessed till years afterwards. But in every thing, except perhaps in stature, her precocity was most striking. The flash of her eye had more intelligence, the lively *not* more point, the bright smile more archness, than is almost ever possessed till the hoyden girl ripens into the "young lady." Still, there was no lack of the fine, springing spirits of her age. She would race along the broad bowling-green at Arlescot—or canter off upon a donkey with a pad, instead of her own highly-managed poney, with all the buoyant *inconsequence* of a mere child. And yet, at night, she would rivet every ear by the melody with which she would give the songs of Ariel, or cause the most rigid to follow with admiring laughter the truth with which she rendered the mischievous archness of Puck.

Indeed, it might almost be fancied,

that one could trace some connection of race between these fairy creatures, of whose doings she was so fond, and Lucy herself. She was, if anything, otherwise than tall; but formed with a perfection which gave to every motion the grace and lightness of a fay indeed. Her hair was profuse—and black as the raven's feather; her eyes—large, full, dark, brilliant—ever gave the prologue to her actual speech, by a glance of fire, of wit, or of feeling, according to the subject which engrossed her at the moment. But though, on occasion, the strongest bursts of feeling would break forth, yet the general character of her temperament undoubtedly turned towards the gayer and more brilliant order of mind. Every one who met her admired, wondered at, and delighted in, her animation, vivacity, and wit; and, at the same time, could not fail to be gratified, and sometimes touched, by the indications of kind, warm, and delicate feeling which were frequently apparent; but it was only those who knew her well who were aware of the deep well-head of stronger and more passionate emotions which lay, as yet almost untouched, within. And this is the true portrait of a girl not quite thirteen years old!

Time wore on: Lucy lived almost as much at Arlescot as at Wilmington, and Sir Walter had thus the opportunity to watch the maturing of her person, and the expansion of her mind. Ever the kindest of the kind, his attentions to the comforts and pleasures of his dearest friend's daughter, and his dearest sister's friend, were naturally great; and, for her own sake also, Lucy Adair was most high in the good baronet's favor. The house was always more cheerful when she was there: music, dancing, *petits jeux* of all sorts, were always far more rife while she was at Arlescot—so much so, indeed, that there often seemed to be a blank on the day after her departure. Sir Walter felt this, though he was scarcely conscious that he did so—and, accordingly, exerted himself in every way 'o make Arlescot pleasant

to "quaint Ariel," as he often called her, and to keep her there as much as possible.

"Really your brother deserves his title of Good Sir Walter," said she one day to Elizabeth—"see how he has been bedecking 'Ariel's bower,' as he calls my room. You know when I was here last, there was a debate as to which was the sweeter, heliotrope or verbena, and when the point was referred to me, I said I could not decide between them, they were both so exquisite; and now, lo! Prospero's wand itself could not have raised a more luxuriant blossoming of both plants than he has placed in cases, ornamented with moss and 'greenery,' in the embrasures of both my windows. Good, good, Sir Walter!—how heartily will I sing to him to-night

"Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under these blossoms that hang on the bough!"

And she did so:—and Sir Walter more than half sighed as he murmured between his teeth Prospero's thanks—"Why, that's my dainty Ariel!"—"Alas!" he added, as he gazed upon her brilliant beauty, now budding into all the attraction of dawning womanhood,—“I may complete the line, and say, 'I shall miss thee!'”

Sir Walter's allusion was prompted by something which was passing in another quarter of the room, where a young gentleman, for whom he entertained the most sincere regard, was playing Ferdinand to Elizabeth's Miranda. "Yes," Sir Walter soliloquized in thought—"I shall lose my last, my dearest sister soon! Dear, dear Elizabeth, it wrings my heart to part from one who has engrossed that heart's best affections for so many years!—And yet, I cannot be so selfish as to wish it otherwise—as it is, she has stayed with me later than any of the others. She evidently values and loves Sir Arthur—and he is worthy of her if any man can be; Heavens! what a wife, what a mother that woman will make!"

His reverie was interrupted by Lucy drawing forth Elizabeth from her

corner, and engaging her in a duet, while Sir Arthur Leonard stood by—watching the *Volti subitos*."

The air was lively, the words arch—but even this, and it was an old favorite, drew sighs rather than smiles from poor Sir Walter. "Ah!" thought he, "I must bid farewell to all this!—Losing one I shall lose both, for *she* is not my sister," looking strongly, as he thought thus, upon Lucy's brilliant face, as it beamed in accordance with the spirit of the song—"Would that she were! But when Bessy goes, Lucy, dear, darling Lucy, must go too. I have watched her from a child—growing daily in beauty, and grace, and intelligence—and it is hard to lose her now, just when she is coming into the full possession of all she has promised from infancy. Alas! would that she were my sixth sister!"

Whether this was exactly the wish that Sir Walter really felt, I leave it to my readers to judge. At all events it was that which he formed into words in his own mind.

The wedding of Sir Arthur Leonard and Elizabeth Meynell followed not long after—and Lucy was bridesmaid. Good Sir Walter presented her with a set of pearls upon the occasion, of which, besides the ordinary ornaments, there were braids to inter-twist with her raven hair, a mode equally advantageous to the snow-whiteness of the one, and the ebony hue of the other. It was scarcely possible, indeed, to see anything more fascinating than Lucy Adair was this day, as she accompanied her friend to the altar. The beauty of Elizabeth was of a calmer and serener order. She was near the full perfection of her charms; and the momentous importance of the occasion, and the sorrow she felt at leaving her beloved and excellent brother, gave to her countenance a chastened and almost solemn expression, which rendered her, beautiful as she was, an object between whom and her bridesmaid, no comparison could be instituted—so totally different was their appearance in every point. Lucy was

shorter in stature, and of a bearing less collected and dignified—but what it lacked in these points was amply supplied by its animation and grace, its bounding and brilliant joyousness. *She* had no cause for grief to dash the many causes which conspired to give her delight. She left no long-loved home, no dear protector who had fostered and cherished her during her whole life, as was the case with Elizabeth; she did not, like Sir Walter, lose a beloved sister and companion—her who had made *home* deserve that invaluable name, and whose departure now left it blank and desolate. On the contrary, to Lucy everything on this occasion of festivity was matter of real joy. Her dearest friend was united to the man she loved—that he was also one of wealth and rank Lucy never thought of—everything was gay and brilliant around her—there was a splendid festival—she was the Queen of the day—“and that was dear Bessy’s wedding-day.”

The ceremony was performed in the old chapel at Arlescot, and Sir Walter gave his sister away. His heart swelled heavily within his bosom as he pronounced the words—but good Sir Walter ever was ready to sacrifice his own feelings to the happiness of others, and he uttered them with a cheerful tone, though a sad spirit. But when, at the conclusion of the ceremony, he gave his sister the kiss of congratulation, and called upon God to bless and make her happy, the sensation that she was about to quit his roof, to leave him altogether, rose upon him with a choking gush, which speedily found vent in tears. As he turned aside to hide and to check them, Lucy gazed at him. She was deeply touched, and a cloud came over the brightness of her countenance. “Poor, poor Sir Walter!” she muttered—“no wonder that he should grieve to lose such a sister as that! Alas, how different Arlescot will be now!”

In those days, newly-married couples did not whirl off in a carriage—and-four from the church-door. The

bridal festivities were animated by their presence. Accordingly, the old hall at Arlescot rang that night with sounds of revelry and rejoicing; and all were gay, and glad, and mirthful, save the host alone. His heart was indeed sad! and as yet he did not clearly know the full cause of its sadness. In very truth, his sister’s departure did give rise to pain, and spread gloom over his soul—but it was not this alone which caused the whole extent of that pain, the full deepness of that gloom. There was the feeling, also, of all that his sister’s departure would carry with it—that no youthful voice, no tripping step, would awaken the echoes of the hall in which he stood—that his favorite songs and airs would no longer gladden his ear—in a word, that Lucy Adair would be gone also! Yes! great as was the difference between their ages, and dissimilar in so many respects as they were, it was nevertheless undeniable that this young and wild creature had touched the hitherto impenetrable heart of Sir Walter Meynell.

But as yet, this secret was not revealed to him. Absurd as the hackneyed assertion of love existing unconsciously usually is, there are some few occasions on which the doctrine is true; and this was one of them. Lucy had been bred up under Sir Walter’s eyes—he had known her from her very birth—she had been the constant companion of a sister whom he almost considered a daughter—and his affection for both of them had, for years, been exactly of the same quality. Thus, therefore, when latterly a strong change took place in the character of that which he felt towards Lucy, although it bore copious fruits in fact, Sir Walter remained ignorant of its existence. It never struck him to regard little Lucy in any other light than that in which he had considered her so many years, while, in truth, Time had caused her to gain a hold upon affections never yet called into action, but not the less strong and sterling on that account.

“Oh, Sir Walter, Sir Walter!—

what do you think?"—exclaimed Lucy, running to him, her whole countenance beaming with the expression of uncontrolled gaiety and pleasure, "Old Crompton, the fiddler, has composed—or got composed, poor fellow—a new tune to open the ball on Miss Lizzy's wedding-night, as he chooses to call her—and he says he has given it a name which he is sure will make it find favor with her, whether the music be good or bad—he has called it 'Good Sir Walter'—Oh! how delighted I shall be to dance it!"

"The more so for its name, Lucy?"

"Tenfold!—there is no one in the world so good and kind to me—no one whom I love half so well—except my father, and I assure you, he is often jealous of you. Oh! how I shall delight in this dance—I shall make it *the* tune of the whole county. You must dance it with me, Sir Walter, in honor of our dear Bessy's bridal." Sir Walter smiled and sighed almost at the same instant, as he answered, "You know, dear Lucy, I never dance——"

"Oh, but you do," she interrupted—"I recollect your dancing Sir Roger de Coverly with me, the day I was ten years old—and, I am sure, our baronet is the better of the two. Besides, consider it is Bessy's wedding. Such events as that do not occur every day."

"Thank God, No!" murmured Sir Walter, as he took Lucy's hand, and led her towards the dance.

He was deeply moved, in some degree by the attachment thus shown him by his humble neighbors, but far more by the manner in which this mark of it had been announced to him. "Alas! this is the last time I shall see her thus at Arlescot!"—thought he, as he gazed upon the brilliant creature who stood opposite to him, waiting with impatience for their turn to begin—and his heart heaved the heavier for the merry music to which they had given his name.

The first week after his sister's marriage was, probably, the most wretched Sir Walter had ever passed.

It is, perhaps, scarcely possible for a life to have flowed on more happily than his. The better and happier feelings of humanity had combined to render his path one of sweetness and enjoyment, and the fiercer passions had never, by their action, caused a tumult in his soul. Cheerfulness had, especially, been the characteristic of Arlescot Hall:—thus poor Sir Walter, when he found himself a solitary man, suffered to a most pitiable degree. There is a term in use in some of the counties towards the midland, which we have no one word in general English to render. This word is *unked*. To those who know Oxfordshire, and the counties around it, its very sound will convey far more than any elaborate description I could give of Sir Walter's state. He was very *unked*—that is, he felt that desolate sadness, and chilly sinking of the heart, which arises from being left in solitude by those we love—but this periphrasis does not convey half what the low provincial word does to those who have been familiar with its sound.

Oh! how cheerless was his breakfast!—Instead of his sister's kind face at the top of the table, (to say nothing of a brilliant one which used often to beam at the side,) there was—a blank! He literally started when, the first morning after his guest's departure, on coming into the room, he saw one solitary chair placed for him, before the great tea-urn, and all the breakfast apparatus. "I am alone, then!"—he said aloud—"quite alone at last!—I shall never be able to endure this"—and truly there was no sweet voice, or friendly smile to strike upon his ear, or meet his eye—as both eye and ear craved their accustomed objects of enjoyment.

Dinner was perhaps more intolerable still. It is probable, that Sir Walter had not dined alone for seventeen years—and those who are in the habit of making one of a happy family circle round a hospitable board, need not be told how *unked* a solitary dinner is. But to Sir Walter it was totally a new state of existence. It

had never occurred to him before to be alone at Arlescot!—It seemed to him a solecism in nature. “*I cannot endure it!*”—he exclaimed, the third day, as the butler closed the door behind him, after taking away the cloth. “*I will have half-a-dozen people here before this time to-morrow, or my name is not Walter Meynell.*”

Accordingly, he assembled a bachelor party, who remained with him about a week. But even this would not do for a continuance: to a man who had been in the constant habit of living in society in which there are women, a continued male party, like a regimental mess, is intolerable. When they came into the drawing-room after dinner, they found no one to give change to the hunting, the politics, or the something worse, which had formed their topics of conversation:—there was no music—the piano-forte closed, and the harp, in its case, frowned in fixed dumbness upon those whom they had so often charmed—there was no———in a word, there were no women in the house, and Sir Walter had never been without them before.

I am quite aware that a great deal of this may, to some hypercritical people, appear very trivial: it is, nevertheless, perfectly true, as I am sure many persons, who are something far better than hypercritical, will bear me out in asserting.

It so happened that, on the night before the last of this party were to leave him, Sir Walter, in passing along the gallery at the extremity of which his bed-room was situated, chanced to inhale the scent of the verbenas, which were still preserved in “*Ariel’s Bower.*” He opened the door, and went in. There was a strange mixture of effect in the aspect of this room, from some remains of particular and individual habitation, which were still apparent, and from its actual absence. With the careful housewifery of that day, the curtains, both of the windows and of the bed, were pinned and papered up, and a chimney-board showed that there was

no near prospect of a fire: but, on the other hand, the heliotrope and verbenas still flourished in their green beds, and shed a powerful fragrance throughout the room; while some drawings of the house and grounds of Arlescot, which Lucy herself had done, hung on the walls, and gave token of who had been the occupant of the chamber.

But Sir Walter needed no such extraneous fillip to divert his mind towards Lucy. He had, indeed, though he had scarcely mentioned her name, even in his own mind, thought of little else since she had left him. But now, as he stood in her very chamber, and gazed upon the traces, not only of herself, but of her interest in Arlescot, he gave the reins to his thoughts, and drew fairy visions of events, scattered through a long series of years, which had taken place during her visits, and of which she had been the heroine—and, though the last, certainly not the least, was the adventure of “*Good Sir Walter,*” on the night of Elizabeth’s wedding.—*I will go over to Wilmington to-morrow*—said he—after having remained some minutes surveying the room, and all that it contained—“*it is time I should. Lucy will think I am forgetting her—or, what is worse, she will forget me.*”

Sir Walter was most graciously received on his visit to Wilmington. Some little complaints were made of its delay—“*I thought,*” said Lucy, “*you had died of solitude and the ghosts, now you are left alone in that dear, rambling old house. Mercy! how desolate it must look without Elizabeth, or me, or any of us!*”

“*It is, indeed,*” said Sir Walter, with a melancholy tone, which struck Lucy with remorse, for having touched upon what she believed to be the string that had jarred, his parting from his sister.

“*Nay, you must not let your sorrow for Elizabeth’s departure depress you thus. She will come and visit you in the spring, and we will renew our merry doings as of yore. Mind you keep the bower in full bloom and*

beauty for Ariel—her ‘blossoms that hang on the bough’ in particular.”

“They are all thriving—I visited the bower last night—and oh! Lucy, how desolate it looked! I could scarcely bear it!—yet I went again this morning, to bring a sample of the flowers to their absent owner.” As he spoke, Sir Walter produced a very beautiful bouquet of the two plants so often mentioned, and gave it to Lucy.

There was a difference in the sort of tone, not easy to analyze or describe, in which Sir Walter addressed her—but which may easily be felt. He had never used it towards her but once before, and that was when he wished her good night on the evening of Elizabeth’s marriage. It was, perhaps, more rapid and stronger then, but it was more clear, firm, and decided now.

The fact is that, on the former occasion, it was unconscious, and now it was designed. The visit to Ariel’s Bower the night before—all the retrospect of his past feelings, and the examination of his existing ones, had served finally to dissipate the film which was already fast falling from Sir Walter’s eyes. He felt *that he loved* Lucy Adair—and so gradually had the sentiment been gaining possession of his heart, that when, at last, he became thoroughly conscious of its existence, so far from shrinking from it with the surprise and fear which he would have felt some months before, he welcomed it with delighted and unchecked joy. Still, as he rode alone towards Wilmington, he had felt the strongest despondency as to his chances of success. “She has always thought me so much older than herself—and, truth to say, there are some one-and-twenty years between us—she has known me since she was a child, and looked to me as her father’s friend—though there are eight good years, the other way, between us again, which is some comfort—and then she is so beautiful, and of such brilliant animation and wit!—No—she can never love me!—And yet I have all the feelings of long-rooted af-

fection on my side. My sister is her dearest friend—and her affection for her is unbounded. It is true that sister might almost be my daughter—but still the name of sister’s friend is something!”

Accordingly, the tone of which I have spoken was purposely thrown into the voice—or rather the voice was given free scope—and, all control over it being removed, it spoke in the key that nature prompted.

Sir Walter’s visit ended by Mr. Adair asking him to come the next day and stay a week, “as he must be so lonely at home.” “Truly I am so,” answered Sir Walter—“I will come most joyfully.”

It so chanced that there was at this period staying in the house at Wilmington, a young gentleman, equivalent to what would now be an officer of hussars, which individual species is a more modern exotic—who had come down to shoot, and who thought that so beautiful a girl as Lucy, and the succession to the Wilmington property, might be worth adding to his exploits during his campaign in the country. But, in despite of the moustache, and the town-air, and the undeniableness of all the appointments of the dragoon, he made but little progress in his *chasse à l’héritière*. He had not “taken her in hand,” as he phrased it, more than a quarter of an hour, before she regarded him in the light of Dogberry, and “wrote him down an ass.” In truth, without being quite that, he was by no means a man to cope with Lucy Adair. She went a good deal too fast for him, and put him out of breath—she went a great deal too deep for him, and left him floating on the surface of Information, in infinite fear and danger of being drowned. “Still,” drawled the exquisite, (to call him by the name he would now bear,) “she will have, at least, four thousand pounds a year; and, as for all this nonsense, let me once marry her, and she shall not dare to say her soul’s her own.”

With this moderate and humane intention, the dragoon continued his

siege—and on the day Sir Walter arrived, in the drawing-room, waiting for dinner, he was in the act of carrying on what for him was a very brisk cannonade, when Sir Walter entered the room. If the dragoon had cut six at his unprotected skull, he could scarcely have started back with more dismay than he did at this vision of a young and tolerably well-looking man in moustaches, rendering suit and service to Lucy. This was a contingency which, down in a remote part of the country, he had not at all expected—and the blow was proportionately severe.

Sir Walter advanced to Lucy, however, and though his voice shook a little, his How-d'yes had all the fond friendliness of old times—perhaps a little more. Lucy dropped the dragoon, and was in the middle of a recapitulation to Sir Walter of a letter she had received that morning from Elizabeth, when dinner was announced. The officer, who had been during this time, to use a most expressive Scottish phrase, “like a hen on a het girdle,” then stepped forward, and stretching forth a pinion towards Lucy, muttered, “Permit me”——“I believe, Sir,” said Sir Walter, “I have the privilege of *ancienneté*—I am an older friend.” So saying, he offered his arm to Lucy, who, slightly bowing to the petrified equestrian, passed on with Sir Walter.

The presence, however, of this puppy was a constant blister to poor Sir Walter's feelings—though he kept a perfect command over his temper. “The fellow is handsome—there's no denying it,”—thus argued Sir Walter, who, not being able to rate him as a Cyclops, chose to consider him an Apollo at once—“he wears moustaches, and belongs to a crack corps—and he is always at Lucy's ear;——” I fear this blank was filled up with an expletive not fit to be written in these delicate times, but which may be considered as invoking upon the head of the unhappy bestrider of chargers a very hearty curse. The real fact was, Sir Walter had be-

fore his mind the constant consciousness that this man was fifteen or sixteen years younger than himself, and this was wornwood to him. It is true that Lucy gave him no encouragement—but the fellow's coolness and assurance were such that he did not seem to need any—but went on as though he was received in the most favorable manner possible. Once or twice, indeed, he was protected from annihilation by that shield thicker far than the seven-fold buckler of Ajax—namely, that of perfect and unshaken Ignorance. Otherwise had a shaft from “quaint Ariel's” bow slain him more than once.

Sir Walter could not long endure this feverish state of existence. It need, therefore, cause no very great surprise that on the fifth morning of his visit—when the soldier had been peculiarly pugnacious the evening before—he said to her—“Lucy, I want to have a long conversation with you—put on your capote, and come and walk with me along the river.” She complied frankly, and at once.

And now the single-heartedness and open manliness of Sir Walter's character were most conspicuous. He was placed in a situation in which many men of far greater commerce with the world and with women lose all self-possession, and behave like ninnies. He, on the contrary, under the strong and steady impulse of a pure and generous passion, spoke, with gentleness indeed, but clearly, firmly, and straight-forwardly.

“Lucy,” he said, “I think you will feel great surprise at what I am about to say to you. I myself, indeed, feel great surprise that I should have it to say. Two months ago, I would not have believed it possible, and yet it is the work of years. Lucy, *I love you*; not with that brotherly affection which bound us with Elizabeth in such sweet union at Arlescot—but with a love in comparison with which *that* is pale and poor;—I love you, with as fervent and as fond a passion as man can bear towards woman. It is only since my sister's mar-

riage that I have known this—but I now know that the sentiment has existed long—long. Oh, Lucy! you cannot conceive my desolate state of feeling when I found myself suddenly cut off from your society,—I felt—I feel—that I cannot live without you.” He paused for a moment to collect himself—he found that the violence of what he felt had carried him beyond what he had intended. Lucy spoke not. She kept her eyes upon the ground—her cheek was flushed—and the hand which rested on Sir Walter’s arm slightly trembled. He continued. “But I must not suffer my feelings to run away with me thus—I must first learn what you feel. I am aware, perfectly aware, of all the disadvantages under which I labor. The close friendship which binds you to my sister cannot conceal the fact that I am more than twenty years older than you are—or that you may possibly consider my disposition too staid to harmonize with yours.—But yet they never jarred,” he added in a softer and more broken tone—“we have passed happy days together—and, could you feel aught approaching to that which has gained possession of my whole soul, those days might be renewed with tenfold happiness. At all events, do not reject my suit hastily. Pause before you destroy for ever the visions of joy which my busy thoughts, almost against my will, have woven for us—at least, *consider* what I have said.”

“Sir Walter,” answered Lucy, in a voice in which resolution and agitation struggled hard for mastery—“this conduct is like all your actions, candid, manly, noble. I will strive to return frankness with frankness, and to throw aside all petty evasions, as you have done. In the first place, what you have said has *not* caused me surprise. I have been prepared for it since your first visit here, after my return from Arlescot—and I then saw that I ought to have had nothing to learn on that score since the ball on Bessy’s wedding night. Sir, I hope these acknowledgments are not un-

maidenly—I hope not, for they are the truth. I then did feel surprise—surprise that one like Good Sir Walter Meynell should feel interest of this nature for such a wild, thoughtless, giddy girl as I am. Next it made me feel proud, that, with all my faults, such a man should have cast his eyes upon me; and lastly, the crowd of old recollections which flooded my heart and mind, made me feel that my best and dearest happiness had been known at Arlescot—and that while I had long felt towards its owner as a dear brother, a short time would enable me to love, as well as respect, him as a husband. You see,” she added in a tone scarcely audible—“you see. I am frank, indeed.”

I don’t know whether my readers will be surprised at this—but, *mutatis mutandis*, the same causes had worked the same effect upon Lucy as they had upon Sir Walter. She had been deeply touched by his manner, during the interval between the announcement and the celebration of Elizabeth’s marriage. She saw plainly what pain the general break-up of their intercourse and all their habits of daily life gave him, and it was by no means with a light heart that she had left Ariel’s bower for the last time. She knew that it probably was not the last time in reality, inasmuch as when Elizabeth came to Arlescot, she would of course be there; but still she felt that it *was* for the last time as regarded the *lang syne* tone and footing to which she had been habituated for so many happy years. “Dear, good Sir Walter,”—she had said to herself, as her carriage drove from the door—“well may they call him so—for, certainly, never did a better heart beat within a human bosom. Alas! for the dear days of Arlescot—I shall see them no more!”

It was on Sir Walter’s visit, that the tone of voice which I noted so minutely, and his general manner, opened Lucy’s eyes to the whole truth; they might have opened the eyes of the blind. Her surprise was extreme. “*Can it really be?*” thought she—“Oh no—I am deceiving myself—it is

only the additional kindness of manner which an absence after such a parting would naturally give. But if it should be——” And she proceeded to sift and analyze her feelings as regarded him. The result of that self-examination we have already seen in her frank avowal to Sir Walter.

The effect of this frankness upon him it is not for me to paint. We will leave them to that most delicious of lovers' conversations—the “comparing notes,” of the dates and progress of their affection.

It was just a month after Elizabeth's wedding that Sir Walter brought his bride home to Arlescot. Elizabeth herself was there to welcome her, and never did welcome spring more strongly from the heart. The idea of the union of her brother with her friend had never crossed her mind—but, when he wrote to inform her of his approaching marriage, she was in amazement that she had not always desired and striven to unite them.

“Here is her bower, decked for Ariel”—said Sir Walter, as he led his bride into this loved chamber, which was now changed from a bedroom to a boudoir. She started: in addition to her favorite flowers growing in their accustomed beds, and her drawings of

Arlescot, which were mounted in splendid frames, there was over the chimney-piece a full-length portrait of herself, as Ariel, mounting into the air, after her freedom has been given to her by Prospero.

“How beautiful!” she exclaimed, in the first moment of her surprise—but then recollecting the interpretation her words might bear, she added quickly, and with blushes, “I mean the painting.”

“It is all beautiful!” said Sir Walter. “How often have I seen you look exactly thus as you have sung ‘Merrily, merrily,’ and I have almost thought you *would* rise into the air.”

“I will change the word to ‘Happily,’ now,” said Lucy, in a low tone, “and you need not fear that I should wish to leave the blossoms of this bower.—But hark! I hear music.”

“Yes!” said Sir Arthur Leonard, who looked from the window—“there are the maidens of the village come to strew flowers for you to walk on as you go to the chapel—and there is old Crompton, with his followers, at their head. You hear what tune it is he is playing to herald you to your bridal.”

“Certainly I do,” answered Lucy, in a low tone, “‘Good Sir Walter!’”

TASSO'S CORONATION.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

A crown of victory! a triumphal song!
Oh! call some friend, upon whose pitying heart
The weary one may calmly sink to rest;
Let some kind voice, beside his lowly couch,
Pour the last prayer for mortal agony.

A TRUMPET'S note is in the sky, in the glorious Roman sky,
Whose dome hath rung, so many an age, to the voice of Victory;
There is crowding to the Capitol, th' imperial streets along,
For again a conqueror must be crown'd—a kingly child of song.

Yet his chariot lingers,
Yet around his home
Broods a shadow silently,
'Midst the joy of Rome.

* Tasso died at Rome on the day before that appointed for his coronation in the Capitol.

A thousand thousand laurel boughs are waving wide and far,
To shed out their triumphal gleams around his rolling car ;
A thousand haunts of olden gods have given their wealth of flowers,
To scatter o'er his path of fame bright hues in gem-like showers.

Peace ! within his chamber,
Low the mighty lies,
With a cloud of dreams on his noble brow,
And a wandering in his eyes.

Sing, sing for Him, the Lord of song, for him whose rushing strain
In mastery o'er the spirit sweeps, like a strong wind o'er the main !
Whose voice lives deep in burning hearts, for ever there to dwell,
As a full-toned Oracle's enshrined in a temple's holiest cell.

Yes, for him, the victor,
Sing—but low, sing low !
A soft, sad miserere chaunt,
For a soul about to go !

The sun, the sun of Italy is pouring o'er his way,
Where the old three hundred triumphs moved, a flood of golden day ;
Streaming through every haughty arch of the Cæsars' past renown—
Bring forth, in that exulting light, the conqueror for his crown !

Shut the proud bright sunshine
From the fading sight !
There needs no ray by the bed of death,
Save the holy taper's light.

The wreath is twined—the way is strewn—the lordly train are met—
The streets are hung with coronals—why stays the minstrel yet ?
Shout ! as an army shouts in joy around a royal chief—
Bring forth the bard of chivalry, the bard of love and grief !

Silence !—forth we bring him,
In his last array ;
From love and grief the freed, the flown—
Way for the bier—make way !

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS, STATESMEN, &c.

NO. VI.—MR. ABERNETHY.

MR. ABERNETHY is, without exception, the most celebrated follower of Galen in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America. He is unique, peculiar, inimitable ; every body talks of him—most people abuse him, yet is he sought after with trembling and with fear, and not without eagerness ; and his room is crowded every morning, as his card expresses it, “from May to October, Sundays and Thursdays excepted.” How is this inconsistency to be accounted for ? We think we can tell. Dining once at his hospitable table, (for hospitable it is, and that, too, without ostentation,) he was descanting, with his accustomed eloquence, upon the advantages of a public education for boys, when he con-

cluded by saying, “And what think you of Eton ? I think I shall send my son there to learn manners.”—“It would have been as well, my dear,” responded his wife, “had you gone there too.” Now, much as we dislike to differ from any lady, more especially from a lady so highly gifted as Mrs. Abernethy, yet we must, on this occasion, refuse our assent to her opinion. Had John Abernethy been a polished man, we do not think that he would ever have been a popular one ; indeed, it could not be. He would have been *then* one only of a cringing pulse-feeling race, with no other regard for the noble science of which he is so distinguished a professor, than its subserviency to his own

personal interests. Abernethy and politeness are truly the antipodes of each other; but, for those external, meretricious, and artificial accomplishments, which, after all, are useful in their way, he possesses qualities of so brilliant and sterling a character as to constitute him a diamond,—rough enough, Heaven knows,—but still a diamond of the very first “water.”

Let us just trace Mr. Abernethy's professional career, and we shall soon see why he is so eccentric, and why he is so sought after. When, as a young practitioner, he first began that career, his eager and active mind, instead of wasting its strength in riot and debauchery, was feeding upon the beauties and wonders of the science, to which he intended to devote all its powers. At that time physiology, and its handmaiden, surgery, were emerging from the barbarous empiricism which had till then characterized them. The two Hunters were then teaching and elucidating the mysteries of Nature with a bold, unshrinking, and untiring hand. Rejecting with scorn the fusta dogmata of their bigoted predecessors, they held out to their disciples that the study of Nature, or, to use Mr. Abernethy's own expression, “of that curious concatenation which exists in all the works of Nature,” was the true and only safe guide to that knowledge which is calculated to dispense relief to the sick, and comfort to the suffering. One of the most forward and favored of these disciples was young Abernethy; and we may easily judge of the influence which the talent and industry of John Hunter had upon the young physiologist, by the fruits which have sprung from his example, as well as by the great respect which Mr. Abernethy always expresses for his memory. “I was acquainted with John Hunter,” he says, “at a period of his life when he must have greatly interested any one, who duly appreciated the result of his talents and labors, or who had any sympathy for the highly susceptible mind of genius, rendered still more so by excess of exertion, and the perturbed feeling

incident to bodily disease. He seemed to me conscious of his own desert, of the insufficiency and uncertainty of his acquirements, and of his own inability to communicate what he knew and thought. He felt irritated with the opposition he had met with in establishing his opinions, and still more by finding, when he had surmounted this difficulty, that those opinions were, by the malice of mankind, ascribed to others. All which, I think, may be inferred from a single sentence, which he one day addressed to me. ‘I know, I know,’ said he, ‘I am but a pigmy in knowledge, yet I feel as a giant when compared with these men.’ It interested me to find among his manuscripts a long extract from a French author, who was said to have taught the same opinions relative to absorption before him. Mr. Hunter had made his own commentary upon several of the passages; and, as it seemed to him, that, by nothing short of a new construction of words and sentences, could any resemblance of opinion be made to appear, he was induced to add,—This reminds me of a dispute which took place between a zealous convert to the Newtonian philosophy, and a Hutchinsonian, in which the latter having, by garbling and transporting certain passages from the Scriptures, seemingly made good a very absurd proposition, the former retorted, Yea, but it is also written, ‘Judas went out and hanged himself;’ moreover, it is added, ‘Go thou and do likewise.’ Those who were acquainted with Mr. Hunter knew full well that he had a great deal of drollery in his composition.”

In such a school as this, and with such a model for imitation—with a mind, moreover, so well calculated to search out the hidden wonders of science, and, having found them, to convert them into a source of extensive utility—John Abernethy became very speedily eminent, though young, in his profession. He was the first man who was bold enough to discard that patchwork system with which surgery had hitherto been disgraced. His

enlarged views of Nature's operations, both in health and in disease, enabled him to discover the uncertainty of all those empirical plans which marked the practice of his brethren, old and young, eminent or obscure; and without regarding their convenience, or even their reputation, the young physiologist, having but one duty to perform, and that an honest one, gave his opinion openly, boldly, and justly. Independence, the most uncompromising independence, characterized, and still characterizes, the practice of Mr. Abernethy; and no hope of retaining a rich patient—no by-play or intriguing of a brother practitioner, could ever induce him to depart from that line of conduct which he considers the duty of an honest man to follow. "The education and course of life of medical men," he says, in one of his lectures, "tend to make them sober-minded, moral, and benevolent; and their professional avocations equally require that they should possess such characters and dispositions. On no other terms can they be admitted with confidence into the bosoms of those families which may require their medical aid. Whoever, therefore, inculcates opinions tending to subvert morality, benevolence, and the social interests of mankind, deserves the severest reprobation from every member of our profession, because his conduct must bring it into distrust with the public."

Independence, when well directed and consistent, must find favor with a liberal-minded public; and Mr. Abernethy's upright conduct soon rendered him a distinguished object of public patronage. His splendid talents had now full scope for exercise; and those, too, brought him into notice, and made him an object of requisition among his professional brethren, which we take to be the best proof possible that those talents were not meretricious. Of his independence and strict veneration of what is right, we have many examples. Among others, the following is characteristic:—A certain noble personage, now enjoying a situation of great res-

pensibility in the Sister Kingdom, had been waiting for a long time in the Surgeon's ante-room, when, seeing those who had arrived before him successively called in, he became somewhat impatient, and sent his card in. No notice was taken of the hint; he sent another card—another—another—and another; still no answer. At length he gained admission in his turn; and, full of nobility and choler, he asked, rather aristocratically, why he had been kept waiting so long?—"Wh—ew!" responded the Professor; "because you did'nt come sooner, to be sure. And now, if your Lordship will sit down, I will hear what you have to say."

After all, now that age and much bodily suffering have soured his disposition, Mr. Abernethy is a strange compound of eccentricity, ill-humor, benevolence, and talent. His churlishness—we must say, much exaggerated—is familiar to all, and various causes have been assigned for its existence. Those who know Mr. Abernethy best, attribute it in some measure to affectation, and to an impatient ill-humor, induced by study and illness. He is certainly not enthusiastically attached to the wearing and tearing drudgeries of the profession. He would rather be consulted at home; and, until very recently, he would rather be employed amidst his pupils at the hospital, than amongst his patients out of it. Most of our popular surgeons have risen to eminence, not altogether by their talent, but by extreme attention, and by skill in operating—two qualifications most assiduously shunned by Mr. Abernethy. As to the first, he is too indolent, and too capricious to attend to it, excepting in cases of real and extreme urgency; and as to the second, he regards it almost with contempt. An operation, he says, is the reproach of surgery, and a surgeon should endeavor to avoid such an extremity by curing his patient without having recourse to it. It is upon this principle that Mr. Abernethy has acted during the whole course of his long professional career; and it is astonishing

how much good he has effected by so acting, to the great annoyance of the pupils, by the way, who used to complain bitterly of the paucity of operations at "Bartholomew's." In fact, Mr. Abernethy is a man of profound, unrivalled *practical* science. His intimate knowledge of anatomy, and more especially of practical physiology and chemistry; his comprehensive and well-informed mind; his acute perception, and his habits of deep and constant reflection, enable him to effect that good which, notwithstanding his churlishness, so many have experienced; and those who have seen him, as we have, going round the wards of the hospital, and attending to the complaints and sufferings of the poor patients with all the interest of true benevolence, would lament that he should so studiously withhold such attention from the wealthier and more respectable classes of society. Yet, notwithstanding the occasional rudeness of his manner (for, after all, it is only occasional), there is no person in the profession whose opinion we prize so much. In a case of real danger and importance, he will evince all the attention and anxiety that are necessary; but it must be indeed a "trial of temper," to a person whose mind is so constantly and so deeply occupied, to be eternally tormented by the never-ending details and tiresome twaddle of a selfish and bewildered hypochondriac.

We have said that Mr. Abernethy is only occasionally restive, and we speak from the conviction of our own experience. We hesitate not to declare that, to us, Mr. Abernethy has always appeared full of whim and drollery, replete with agreeable information, always willing to lend an attentive ear to necessary questions, and to impart that professional knowledge of which he possesses such an extensive store. But one thing he cannot abide, that is, any interruption to his discourse. This it is, in fact, which so often irritates him, so often causes him to snarl. "People come here," he has often said to us, "to consult me, and they will torture me with

their long and foolish fiddle-de-dee stories; so we quarrel, and then they blackguard me all about this large town; but I can't help that." Let those who wish for Abernethy's advice, and it is well worth having, observe this rule, and they and he will part excellent friends. Let them tell their case in as plain and as few words as possible, and then listen to their adviser's remarks without interruption; this is the only secret of managing this professional bugbear, and it is a secret worth knowing.

That Abernethy is odd all the world knows; but his oddity is far more amusing than repulsive, far more playful than bearish. Yates's picture of him last year was not bad; neither was it good—it wanted the raciness of the original. Let the reader imagine a smug, elderly, sleek, and venerable-looking man, approaching seventy years of age, rather (as novel-writers say) below than above the middle height, somewhat inclined to corpulency, and upright in his carriage withal; with his hair most primly powdered, and nicely curled round his brow and temples: let them imagine such a person habited in sober black, with his feet thrust carelessly into a pair of unlaced half-boots, and his hands into the pockets of his "peculiaris;" and they have the "glorious John" of the profession before their eyes. The following colloquy, which occurred not many days since, between him and a friend of ours, is so characteristic of the professor, that we cannot resist its insertion.

Having entered the room, our friend "opened the proceedings,"—"I wish you to ascertain what is the matter with my eye, Sir. It is very painful, and I am afraid there is some great mischief going on." "Which I can't see," said Abernethy, placing the patient before the window, and looking closely at the eye. "But—" interposed our friend. "Which I can't see," again said, or rather sung the professor. "Perhaps not, Sir, but—" "Now don't bother!" ejaculated the other; "but sit down, and I'll tell you

all about it." Our friend sat down accordingly, while Abernethy, standing with his back against the table, thus began: "I take it for granted that, in consulting me, you wish to know what I should do for myself, were I in a predicament similar to yourself. Now, I have no reason to suppose that you are in any particular predicament; and the terrible mischief which you apprehend, depends, I take it, altogether upon the stomach. Mind,—at present, I have no reason to believe that there is anything else the matter with you." (Here my friend was about to disclose sundry dreadful maladies with which he believed himself afflicted, but he was interrupted with "Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, diddle-dum dee!" uttered in the same smooth tone as the previous part of the address—and he was silent.) "Now, your stomach being out of order, it is my duty to explain to you how to put it to rights again; and, in my whimsical way, I shall give you an illustration of my position; for I like to tell people something that they will remember. The kitchen, that is, your stomach, being out of order, the garret (pointing to the head) cannot be right, and egad! every room in the house becomes affected. Repair the injury in the kitchen,—remedy the evil there,—(now don't bother,) and all will be right. This you must do by diet. If you put improper food into your stomach, by Gad you play the very devil with it, and with the whole machine besides. Vegetable matter ferments, and becomes gaseous; while animal substances are changed into a putrid, abominable, and acrid stimulus. (*Don't bother again!*) You are going to ask, 'What has all this to do with my eye?' I will tell you. Anatomy teaches us, that the skin is a continuation of the membrane which lines the stomach; and your own observation will inform you, that the delicate linings of the mouth, throat, nose, and eyes, are nothing more. Now some people acquire preposterous noses, others blotches on the face and different parts of the body, others in-

flammation of the eyes—all arising from irritation of the stomach. People laugh at me for talking so much about the stomach. I sometimes tell this story to forty different people of a morning, and some won't listen to me, so we quarrel, and they go and abuse me all over the town. I can't help it—they come to me for my advice, and I give it them, if they will take it. I can't do any more. Well, Sir, as to the question of diet, I must refer you to my book. (Here the professor smiled, and continued smiling as he proceeded.) There are only about a dozen pages—and you will find, beginning at page 73, all that it is necessary for you to know. I am christened 'Doctor My-Book,' and satirized under that name all over England; but who would sit and listen to a long lecture of twelve pages, or remember one half of it, when it was done? So I have reduced my directions into writing, and there they are for any body to follow, if they please.

"Having settled the question of diet, we now come to medicine. It is, or ought to be, the province of a medical man to soothe and assist Nature, not to force her. Now, the only medicine I should advise you to take, is a dose of a slight aperient medicine every morning the first thing. I won't stipulate for the dose, as that must be regulated by circumstances, but you must take some; for without it, by Gad! your stomach will never be right. People go to Harrowgate, and Buxton, and Bath, and the devil knows where, to drink the waters, and they return full of admiration at their surpassing efficacy. Now these waters contain next to nothing of purgative medicine; but they are taken readily, regularly, and in such quantities, as to produce the desired effect. You must persevere in this plan, Sir, until you experience relief, which you certainly will do. I am often asked—'Well, but, Mr. Abernethy, why don't you practise what you preach?' I answer, by reminding the inquirer of the parson and the sign-post: both point the way, but neither follow its course."—And

thus ended a colloquy, wherein is mingled much good sense, useful advice, and whimsicality.

As a lecturer, Mr. Abernethy stands unrivalled. His countenance is that of a man of great genius; and a nose of Grecian form adds very considerably to the acute expression of his features; while his light grey eyes, always animated, seem as if they could pierce through the very depths and intricacies of science. His forehead is finely formed, and has afforded Spurzheim (to whose system of craniology Mr. Abernethy to a degree subscribes) many a luxurious feast; while the scowl of deep thought, which has cast a shade of reflection over his brow, is frequently dissipated by the smile of humor or derision. He begins his lecture in an unconstrained familiar tone of voice, gradually getting more animated and eloquent, as he advances toward the pith and marrow of his subject; and, after lopping off all the absurd and useless *minutiæ* of the science, and after refuting all inconsistent theories, he arrives at the conclusion, leaving his auditors deeply impressed with his instruction. He is an excellent chemist; and never fails to point out the agency of this science in the operations and functions of the frame. Of John Hunter he never fails to express his admiration and delight; and repeatedly declares that he has done more for the improvement of modern surgery than any other individual whatever.

We cannot better conclude this, we fear, imperfect sketch, than by quoting the following eloquent passages from his last physiological lecture before the College of Surgeons, in 1817.

"I pity the man who can survey all the wonders of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, who can journey through so delightful a district, and afterwards exclaim, 'All is barren!' Still more do I pity those, though the sentiment is mixed with strong disapprobation of their conduct, who, after having seen much to admire, shall, when they meet with a circumstance which they do not understand, presumptuously dare to arraign the wisdom and benevolence

of Nature. In the progress of science, many things, which at one time appeared absurd and productive of evil, have afterwards, upon an accession of knowledge, been found to be most wise and beneficent. I deem no apology requisite, gentlemen, for endeavoring to impress on your minds certain axioms relating to philosophy in general, when they are directly deducible from the subjects of our peculiar studies. I have constantly and carefully avoided every argument foreign to the subject; so that, if occasionally I may have appeared to sermonize, I have quoted both the chapter and verse of my text from the book of Nature. I address you, gentlemen, as students of that great book, and earnestly exhort you to study it with such sentiments as I have endeavored to inculcate. The conviction that everything tends to some immediate, or essential good, is the greatest incentive to this study. It was this conviction that excited Hunter to such continual inquiry, or involved him occasionally in the depths and perplexities of intense thought; for he was never satisfied without being able to assign an adequate reason for whatever he observed in the structure and economy of animals. This conviction makes the study of Nature highly interesting; and may, indeed, be said to render labor delightful, or to mitigate the pains attendant on its toil. To those who entertain such sentiments as I have endeavored to inculcate, everything seems animated, beneficent, and useful; they have the happy talent of discovering even

'Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.'"

Such is Abernethy; and when death shall have buried in oblivion all the blots and shadows of his character—when another generation shall have sprung up, and known him only by the triumphant memorials, which he will bequeath to them in his works; then will they couple the names of Hunter and Abernethy together, and regard them as two of the most distinguished benefactors of their race.

THE YOUNGLING OF THE FLOCK.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

The last ! the last ! the last !
 Oh ! by that little word
 How many thoughts are stirred.—MISS BOWLES.

WELCOME ! thrice welcome to my heart, sweet harbinger of bliss !
 How have I looked, till hope grew sick, for a moment bright as this ;
 Thou hast flashed upon my aching sight, when fortune's clouds are dark,
 The sunny spirit of my dreams—the dove unto mine ark !

Oh no, not e'en when life was new, and love and hope were young,
 And o'er the firstling of my flock with raptured gaze I hung,
 Did I feel the glow that thrills me now, the yearnings fond and deep,
 That stir my bosom's inmost strings as I watch thy placid sleep !

Though loved and cherished be the flower that springs 'neath summer skies,
 The bud that blooms 'mid wintry storms more tenderly we prize ;
 One does but make our bliss more bright, the other meets our eye
 Like a radiant star, when all beside have vanished from on high.

Sweet blossom of my stormy hour—star of my troubled heaven !
 To thee, that passing sweet perfume, that soothing light is given ;
 And precious art thou to my soul, but dearer far that thou,—
 A messenger of peace and love,—art sent to cheer me now.

What though my heart be crowded close with inmates dear though few,
 Creep in, my little smiling babe, there's still a niche for you !
 And should another claimant rise, and clamor for a place,
 Who knows but room may yet be found, if it wears as fair a face !

I listen to thy feeble cry, till it wakens in my breast
 The sleeping energies of love—sweet hopes, too long repress !
 For weak as that low wail may seem to other ears than mine,
 It stirs my heart like a trumpet's voice, to strive for thee and thine !

It peals upon my dreaming soul, sweet tidings of the birth
 Of a new and blessed link of love, to fetter me to earth ;
 And strengthening many a bright resolve, it bids me do and dare
 All that a father's heart may brave, to make thy sojourn fair !

I cannot shield thee from the blight a bitter world may fling
 O'er all the promise of thy youth—the vision of thy spring ;—
 For I would not warp thy gentle heart—each kindlier impulse ban,
 By teaching thee—what I have learned—how base a thing is man !

I cannot save thee from the grief to which our flesh is heir,
 But I can arm thee with a spell, life's keenest ills to bear.
 I may not fortune's frowns avert, but I can bid thee pray
 For wealth this world can never give, nor ever take away.

From altered friendship's chilling glance—from hate's envenomed dart ;
 Misplaced affection's withering pang—or "true love's" wonted smart,
 I cannot shield my sinless child ; but I can bid him seek
 Such faith and love from heaven above, as will leave earth's malice weak.

But wherefore doubt that He who makes the smallest bird his care,
 And tempers to the new-shorn lamb the blast it ill could bear,
 Will still his guiding arm extend, his glorious plan pursue,
 And if he gives thee ills to bear, will grant thee courage too !

Dear youngling of my little fold, the loveliest and the last !
 'Tis sweet to deem what thou may'st be, when long, long years have past ;
 To think, when time hath blanched my hair, and others leave my side,
 Thou may'st be still my prop and stay, my blessing, and my pride.

And when the world has done its worst—when life's fever fit is o'er,
And the griefs that wring my weary heart can never touch it more ;
How sweet to think thou may'st be near, to catch my latest sigh,
To bend beside my dying bed, and close my glazing eye.

Oh ! 'tis for offices like these the last sweet child is given,
The mother's joy—the father's pride, the fairest boon of heaven ;
Their fireside plaything first, and then, of their failing strength the rock ;
The rainbow to their waning years,—the Youngling of their Flock !

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

“ Man never is, but always to be, blest.”

THERE are few lines which have been more frequently quoted than this, and few sentiments the truth of which has been more universally felt. Men are ever on the anxious and unquiet search after that happiness which sits neglected by their side ; and, like Pyrrhus, each one has some kingdom to conquer, before he can enjoy the good he already possesses. I should not repeat here an observation which has a thousand times afforded a subject to the rhetorician and the satirist ; but that it has occurred to me, that this disposition to procrastinate our happiness has been much favored and increased by the method of moralizing common to all counsel-giving gentry. The remote consequence of an action is the first object of their consideration ; the immediate happiness or unhappiness resulting to the agent, is seldom contemplated. Its effect upon the future is the sole motive they urge : to-day has no value, but in its influence on to-morrow : the present is, in all cases, to be sacrificed to the future : it is something to be put out to interest, to be speculated upon after the best calculations of profit and loss. From the earliest to the latest moment of our lives, instructors of all kinds are perpetually representing the future as the rule by which to judge of the present. Can it be wondered at, that we should learn to attach but little importance to the latter, and that we should fall into the absurd habit of neglecting the hour before us, to increase the enjoyment of some future hour, which, in its turn, is to be sac-

rificed for the benefit of its successor ? In childhood, we are taught that all our industry is for the advantage of riper years : the whole season of youth is a preparation for manhood : in manhood, the habit of expectation is too deeply rooted to be effaced ; and old age arrives bidding men prepare for another state of existence, before they have learned to live in this. If it is possible for man to be happy, it is possible for him to be so *now* ; if virtue constitute that happiness, to be virtuous now is the only guarantee of the happiness of the future. Let moralists, then, found more of their discourse on the felicity of the present ; let them not throw that into the distance, which ought to be brought as near as possible ; let them not wander wide to find motives to that conduct the pleasure of which should be itself the first inducement.

The remoter consequences of an action are not, of course, to be overlooked ; but, by dwelling upon them almost exclusively, we learn to forget the more immediate ones, and to attach that importance to a time yet to come which would be better attached to the moment that is with us. The great object of every man is, or ought to be, the perfection of his moral character ; and, although it may be necessary that, to be fully convinced of this, he should have looked abroad upon the future ; yet, the object once recognised, he can only effect it by entrenching himself within the present. It is in vain that he extends his imagination over a well-spent life ; the

strength of his will is exhausted in resolves which relate not to the present time, and cannot, therefore, be acted upon. His are aspirations, indeed, rather than resolutions. He is an architect who is continually dwelling upon, and embellishing, his plan, but of whose palace not one stone will be laid. Let him limit himself to the hour; let him live by the day; let him think honestly and feel honestly now, and it will soon come that the morrow will take care for itself. With the philosopher as with the libertine, the present hour is worth all the rest.

I know of no remedy to the evils of life so constant and so sure as the habit of withdrawing ourselves into that portion of it which is immediately passing before us—of looking near at those very miseries which, when cast into the distance, appear so fearful and overwhelming. By extending our existence over the future, we make each moment bear the burden of many years: by failing to look closely at the evils of life, we are ever deceived as to their nature:—we suffer without gaining experience—we endure without improving in fortitude. A great portion of the miseries of men have their origin in their servile obedience to the opinions of others. They are miseries because society chooses to think or call them such. How shall we be disabused of this error, but by steadfastly regarding the facts themselves, which are reported to be of so cruel a description?

Take the example of one who has fallen from opulence into what he calls poverty. He starts every moment at the bitter reflection of what other men are saying of him, and how other men will, in future, greet him. The real outward circumstances, the actual deprivations which he has to sustain, do not press upon him in the least. These he forgets—these he passes over, to torture himself in divining the whispers of society; in picturing to himself a future of the keenest humiliation, of ruined hopes and mortified vanity. Were I the friend of such a

one, I would attempt to distract his thoughts by no other method than by fixing them on the external details of his situation. I would draw his attention to the mean apartment in which he dwelt, to his lack of attendance, to his meagre and ill-served fare, to the unpolished and uncereemonious deportment of those around him. No deprivation or neglect should pass unnoticed: each circumstance of poverty, as it arose before him, should be dwelt upon and estimated, till he should be able fairly to judge of that situation which he had invested with so much horror, and by learning what he had really lost, discover what had been still left to him.

Even physical pain, or, to speak more correctly, the state of unhappiness resulting from physical pain, admits of being alleviated by the same process. It is not the actual amount of suffering which forms the whole, or even the greater part, of the misery of a sick man's chamber. It is the anxious, restless regard which he casts unto the future, the impatient wish for his cure, and the harassing fear that it may be long delayed, that originate the greatest portion of his agony. It is not the malady of the present moment only that he endures: he has extended his sensibility over days and nights to come; and languishes in imagination in the sufferings of many months or years. The general custom is to amuse and support patients with the hope of a speedy cure,—a hope which must often be disappointed, and which only retards the acquisition of the fortitude so necessary to them. I should wish rather that they should fix their attention on the immediate pain that must be endured,—should estimate its power over them, and the amount of force which remained to them after having supported it. How often do we find persons of the weakest frame subject to almost continual illness, who, because they no longer seek for support in the hope of remedy, but in a dependance on their own fortitude, pass a life of serenity and cheerfulness amongst suf-

ferings which would have totally overwhelmed a more health-pampered spirit?

The last recommendation that I will mention of this habit of living within the present, and one, perhaps, which will have more influence than any other, is, that it is an infallible specific against ennui. And this it requires little reasoning to show, since it is the opposite habit which is the great source of this so terrible malady. Coming pleasures cast their shadow before them. It is the custom of looking to something beyond and out of ourselves for our means of happiness, that begets all the tedium of life. Many, to escape from this affliction, engage in toilsome occupations, in themselves little profitable, that they may at least enjoy the change from labor to repose; as though, of all the animals of the earth, man were the only one who is unable to endure his existence, except by forgetting as much as possible that he exists.

In conclusion, I must be permitted to observe, that the error which I have attributed to moralists is still

more glaring in religious teachers. The visions of happiness by which they would stir their hearers, are too exclusively pictured in another world: rarely do they deign to introduce any portion of their glories into this. Earth is a vale of tears, through which the hope of brighter regions is alone to support us; and men are taught to expect in some future time, in some distant place, that heaven which ought to commence and which they ought to seek now within their own bosoms. It is a strange system that the generality of divines have adopted. In a case where the greatest resolution is necessary, where the will is to be most powerfully exerted, their first object seems to be to demonstrate the utter feebleness of the agent, and, in this life, the hopelessness of his project. They who lead troops to battle tell them, that, if they are brave, they will be victorious, and point to the spoil within their reach; but they who lead the army of the saints, commence by assuring them that they are powerless, and that the prize they fight for is at an immeasurable distance.

HUMAN ODDITIES.

THE Hole-in-the-Wall Club was established in Norwich, at the time of the French Revolution, by Dr. Frank Sayers. It was a miscellaneous club in the truest sense of the word. There were literary individuals in it, but there were several others, who, though they were neither stocks nor stones, and were well qualified to take their part in a sensible conversation, pretended to no higher philosophy than the shepherd's in "As you like it,"—"that the property of rain is to wet, and of fire to burn, and that good pasture makes fat sheep." And what could be done without those easy, unpretending companions, the pivots that, though almost out of sight, keep the machinery together,—the quiet, unobtrusive expletives, that like the parti-

cles of a Greek sentence, give it roundness and harmony,—who talk from the promptings of that modest unambitious good sense, which leads a man at a gentle contented jog-trot along the road which Providence has appointed him to travel, much more pleasantly and safely than if he had all the glare and glitter of erudition to light him on his way. That is a well constituted club, in which there is no supremacy of talk, in which no one can be Dr. Johnson or Dr. Parr; but in which, as it were by an harmonious mechanism, the peculiar humors, and tastes, and whims of all, strike at their proper seasons. Such was the Hole-in-the-Wall.

Amongst the worthies of this club, there was a truly original character,

the late Mr. F——; a thorough-bred dogmatist, but with a memory so constitutionally treacherous, and a temper so irritable, that he was perpetually hazarding some fact or opinion that united the whole club in a chorus of dissent and opposition against him; and he defended his assertions with a vehemence which was almost phrenzy. He raved, on these occasions, like an Almanzor or Mustapha in a tragedy of Nat. Lee, and it was high amusement to see him prostrating his antagonists one by one, as if he was wielding the flail of Talus. "Mr.——, how can you be such a blockhead?" "What nonsense, Mr.——, you are talking!" These exclamations were seconded by an auxiliary oath or two; and the words "ignorant dogs," "damnable ignorance," died half articulated on his lips. But every one knew and felt the many excellent qualities of his nature, and nobody thought of making an acrimonious reply to his harmless cynicisms. But when hard pushed, as he frequently was after asserting any remarkable extravagance, and he began to find that his ground was no longer tenable, he had recourse to a singular stratagem, which he managed with considerable adroitness,—that of shifting his side in the debate, slipping the absurdity from his own shoulders, and saddling it upon his opponent. One evening, he had got upon a point of Grecian history, and through some confusion of memory had ascribed the victory at Marathon to Epaminondas; and when some one ventured to set him right, F—— resented it with great warmth, telling him that he was a blockhead to contradict him on a point that no schoolboy could be ignorant of. Sayers entered the club-room, just as the controversy was becoming vituperative. A reference was mutually made to him; and on being told the question which was so warmly debated, he decided, as a matter of course, against F—— and Epaminondas. "There," exclaimed F—— triumphantly, "I told you so. What could Epaminondas have had to do with the battle of Marathon?" In

vain did the poor disputant, who had maintained the correct proposition, protest against the absurdity laid to his charge; F—— still persisted, till the other was quite disconcerted at the trick that had been put upon him. A loud laugh, excited by the intrepid assurance with which the blunder was transferred to the very person who had stepped forward to correct it, put an end to the dispute. F—— was once in Parr's company at a party specially assembled at Norwich to meet the Doctor. Parr was in his glory, for every one listened to his declamations with the most respectful deference. At length F——, who thought that he also was entitled to some share in the conversation, began by advancing a most egregious absurdity. Parr looked black as night, and giving one or two tremendous whiffs, the usual portents of a coming storm, began to chastise poor F—— in his usual antithetic style. "Sir," said he, "you have advanced, with the intrepidity of a dunce, that which is too foolish to be called a paradox, and may therefore defy refutation; for how can that be refuted, which no man in his senses would venture to affirm? The errors of the wise, or the heresies of the learned, may deserve refutation; but who would waste his breath in confuting the dreams of ignorance, and dispelling the illusions of Bedlam?" Here Parr looked round the company with a look not unusual with him on these occasions, and which implied, "Have I not done for him?" In the mean while, F——, who had listened with great impatience to this vehement tirade, and who was evidently meditating one of his retreats, inquired with great apparent coolness—"Well, Doctor, after this attack, will you allow me to ask, what was my proposition?—what was it that I said?" "Why, Sir," said Parr, "you said"—and then recapitulated the absurdity he had just been exposing. "Good God! Doctor," exclaimed F——, "is this the part of a candid disputant? I maintained quite the contrary—it was *you* who contended for that absurdity.

I could never have advanced any thing so outrageously extravagant." This was too much for Parr. He broke his pipe into a thousand pieces—stamped and foamed with rage; nay, both the accusing and the recording angel would have had ample employment, had heaven's chancery been open at the time; for the Doctor rushed out of the room with half-a-dozen asseverations, which, though half suppressed, were yet sufficiently audible.

Ozias Linley, Sheridan's brother-in-law, was then a minor-canon of the cathedral, and rarely absented himself from the club. He was a master-piece of eccentricity, and subject to perpetual fits of abstraction. In simplicity of character, as well as in absence of mind, he was another Parson Adams;—he was scarcely outdone by George Harvest* of Cambridge, who used to afford Jortin so much amusement. He was a tolerable scholar, and a most indefatigable student, devoting frequently nine hours of the day to unremitted reading. But he was so indiscriminate a *Helluo librorum*, that, by way of joke, his friends frequently recommended him to the perusal of some well-known Greek author, offering him the loan of the book, his own library being somewhat scanty, and then contrived to put into his hands some abstruse and crabbed writer of a style and character diametrically different; for he never dreamed of looking at the title-page, or even the running titles of the books he devoured. Having once expressed an inclination to read the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon, a wag-gish friend promised to supply him with that beautiful composition, the language of which, as every school-boy knows, is simplicity itself, though,

at the same time, abounding in all the refinements of the Attic dialect. But instead of Xenophon, the wag brought him Euclid's treatise on music in the original Greek,—a work, which, being involved in its construction, and treating one of the obscurest subjects in mathematical science, was nearly unintelligible to him. After a fortnight's intense labor, Ozias threw the book aside, and told the person who had placed it in his hands in answer to an inquiry how he liked the *Memorabilia*, that he expected to have read more about Socrates, but the dog was so long in getting to him, that his patience was quite exhausted, and he had given up the book in despair. In the common affairs of life, these habits of abstraction sometimes produced much amusement. As he was one morning setting out on horseback for his curacy a few miles' distance from Norwich, his horse threw off one of his shoes. A lady, who observed the accident, thought it might impede Mr. Linley's journey, and seeing that he himself was jogging on as if quite unconconscious of it, politely reminded him, that one of his horse's shoes had just come off. "Thank you, Madam," replied Linley; "will you then have the goodness to put it on for me?" The parish church at which he officiated, having only a small congregation, had service only performed in it on alternate Sundays;—a circumstance that sometimes ludicrously embarrassed him. For it happened, occasionally, that he attended on the wrong day, and on the recurrence of the right day, did not attend at all, though the congregation were for several hours expecting him. This confusion arose from his having recourse to his me-

* The Rev. George Harvest of Trinity College, Cambridge. Having been private tutor to the Duke of Richmond, he was invited to dine with the old Duchess, and to accompany her party to the play. He used to travel with a night-cap in his pocket, and having occasion for a handkerchief at the theatre, made use of his cap for that purpose. In one of his reveries, however, it fell from the side-box, where he was sitting, into the pit, where a wag, who picked it up, hoisted it upon the end of a stick, that it might be claimed by its rightful proprietor. Judge of the consternation of a large party of ladies of rank and fashion, when George Harvest rose in the midst of them, and claimed the night-cap (which was somewhat greasy from use) by the initials G. H., which were legibly marked on it. The cap was restored to him amidst shouts of laughter, that ran through the pit, to the great discomfiture of the Duchess and the rest of the party.

morandum of his horse's hire, and, finding that he had actually hired it and rode to his curacy on the preceding Sunday, he was quite satisfied that he had performed divine service on the same day, and that his attendance was not required on the following one. As to his visiting engagements, the same unreflecting habits of mind were for ever involving him in most absurd mistakes. He had received a card to dine with the late excellent Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Sutton, who was then Bishop of Norwich. Careless into what hole or corner he threw his invitations, he soon lost sight of the card, and forgot it altogether. A year revolved, when on wiping the dust from some papers he had stuck on the glass over his chimney, the Bishop's invitation for a certain day of the month (he did not think of the year one instant) stared him full in the face, and taking it for granted, that it was a recent one, he dressed himself on the appointed day and proceeded to the palace. But his diocesan was in London, a circumstance of which, though a matter of some notoriety to the clergy of the diocese, he was quite unconscious; and he returned dinnerless home. These and other anecdotes characteristic of the singleness of his nature, and the entire abstraction of his mind, furnished the club with unfailing amusement—nor did these habitudes, which were constitutional and inwrought into his nature, render him a less valuable member of the rare collection of human eccentricities, that were to be found in that club in much higher perfection than in any similar association, with which it has been my lot to become acquainted.

But this little gallery of portraits would be sadly imperfect, if an oddity who afforded infinite amusement at that good-humored board, were to be passed by uncommemorated. This person was an extensive cloth-merchant, and to that occupation united the kindred one of tailor. By strict economy and attention to business, he had saved a considerable sum, and had

risen into municipal consequence, being one of the aldermen of the corporation. Altogether, there could not be found a more curious specimen of provincial singularity. He was at once food for good-humored mirth and philosophical speculation. Dr. Sayers, who had the art of drawing him out, made as much of him as Sir Astley Cooper would have done of an anatomical preparation, and handed him about just as that able lecturer would have handed a physiological *lusus*, equally rare and eccentric; and this he did with so much address, and with a gentleness of manner, that so completely negated every symptom of satire, that the creature himself was amused and delighted with the farcical exhibition of his own absurdities. Nature too, in the outward composition of this singular being, seemed to have been slyly amusing herself at his expense. She had given him a good face and good features; but they were overshadowed by a most miraculous organ of a nose, so deformed and misshapen as to destroy the whole effect of a countenance in other respects not amiss. It was like a brick-kiln in the midst of a tolerably picturesque landscape, blotting out all by one overwhelming deformity. His stature was below the ordinary standard, but, as soon as he attained civic distinction, he added a cubic to it, by a strut, which, if not dignified, was at least meant to be so.

In middle age, when his business allowed him a few leisure-hours for reading, he betook himself to the study of modern history; and that he might have the whole chain of events unbroken in his mind, he would not look at the journals of the day, thinking, by close application, to overtake the existing conjuncture in the regular course of his studies. He had thus become, to a certain degree, conversant with that portion of European transactions that preceded the French Revolution; but when that event took place, he was considerably in arrears, having got no farther than the Seven Years' War. His conversation turned

upon nothing but what he had been reading; and the warm interest he expressed in the by-gone controversies and politics of so many years back, contrasted strikingly with the strong anxiety every body else was feeling amidst the eventful scenes that were actually passing before them. Thus, when the attention of the whole town hung in fearful suspense on the progress of Damourier or Clairfait, our worthy tailor was still lingering in the camp of the great Frederic, or following in breathless perturbation the fortunes of the high-minded Maria Theresa of Austria; and so late even as the disastrous day of Ulm, when every one viewed with awe the cloud that blackened the horizon of human liberty, and every tongue was execrating the treachery of Mack, his sympathies were wholly absorbed in the disgraceful treaty of Closter-seven, and his execrations vented upon its authors without stint or mercy. The awkward *contretems* into which he was perpetually slipping, by blending the topics and passions of half a century ago with what was actually going on under his nose, became so ridiculous that a friend advised him to pay somewhat more attention to the present state of Europe. He received the advice with great good-humor, and immediately repaired to the city-library, where he remembered to have seen a volume entitled "The Present State of Europe." It was, in fact, an old book, published forty years before; but he was quite satisfied by its title that it was the very thing he wanted, to give him a correct knowledge of what was actually going on, and applied to it with great ardor. His conversation by this means became still more ridiculous; and somebody at the club having observed that the French had taken Ypres, and were pushing on to Bergen-op-zoom, it happened that he had been reading, the same morning, of the invasion of the Low Countries by Louis the Fourteenth. The coincidence of the names confirmed his hallucination, and he recapitulated the whole of that

celebrated campaign, to the infinite annoyance of all, taking it all the while for granted that he was setting them right as to the exact state of things in the Netherlands at the time he was speaking.

They used to tell some odd anecdotes of the overflows of his historical lore, whilst he was in the act of measuring a customer for a suit of clothes. On one of these occasions, a plain matter-of-fact citizen being under his hands, the tailor could not refrain from inflicting upon him some of the Duke of Marlborough's exploits, a subject of which he was greatly enamored. "The Imperialists," said he, "hung in their rear.—Pray how would you like your breeches?"—"Full," replied the other; "but don't let them hang in the rear."—"Prince Eugene came up," pursued the historical tailor, "in close column.—And how will you have your buttons?"—"It is the same to me," said the customer—"in close column, if that is the wear."

But this civic oddity was chiefly entertaining, as being a remarkable illustration of the old quarrel between theory and practice. For in his historical studies, he unwittingly imbibed the popular passions of the periods he was reading about; so that, retrospectively, he was a staunch Whig, and a warm patriot, in the utmost intensity of those designations; whilst, in fact, he was the most thorough-going of what was then called the Church and King party, and boiled over with the frothy fervor of the troublesome and noisy loyalty of the day. He was, in short, a personification of Burke's admirable remark upon the historical patriotism; which, after discharging its virtuous bile on King John, or Henry the Eighth, sits down with appetite to the coarsest job of modern corruption. For instance, he entered fully into the popular heats that prevailed during the American war, and seemed inspired with the plebeian passions of Wilkes and Beekford, denouncing general warrants, and the prosecutions of Woodfall and Almon, whilst, with a ludi-

crous inconsistency, as a Norwich Alderman, he was committing to prison every drunken vagabond who d——d the King—the very King, of whose infatuation with regard to America he was wont to indulge in expressions of abuse much more rancorous. So strange a combination of retrospective sedition and practical loyalty, raised at the club, as I have been told, unbounded mirth at the expense of the worthy

alderman. But the animal had an acute, instinctive sense of his own interest ; for he obtained a lucrative clothing contract by his loyalty, and died a knight, having carried up a foolish address in 1794. Sayers, in allusion to the man's historical whiggism, and regard to his own interests, said that B—— was like a boatman, who, though he looked backwards, was sure to row onward.

SONG.

Oh ! not when hopes are brightest,
Is all love's sweet enchantment known ;
Oh ! not when hearts are lightest,
Is all fond woman's fervor shown :
But when life's clouds o'ertake us,
And the cold world is clothed in gloom ;
When summer friends forsake us,
The rose of love is best in bloom.

Love is no wandering vapor,
That lures astray with treacherous spark ;
Love is no transient taper,
That lives an hour and leaves us dark :
But, like the lamp that lightens
The Greenland hut beneath the snow,
The bosom's home it brightens,
When all beside is chill below.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

VIGER'S "Greek Idiom," abridged and translated into English with original notes, by the Rev. J. Seager, B.A., has just issued from Mr. Valpy's accurate press. The appearance of such a work at such a time cannot surprise any one who has taken the trouble to observe the strong direction which the intellect of this age has taken towards good sense. It is scarcely "sixty years since" that it was an accepted axiom, that a boy, ignorant alike of Greek and of Latin, should be instructed in one unknown tongue by the use of another equally unknown. The Greek Grammar was composed in Latin, and the only thing required to render the absurdity perfect, was that the Latin Grammar should have been composed in Greek ; unless, indeed, it might be deemed a still more glorious triumph over the weakness of childhood, to chain its tender faculties down to the hopeless endeavor of comprehending the niceties of Greek syntax, when *interpreted* in the Greek language, as the mysteries of Latin were *explained* in Latin ! We have often thought

that what is vulgarly called a flogging match at one of our large schools, is a revolting mixture of cruelty and absurdity, to which a West Indian slave-driver might appeal for a favorable contrast. To see a man of forty, in the settled vigor of muscular maturity, with a countenance expanded into self-satisfaction by habitual exercise of an unresisted authority, and shoulders cultivated into enormous breadth by the manure of roast beef, and the irrigation of port wine, deliberately assuming all his bodily powers to the *duty* of inflicting upon an ingenuous youth the very *appropriate* punishment of "corporal sufferance," for intellectual negligence or incapacity—to see this man, bloated with petty greatness, proceeding "con amore" under the conscientious persuasion that he is "doing the state some service"—to reflect that the offence under castigation is, nine times out of ten, occasioned either directly by the impossibility of a boy comprehending that which is incomprehensible to boys, or incidentally, in consequence of the

natural buoyancy of youth seeking respite from the harassing puzzles set before it—to consider that the finest and most delicate and most effectual motives to excellence, which spring out of the sensitiveness to shame, are indurated and rendered callous;—this, we repeat, constitutes a scene quite sufficient to justify the pity with which we have been accustomed to contemplate the degradation inflicted upon the moral nature of the sufferer; and our contempt, not unmingled with indignation, for the actors in these disgraceful exhibitions. In the war of extermination now waging against remaining barbarisms, we feel no doubt that this abuse will, in time, be compelled to yield to the growing good sense of the country. It is, however, natural to expect that every obstruction will be encountered by those who attempt to reform mankind by beginning with the rising generation. We may safely calculate upon all the arts of war being enlisted into the service of established nonsense; with a characteristic horror of all innovation, the contest between intellect and ignorance will be conducted on the principles approved by legitimate commanders in the fields of blood. Cunning and timidity, the ancient colleagues of ignorance, will be called to her assistance in her hour of danger and tribulation—and a “Holy Alliance” of these sublime confederates, supported by subsidies from prosperous self-interest, will undoubtedly enable them to drag on a languid resistance. But we trust and believe, with exulting confidence, that the days of national ignorance are numbered,—that its fate is written in the firm resolves and consolidated purposes of those real benefactors to their species, who acknowledge no principle of union, no ties of affectionate respect, so strong as that which binds them in the common determination to scatter far and wide the blessings of useful knowledge.

Lest we should be suspected of acting upon the ordinary canon of criticism, which enjoins that the book

reviewed should be put out of sight, we must remind the reader that there is a nearer connection, than may at once appear, between the proceedings of the friends of education and the publication of Viger’s “*Idioms in English*.” We have no intention of saying that this particular book emanates in any way from a society, especially formed for the breaking down of the old barriers of learning; but we do distinctly mean our readers to understand that, as it is amongst the most prominent objects of such a society to simplify what is complicated, and to familiarize what is abstruse, so Mr. Seager’s new work is intended and calculated to render the study of Greek authors more easy and more satisfactory, and, by a necessary consequence, more general and more delightful. We have ourselves been acquainted with instances “not a few,” of young men tearing and rending their health to pieces, and, in some cases, actually sacrificing their lives in the ardent endeavor to gain access into the temple of Grecian literature, through the mass of elementary rubbish with which unskilful teachers have encumbered the porch; and, on the other hand, we could mention several young men who have, even amidst the turmoil of commercial life, acquired the power of understanding the historians, the orators, and the poets of Greece, by resorting to the expedient, no less simple than effectual, of using a grammar and dictionary, which, being in English, gave them at a glance the information they sought. The publication before us is well fitted to carry such students still farther into the recondite parts of that majestic language, and to display to them much of that interesting mechanism which escapes the un instructed eye. We therefore gladly lend our assistance in so rational an attempt as that which is here undertaken, and observe with pleasure that, in conformity with the improved spirit of the age, Mr. Valpy’s list of new school books contains several others upon the same plan. If any one de-

sires to form an accurate conception of the difference between setting a boy to learn Greek with instruments like these, and putting the grammatical conundrums into his memory, according to the old method of non-instruction—let him ask himself what progress he himself would be likely to make in deciphering an Egyptian hieroglyphic, with nothing but an Egyptian hieroglyphic to assist him; or let him travel over the barren pages of Philidor, and candidly answer whether, in the printed signs, he could ever, without explanation, unravel the ingenious schemes of that celebrated strategist? What the uninterpreted signs of chess would be to the learner of that delightful game, the Greek, explained by something equally requiring explanation, is to the English school-boy. Till lately, the language of science and philosophy was equally obscure to the English mechanic. Thanks to somebody or other, the English schoolboy and mechanic are in a fair way of knowing, within their respective ranges, as much as any body else, if they will use their faculties fairly, of which there is no reason to doubt; and if it should be alleged that the spirit of the age had preceded the Useful Knowledge Society, to which we have previously alluded, in this direction, it may be answered that the spirit of the age in the time of Columbus contented itself with *pointing* to America, but that *He landed* there.

This enticing topic has led us beyond our latitude; yet the name of Columbus may excuse the suggestion of another contrast between the "Old and the New World" of letters. Under the "*ancien régime*" of education—we mean that order of things which took effect immediately after the revival of learning, up to within a short

distance of our own times—it was the ambition of professed scholars to make themselves minutely familiar with every thing except the existing world around them—each critic grappled with some favorite author, or some virgin subject, and never rested until he had said in his notes every thing that could be said upon every word in his text—heaping "*Pelion upon Ossa.*" Without wishing to undervalue the meritorious perseverance of those useful drudges who spent all their lives in the collection of MSS. and the induction of various readings, we cannot disguise from ourselves, that the passion of verbal criticism was carried to a morbid excess, and produced a degenerate curiosity, as uncongenial with the noble purposes of literature, when well understood, as the gambling traffic in Dutch tulips was foreign from the genuine objects of commerce. A scholar of the old school would trace the steps of Hannibal, from Carthage to Carthagena, with as much exactness as the warrior trod them, and with more painful solicitude; and would dignify his details by the name of geographical science, while the accession of a new hemisphere scarcely occupied his thoughts. A scholar of the new school, placed in far different circumstances, and inspired by a free genius, sets sail, like Columbus, in search of some undiscovered tract in the science he pursues—satisfies himself with obtaining from antiquity by the shortest methods all that antiquity has to offer him of valuable knowledge; and throwing overboard the lumber of words, sets out on his voyage with a conviction as strong as that which animated the great navigator, that every department of nature has yet an undiscovered continent of facts to reward his search.

RUSSIAN SINGERS.

ST. PETERSBURGH has its musical clubs, and a *Société Philharmonique*. I think,—says Dr. Granville, in his late Travels in Russia,—the finest

dilettante violin-player in Europe is to be found in the last-mentioned society. I have not heard a more delightful amateur performer since the

time when la Marchesa Pallavicini used to lead some of the largest orchestras of *dilettanti* in Italy on that most unsightly and anti-feminine musical instrument. The effect produced on those occasions was admirable; and so it is in the case of Colonel Lvof, whose execution is of the most brilliant description, but whose appearance in his decorated uniform, holding fiddle and bow, is scarcely less singular than that of la Marchesa used to be. I heard this officer, at one of the meetings of the members of the Philharmonic Society, perform some variations of his own composition on a national air, written in a minor key, in which it was not easy to determine whether his taste, *coup d'archet*, or exquisite facility, was most conspicuous. The expression with which he drew the most melodious notes from his instrument was inconceivably fine.—During my stay in St. Petersburg, I was present at one or two private concerts only, which are by no means of rare occurrence. One of these afforded me the highest treat that a foreigner in that capital can wish for, in respect to musical enjoyment. I allude to the opportunity of hearing that celebrated corps of vocal performers, to be found I believe no where but in that city, called *les Chantres de la Cour*. The concert was given at the house of General Benkendorff. The invitations were strictly limited to a very few persons, and it was by a special favor, I understood, never before granted, or at least seldom, to a private individual, that those vocal performers of the imperial chapel were permitted to attend on that occasion. These extraordinary singers, far otherwise interesting than can be expressed in writing, are only to be heard either fortuitously, at their own school, or, lastly, at the imperial chapel, where, however, foreigners are not easily admitted. I therefore felt doubly the kindness of the general and his lady, in affording me, through the good offices of the Countess Woronzow, on this and another occasion, the only two opportuni-

ties I could have of judging of the merits of those singular choristers. It was after our dinner at Count Potocki's that the Countess Michel Woronzow, with some other persons of the party and myself, adjourned to hear *les Chantres de la Cour*, at the general's house. I feel it impossible accurately to convey an idea of the various impressions and emotions which this most skilful arrangement of select voices of all ages, and consequently of all tones, singing sacred music, of rich, full, and expressive beauty, is capable of exciting in the bosom of the spectator. One feels, for a moment, transported with ecstasy at the sublime effect of such heavenly strains: the very heart-strings seem touched by them, and sensibility is awakened to a degree which operatic music cannot produce. The whole is a most masterly performance; and the result may be quoted as the triumph of the human voice over every other instrument. From the most delightful soprano, down to the gravest baritone, every key note is here sung by a chorus of thirty, and at the imperial chapel, of one hundred and twenty performers, educated from the age of five years for this sole and sacred choral service. A fugue, usually sung in the Russian churches at the Resurrection, accompanied by full choruses, was performed among other pieces, and displayed such skill in the composition, as well as execution, that I felt riveted to the spot. One of the finest tenor voices I ever heard bore a conspicuous part in it: and the loud swell of the bass, contrasting with the flexible and silvery voices of the children, all singing with a degree of precision that could scarcely be equalled by a mechanical instrument, formed such a "concord of sweet sounds," that no person present could help being affected. Towards the conclusion, the whole chorus burst out into a "Gloria in excelsis," one of Bortniansky's splendid compositions, and the effect of it was, beyond conception, fine. Certainly, until I heard this unique performance, I was

not aware of all the harmony of which the human voice is capable. In this opinion I was still more confirmed by a second opportunity, afforded me through the kindness of Madame Benkendorff, of hearing one hundred and ten of these same performers on the following day at their own *conservatoire*, or school ; where, as on the evening before, they sang without any instrument. The most renowned chorus singers of church music in Europe (and I believe I have heard the best of them) really sink into insignificance compared to these minstrels. A *pater noster* was sung by them on this occasion, which struck me as by far the most affecting composition I had ever heard : there was a crescendo towards the end which was quite irresistible ; and the effect of it on the audience was plainly visible on all that were in the room. I certainly had not the slightest notion of the existence of such a superior class of music as that which the orthodox Greco-Russian seems to be, particularly that of the composer whom I just mentioned, and who has since paid the great debt of nature. When Madame Catalani heard the Chantres de la Cour she was affected to tears, and confessed to those near her, “ Que jusqu’alors elle n’avait aucune idée de l’effet que peut produire un chœur de voix, quoiqu’elle eut entendu les Chantres de la célèbre chapelle du pape.” In cathedral music, that celebrated songstress preferred the writings of Bortniansky to any other with which she was acquainted. On this occasion, I learned a few interesting particulars of the history of the Russian school of *Plain-chant*, which, taking its origin from a few chorus-singers sent by the Patriarch of Constantinople to the Grand-duke Vladimir, ended in adopting the studied and complicated melody and rhythm of Italian music, improved considerably after its introduction, and to the degree which I have described, by Bérézovsky, but more especially by Bortniansky himself. This eminent composer was one of the Chantres de la Cour in 1768, when the Empress

Catherine, having remarked his extraordinary talents, sent him to Italy to perfect himself in the science of music and the art of singing. It was under Galuppi, a celebrated *maestro* belonging to the church of St. Mark, at Venice, where he was then living, that Bortniansky was placed to pursue his studies. His progress was really astonishing ; and on his return in 1779, he was appointed director of the music of the imperial chapel, which office he continued to fill until the time of his death, which took place two years ago, at the age of seventy-four years. His works are numerous, particularly in cathedral music, and most of them worthy of being placed in the same rank with those of Marcello, Pergolesi, and Handel. The music of Bortniansky is not, as the Greek music used to be in the earliest times of that church, a mere *canto fermo*, or plain chant, but a happy combination of both it and modern music. Harmony, the *beau idéal* of music, is the principal point to which that composer seems to have directed the whole energy of his imagination ; and for a composer of sacred music, the study of harmony is most important. The style of the Russian church music does not always consist in fugues and florid compositions, so appropriately introduced, when jubilation and the heart-joy of the blessed are to be expressed in their psalms ; but in simple counterpoint, also, of note against note, producing in that solemn service, and with such voices, an effect of simplicity and syllabic coincidence which is quite admirable. I have heard the concealed voices chanting the *miserere* in St. Peter’s during Passion week, the harmony of which is productive of the most striking effect ; the heavenly strains of the sisters in the church of the *Mendicanti*, at Venice ; and the really angelic voices which were formerly heard behind the handsome *grilles* of the nuns of Santa Clara, at Naples, said to have produced, in some instances, real ecstasy among the devout auditory ; but the happy com-

bination of powerful, rich, mellow, and metallic voices of the Chantres de la Cour, places this extraordinary corps of sacred performers above all the rest; they are particularly affecting when executing some of Bortniansky's scores in minor keys:—that rich field of harmony which affords so great a variety of modulations, admirably calculated to express every shade of religious sentiment, and each successive state of our mind, when absorbed in deep and sacred meditation. But the Russians, or rather the imperial family, have another extraordinary and striking species of music which deserves to be mentioned in this place. They call it the hunting, or horn music; but it might with more propriety be styled an organ on a new construction. A band of from twenty to forty performers, equally skilled in blowing a short straight horn, are brought to execute what the keys of an organ are made to perform under the hands of an able master, namely, the simplest as well as the most complicated pieces

of music, in all keys, and by every measure of time required; each performer never sounding more than one and the same note as set down for him,—just as each key of an organ always produces the same note. As in that instrument, the most eloquent music is generally the result of such a disposition in its keys; and thus also the horn music of St. Petersburg produces a most enchanting effect. This band occasionally performs in public, particularly during the summer, at the *parties de chasse* of the court, and at the time of the public promenades, which take place on the smaller islands at that season. This species of music, which is peculiar to Russia, was invented by a Bohemian named Maresch, a performer at the court of the Empress Elizabeth; and a treatise was published about thirty years ago by Heinrichs of St. Petersburg, with specimens of the manner in which the notes are set down for each performer.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE has been frequently devastated by the bursting of the sea over its bulwark. In 1322, its violence threw down a considerable portion of the city walls; and twelve years afterwards, the adjacent country presented one wide sheet of water for a distance of ten stadia. Under Justinian the Great, it had been previously inundated for a space of fifteen miles. These excesses of nature, if I may be permitted the expression, were generally the effect of earthquakes, of which the history of Constantinople affords so many lamentable instances. One of them, which occasioned the fall of the dome of the great church of St. Sophia, has been the object of a notable piece of religious quackery among the Arabians. In order to impart a miraculous character to Mohammed's birth, they have congregated the demolition of this dome, and

the overthrow of the royal palace at Bagdad, into the same night in which their prophet came into the world; regardless of the anachronism which would unhinge Chronology, by no less a term than ten years; for, on the datum, Mohammed, whose epocha begins from the period of his flight when fifty-three years of age, (A.D. 622,) must have been born in 569.

None of the earthquakes by which this metropolis has been afflicted, were so pregnant with calamity as that of 875, when the whole of Asia, from the Nile to the Bosphorus, was shaken to its centre; the promontory of Laodicea being engulfed in the ocean, and four hundred thousand souls being buried beneath the ruins of cities, towns, and villages. So frequent, indeed, was the occurrence of these frightful visitations in former times, that fires and earthquakes constitute

leading articles with the Ottoman writers ; and I cannot resist the temptation of translating the following extract from Seadeddin, the historiographer, for the edification of those to whom these outrageous throes of our Mother Earth are less familiar. Our author is describing the tremendous convulsion, which laid Constantinople in ruins during the reign of Bajazet, (A.D. 1511.)

"On the first day of the moon *Dscheonasiul ewwel* of the aforementioned year, in a night of horror, when the lord of the fourth sphere,* the luminary of heaven, irradiated the inhabitants of our globe with his splendors, and the apple of man's eye sunk to repose within the mortal lid ; and when the moon was descending from the highest region of heaven towards his ethereal bed, the Creator, who has planted the mountains' lofty peaks as the pillars of the earth, made manifest his power and greatness by sending a mighty earthquake, at whose thunders the world trembled, and the elements were confounded. The night, pregnant with this pestilence, brought forth in her agonies strange and wonderful effects from the lap of non-entity ; time and space, hours and circumstances, shook together ; the furthest parts of earth quivered with horror, and the human fabrics of Constantinople kissed the dust. Many a dome, which rivalled the cupola of heaven in strength and loftiness, was levelled to the ground ; the walls crumbled in almost every direction ; towns and ramparts were laid low ; even the venerable female, Earth, was convulsed with dismay at this frightful calamity ; man turned away his foot from his home, and took up his abode in the open field, with a heart rent in twain at the remembrance of his Prophet's warning, full of horror as it is, '*A little earthquake is a mighty matter.*'"

Such is the picture drawn by the estimable author of "The diadem of Ottoman History."

During a residence of four years in

this city, it has been my fate to experience the tangible effects of two slight shocks. On the first occasion, I was engaged in preparing my despatches, when my desk, inkstand, and the other paraphernalia of my cabinet, were shaken to and fro ; on the second, I was strolling one evening through Bujukdere, with a female companion, when our heads were suddenly driven into forcible contact ; and each of us was accusing the other of this flagrant breach of gentle observances, as we crossed our own threshold ; when both were absolved from the oft-rebuted charge, by the clamor prevailing, in consequence of the tribulation which Mother Earth had just experienced.

There is no spot on which the three kingdoms have shed their largesses with so prodigal a hand as on Constantinople. Land and water appear to emulate each other in promoting the enjoyments of its "in-dwellers." With all due deference to the *Areopagus* of the "*Almanac des Gourmands*," I must be permitted, in as far as the animal kingdom is concerned, to speak of the Byzantian kitchen, as claiming preëminence over the Parisian, for its hares and wild boars ; and still more cause have I to deprecate their wrath, when I hazard the dictum that the acmé of epicurism centres in the richly delicious quails, which cover both sides of the Bosphorus by thousands in the month of September ; and, when sowed up in the *sauce* produced by their own fat, mixed with the *pilav* or kneaded rice, constitute a dish of so unequalled a relish, that he that has tasted it will no longer be at sea for the motive which may have inspired the Israelite of old with his notorious longing "for the quails and flesh-pots of Egypt."

Yet, I must confess, that even these dainty purveyances sink into the shade, when placed by the side of the marine products, which render the Billingsgate of Constantinople the empress of fish-markets. The Bosphorus swarms with

* The moon.

myriads of the finny tribe ; and could old Homer " live o'er his song again," he would re-immortalize it as " prolific of fish." The most ordinary of these are the *scombri*, a species of mackerel, which are dried, without salt, by the Greeks ; *pulamedes* and *stavrídia*, two species of dolphins ; and anchovies and *nilufer*, which latter are caught by torch-light on their migration from the Black into the White Sea, during the autumn, when the Greek women, each provided with boat and torch, pass the whole night upon the water, fascinating the nilufer into their nets by means of its impetuous dash at the treacherous blaze. To the turbot, roach, and lamprey, you have yet to add that monarch of the table, the sword-fish, which is caught along the shore in wooden cells, on which the fishermen will sit for whole hours in motionless abiding of a solitary victim. Shell-fish also are found in plenty and perfection. The Bosphorus is at times enlivened by the gambols of shoals of dolphins, whose effigies are extant on the ancient Byzantine coins.

The plantain and cypress lend an Oriental aspect to the environs of Constantinople. The branches of the latter growing invariably upwards, and " aspiring to the skies," the nations of the East regard it as their *tree of liberty* ; in which character it is found on tombs, as a symbol of the soul, which deposits its mortal trammels in the grave, and thence aspires to a heavenly mansion. The mulberry, the mimora of the Nile, the accacia, *diospyros lotos* or trebizond palm, pine, and fig-tree, beautifully intermingle, and diversify the enchanting scenery around this metropolis. Nor does it yield to any of the hundred cities I have visited, in the delicate and abundant produce of its orchards and gardens.

In fact, Constantinople offers the best of " entertainment for man and beast ;" yet the " march of intellect" bids me halt, and pleasure myself awhile in the region of inquiry.

This capital owed its first mural

defences to Phidalia, the daughter of Barbyces, from whose consort, Bysas, it took its elder name of Byzantium. Its first assailant was Philip of Macedon, who had no sooner effected a breach in its walls than Lev, his opponent, filled them up with tombstones. Pausanius of Sparta is reported to have been its second founder ; and it was a third time regenerated by the Emperor Severus, after it had been laid in the dust by a three years' continued succession of earthquakes. But Constantine was the great patron and extender of the Byzantine metropolis, particularly during the twenty-fifth year of his reign, when he completed the magnificent baths of Neptune, transformed the temples of Diana, Hecate, and Venus, into shrines for Christian worship, and placed the pearly diadem of the East on his reforming brow. The walls of Constantinople were repeatedly renewed, either wholly or partially, by that monarch's successors ; and their shattered remains were razed to the ground, and a complete circuit of fresh defences erected by Mohammed the Second, who effected the conquest of this capital on the 29th of May, 1453. Having suffered extensive damage by an earthquake in 1635, Amurath the Fourth employed about 18,000 of his soldiery in repairing them, and carried his renovations to an extent of no less than 19,280 ells. After this restoration had been accomplished, he fixed the future amount of the garrison at 12,000 men, and assigned them an annual pay of 200,000 piastres. Since the year 1721, when Achmet III. gave them a thorough restoration, little or no pains have been bestowed in repairing the inroads made upon them by the hand of time, or the convulsions of nature. There they stand, with the inserted shaft, pedestal, frieze, altar, and tombstone, attesting both their antiquity, as well as the despoiling handywork of their barbarous architects.

There is no city in the world which enjoys the unenviable distinction of having been so often besieged as Con-

stantinople. From the time of Alciabiades to that of Mohammed II., it has undergone four-and-twenty sieges; the first and the last, with those of Severus, Constantine, Dandolo, and Michael Palæologus, were, however, the only occasions on which the assailants were not repulsed.

Of its eight-and-twenty gates, the most celebrated is the Aurea, or golden gate, through which the emperors were accustomed to make their triumphal entry; it was constructed for this especial purpose by Theodosius the younger, upon his return from defeating Maximius the tyrant.

THE SPANISH EXILE'S ADIEU TO HIS COUNTRY.

FAREWELL to thee, land of my father, farewell!

I quit thee, loved land of my birth!
Not vainly the records of hist'ry shall tell
Thou stoodst, midst the realms of the earth,

Unrivall'd in beauty, unrivall'd in fame,
Till now—when unrivall'd, alas! is thy shame.

No more of thy freedom thy children shall vaunt;

No more make thy glories their pride;
In slavery sunk, thou shalt serve as a taunt
To those whom thou once didst deride.
Mised by thy priests, by thy nobles betray'd,
The foe doth but rivet the chains they have made.

I linger a moment to gaze on the spot
Where the scenes of my childhood were placed:

Oh, would that from memory's page I could blot

The lines in my early life traced!
Nor bear in my exile the pangs of regret
For pleasures and ties I may never forget.

But desolate now are our hearths, and the foe

Hath ravaged the land like a flood;
Our corn-fields and vineyards lie trampled and low,

The olive is stained with our blood;
And, fainting and feeble, in sorrow we roam,
The land of our birth-place no longer our home.

We wander afar o'er the dark-rolling wave,
The land of the stranger to gain;
More happy midst freemen to sink to the grave,

Than live, bound by slavery's chain.
The exile's brief struggles with life shall be o'er,
And the hand of the tyrant oppress him no more.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA.

THOSE wonders in creation—subjects of a higher astronomy—systems of suns, performing their revolutions about their common centre of gravity, in vastly extended periods of time—lost stars, those bodies which, after shining for ages, gradually disappear, and are no longer seen as glittering gems in the diadem of night—new stars, or such as suddenly appear where no stars were before observed, justifying the suspicion, that these latter are new creations which have commenced their measured circling way, till the appointed period arrives for them to be commanded back to the realms of obscurity—the subject of *Nebulæ*, a still higher step in this wondrous scale of progression, dimly

telling us, not merely of the existence of other suns like our own, with each a splendid retinue of planets, of solar stars connected together by mutual gravitation, but of systems of these, vastly separated in space, yet almost infinite in the individual suns that form the group, and these groups perhaps infinite in number, and scattered with boundless profusion over the vast concavity of the heavens, while the whole of each starry system is, probably, revolving about some distant, stupendous, and unspeakably resplendent, glorious centre;—these carry the mind beyond the movements of this lower sphere, this remote province of the universe, to expatiate on the loftier pinnacles of the higher heavens. *Nebulæ*

may be generally divided into two kinds; one, a combination of innumerable stars, which, from their distance, have the appearance of a faint cloud,—a distance so remote, as to leave the most powerful mind faltering in endeavoring to acquire an adequate conception of it: the other, probably not so remote, though inconceivably beyond our system of fixed stars, composed of a luminous matter, of the nature and destiny of which but a very faint idea is furnished for conjecture. The most remarkable of this kind is that in the sword-handle of Orion; its irregularity of form suggests a resemblance to the head of a monstrous animal, with two horns of unequal lengths, making a considerable angle with each other, the lower one having an easterly direction; an unequal brilliancy occurs throughout, as though one part was formed of accumulated luminous matter, assuming in some places the appearance of solidity. Those parts which mark the outline of the mouth and eye of the fancied animal may be better described by comparing them to deep indented bays, nearly of a quadrangular figure, well defined, and by its brightness giving an intensity to the darkness of the sky that it surrounds, which, in these openings (probably by contrast), appears of an unusual blackness. The brightest part has by no means a uniform aspect, but exhibits an unevenness not unlike fleecy clouds of a scirrhous or mottled appearance, as if undergoing some change of separation. This bright region in some directions is abruptly terminated, and beyond it is seen a fainter region of nebulosity, while other parts gradually fade into that which is more diluted, till it subsides in the gloom of the neighboring sky.

In these regions are several minute stars, one cluster of four, on the bright part, of different colors, arranged in the form of a trapezium; five others in the fainter part of the nebula, in the direction of the southern horn; other stars are scattered in and near the nebula, some of which are surrounded with the same milky luminosi-

ty. One most striking peculiarity is observed relative to these stars, that the nebulous matter seems to recede from them, so as to leave a dark space between it and their brilliant points, as though the stars were either repelling the nebulous matter or absorbing it. This is particularly the case with those that form the trapezium: a similar appearance may be observed in Sagittarius,—a nebula is broken into three parts, forming dark roads through the luminous matter, leading to a centre in which is situated a beautiful double star. On one of the sides of the dark openings before referred to, in the nebula of Orion, are filaments or fibres of light, which appear as if extending themselves to the opposite side; and on the sides of the head, in the direction of the northern horn, are faint streams of light, not unlike the tails of comets: closely adjoining to this nebula are several smaller. The whole sky for several degrees around this constellation is not free from these appearances; two, close together, one of a spindle, the other of a circular form; in the centre of the latter is a small star: a small nebula, at the entrance of one of the dark openings, appears as if drawing together into a star.

This is but an imperfect description of the present appearance of this magnificent phenomenon, as recently seen by Herschel's 20 feet reflecting telescope. There is every reason to believe that it has undergone considerable changes since it was first observed by Huygens, in 1656. A careful comparison of the descriptions and drawings of various astronomers seems to indicate that the bright part of the nebula once extended over a larger space, and that it is gradually receding towards the stars that form the trapezium: similar changes are suspected in other nebulæ: in some instances smaller ones are formed by the decomposition of larger. These mysterious luminous masses of matter may be termed the laboratories of the universe, in which are contained the principles of future systems of suns, planets, sa-

tellites, and other tributary bodies ;— these elements not in awful stagnation, but through the whole one Spirit incessantly operating with sublime, unerring energy,—a process going on which illimitably extends the fields of conjecture, as it slowly urges its awful way through this boundless range—these mighty movements and vast operations. How stupendous the consideration ! Suns so immeasurably distant, that the light of those which are supposed to be contiguous, is three years in traversing the space that separates them ; yet these connected with each other, and innumerable others, on the simple principle of gravitation,—these stars, so numerous, that in the small compass of half a degree, a greater number has been discovered by the telescope, than the naked eye can discern in the whole vault of heaven ; and yet there is ground for the belief that the whole of these millions and millions of stars would melt into a soft tint of light, if supposed to be contemplated from some remote point of space. The

galaxy, (to which belong several stars of the first, second, and other magnitudes,) the cluster in which our sun is placed, if viewed from the bright nebula in the hand of Perseus, would probably appear as an assemblage of telescopic stars, ranged behind each other in boundless perspective. Were we to pursue our flight to that in the girdle of Andromeda,* it would diminish to a milky nebulosity ; and, still further to extend our ideal flight, we should indistinctly perceive it as dimly revealed,—its light being nearly blended with the surrounding gloom, like those uncertain apparitions, which are only occasionally seen in the field of view of a powerful telescope, when the air is refined and serene. How grand is the consideration of the plenitude of space !—no awful void, no dread vacancy, no dreary solitude : incessant streams of light, from myriads of systems, intersecting each other in every direction, and bearing to the boundless realms of creation evidences of creative power, benevolent design, and universal dominion.

VARIETIES.

“ Come, let us stray
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk.”

LORD BYRON.

LORD BYRON'S merits and defects, as a poet, have been largely attributed to the personal temperament that accounts for, and palliates, his personal career. The constitutional irritability which embittered his days, probably gave birth to the pride, sternness, and misanthropy of his style, its love of the darker passions, and its sullen and angry views of human life. But the error was often nobly redeemed by the outbreak of a noble mind, by touches of the finest feeling ; flashes of sunshine through the gloom ; vistas of the rosiest beauty, through a mental wilderness that seemed to have been

bared and blackened in the very wrath of Nature.

Like all men of rank, he had temptations to contend with, that severely try man. Fortune, flattering companionship, and foreign life, were his natural perils ; and we can only lament that, when a few years more might have given him back to his country with his fine faculties devoted to her service, and cheered by true views of human life, his career was closed. His moral system as a poet is founded on the double error, that great crimes imply great qualities ; and that virtue is a slavery. Both maxims palpably untrue ; for crime is so much within

* The nebula in Andromeda is visible to the unassisted eye, and has very much the appearance of a comet, for which there is reason to believe it has recently been mistaken.

human means, that the most stupendous crime may be committed by the most abject of human beings. And common experience shows, that to be superior to our habits and passions is the only true freedom; while the man of the wildest license is only so much the more fettered and bowed down. But on the grave of Byron there can be but one inscription—that living long enough for fame, he died too soon for his country. All hostility should be sacrificed on the spot where the remains of the great poet sleep; and no man worthy to tread the ground will approach it but with homage for his genius, and sorrow that such genius should have been sent to darkness, in the hour when it might have begun to fulfil its course, and, freed from the mists and obliquities of its rising, run its high career among the enlighteners of mankind.

DREAMS.

The exercise of the soul in sleep may be aptly compared to a musician who is so fond of his art that he chooses rather to play on his lute though half untuned, and at the inconvenience of making false music, than to suffer his fingers to become stiff by disuse.

THE CROWN ENGINE OF BOTALLACK.

This is undoubtedly one of the most extraordinary and surprising places in the mining districts of Cornwall, whether considered for the rare and rich assemblage of its minerals, or for the wild and stupendous character of its rock scenery. Surely, if ever a spot seemed to bid defiance to the successful efforts of the miner, it was the site of the Crown Engine at Botallack, where, at the very commencement of his subterranean labors, he was required to lower a steam-engine down a precipice of more than two hundred feet, with the view of extending his operations under the bed of the Atlantic ocean! There is something in the very idea which alarms the imagination; and the situation and appearance of the gigantic machine, together with the harsh jarring of its bolts, echoed from the surrounding rocks,

are well calculated to excite our astonishment. But if you are thus struck and surprised at the scene when viewed from the cliff above, how much greater will be your wonder if you descend to the surface of the mine. You will then behold a combination of the powers of Art, with the wild sublimity of Nature, which is quite unparalleled; the effects of the whole being not a little heightened by the hollow roar of the raging billows, which are perpetually lashing the cliff beneath. In looking up, you will observe troops of mules laden with sacks of coals, for the supply of the engine, with their undaunted riders, fearlessly trotting down the winding path which you trembled at descending even on foot. As you approach the engine, the cliff becomes almost perpendicular, and the ore raised from the mine is therefore drawn up over an inclined plane, by means of a horse-engine placed on the extreme verge of the overhanging rocks above, and which seems to the spectator below as if suspended in "mid air." The workings of this mine extend at least seventy fathoms in length under the bed of the sea; and in these caverns of darkness are many human beings, for a small pittance, and even that of a precarious amount, constantly digging for ore, regardless of the horrors which surround them, and of the roar of the Atlantic ocean, whose boisterous waves are incessantly rolling over their heads. We should feel pity for the wretch who, as an atonement for his crimes, should be compelled to undergo the task which the Cornish miner voluntarily undertakes, and as cheerfully performs; yet such is the force of habit, that very rarely does any other employment tempt him to forsake his own: the perils of his occupation are scarcely noticed, or if noticed are soon forgotten.

MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.

The Academic Society of Metz are forming a library of the books that treat of mechanics, agriculture, and general industry, which are to be lent

out to the workmen of that city. Similar institutions are forming in France.

ANCIENT VALUE OF BOOKS.

We have it from good authority, that about A.D. 1215, the Countess of Anjou paid two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye, for a volume of sermons—so scarce and dear were books at that time; and although the countess might in this case have possibly been imposed upon, we have it, on Mr. Gibbon's authority, that the value of manuscript copies of the Bible, for the use of the monks and clergy, commonly was from four to five hundred crowns at Paris, which, according to the relative value of money at that time and now in our days, could not, at the most moderate calculation, be less than as many pounds sterling at the present day.

SERVANTS.

A fund has been established at Stockholm, for the reward of servants who have distinguished themselves by virtue and fidelity. The King has subscribed 1000 crowns, the Prince Royal 500, and the Princess Royal 300. Would an institution of this nature in other cities be attended by beneficial effects?

ENVY.

In a Polish fable entitled "the Miser and the Envious Man," the latter is represented as obtaining from the gods the favor of being allowed to lose one eye, in order that he may, at the same time, deprive the former of the only eye he had left!

EAST INDIA COMPANY'S FINANCES.

By the last annual account of the financial affairs of the East India Company, laid before Parliament, and made up to the 28th of May last, it appears that the territorial and political debts of the Company amounted to 12,019,657*l.* while the assets on the same branch amounted only to 1,759,361*l.* leaving a deficiency of 10,260,296*l.* The commercial debts, however, of the corporation are stated at 1,596,-

332*l.* while the assets on the same account are 23,552,608*l.* creating a balance in their favor of 21,956,276*l.* It should be observed that among the commercial debts of the company are placed the interest due on their stock and on the bond debt. The amount of the Company's bonds then in circulation, and bearing interest at four per cent. was 3,780,475*l.*; the bonds in circulation not bearing interest was 15,417*l.* The total balance in favor of the Company was 7,900,088*l.*

HOW TO CURE THE SMALLPOX.

In Abyssinia, where this dreadful disease is supposed to have originated, when any person is seized with it, the neighbors surround the house and set fire to it, and consume it with its miserable inhabitants.

The King of Oude has employed all the most celebrated Moonshees in collecting together ancient and rare oriental manuscripts, for immediate publication in the original languages.

IRELAND.

Dividing the population of Ireland into four grand classes, with respect to age, the last census presents to our view the following lamentable picture of the state of a country abounding with every means of industry, and with able and willing hands to cultivate it, in the most civilized period of the world:—Infants of 5 years and under, 1,040,666—one half, at least, badly clothed and fed. Children, from 5 to 15, 1,748,663—1,300,000 destitute of education. Operatives, from 15 to 70, 3,931,660—1,094,845 destitute of employment. Aged, from 70 to 100, 81,191—a great portion of whom are paupers. What claims for employment! What claims for education! not to speak of the claims of the aged and others, totally helpless, as to their own exertions, or any that their kindred (even where they may have kindred) can make for them. Something has been done in the way of employment and education; more is doing: but a thousand times more still remains to be done.





Sensational Lith. Press.

EVENING DRESS. }

WALKING DRESS. }

For Cottages & Atheniums.

SPIRIT

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THE DUELLISTS.

A TALE OF THE "THIRTY YEARS' WAR."

WHILE Lower Saxony was oppressed and exhausted by the Austrian and Bavarian troops in the Thirty Years' War, the circle of Upper Saxony had been preserved for a considerable period from military outrage by the cautious or timid policy of the Elector, John George. At length the advance of the savage Tilly into his states, in consequence of his refusal to recede from the treaty of Leipzie; and the successive captures of Merseburgh, Naumberg, and other places of strength, compelled the Saxon prince to relinquish his temporizing policy, and to embrace the proffered alliance and protection of Gustavus Adolphus. This unexpected accession of strength determined the Swedish monarch to abandon the defensive system he had for some time pursued, and to advance immediately upon Leipzie, which had also opened its gates to the Catholic general. At this dreadful crisis, when intelligence of the rapid advance of Tilly had spread consternation throughout the Electorate, and the dread of Austrian barbarity overbalanced the hope of deliverance by the Swedes, I had been officiating several months as curate in the populous village of B. in Upper Saxony. The atrocious cruelty of Tilly at Magdeburgh was still fresh in our recollection, and the consternation of the villagers impelled them to seek relief from incessant and devout attendance at church. The bells were tolled hourly,

and fervent prayers for divine assistance were succeeded by the sublime hymns of Luther, while around the portrait of the immortal Reformer, large tapers were constantly burning, as before the altar of a saint.

One day, while the congregation was singing with fervent devotion the fine hymn, beginning, "The Lord is a tower of strength," the church door was abruptly thrown open, and a dusty courier, in the Electoral uniform, rushed into the middle aisle. Immediately the organ ceased—the singers were mute, and every head was turned in anxious anticipation of some momentous intelligence. The stranger advanced rapidly to the altar, ascended the steps, waved his hat thrice above his head, and exclaimed in tones of loud and thrilling energy—"Rejoice, my dear fellow Christians, rejoice! The brave Lutherans have conquered—the battle of Leipzie is fought and won—7000 Imperialists lie dead on the field—Tilly has fled—and the great Gustavus Adolphus and his army have returned thanks to God Almighty on their knees."

At this joyful and unexpected intelligence every knee was bent, and every lip moved in thanksgiving; the pealing organ put forth all its volume, and the assembled villagers concluded the hymn with streaming eyes and grateful hearts.

About three weeks after this happy day, I was sitting alone in my humble

apartment, and contemplating with a grateful heart the improved condition and prospects of the great Protestant cause, when a stranger entered the room unannounced, and seated himself opposite to me in silence. His tall person was enveloped in a military cloak—his countenance was bronzed with exposure to sun and storm, and his eyes and forehead were overshadowed by a dragoon-helmet. I gazed for some time upon this mysterious intruder; but my earnest perusal of his features, although it roused some remote reminiscences, led to no satisfactory conclusion, until an arch smile, which curved his well-formed lips, revealed my old friend and fellow student, Seifert. Joyous exclamations of *Dear Charles!* and *Dear Albert!* were followed by a cordial embrace, and many eager inquiries concerning our respective pilgrimages since our separation a few years before at the university of L. My surprise at this unexpected meeting was no little increased when my friend threw aside his cloak. At the university, he was distinguished by the classic elegance of his tall and slender person, by fastidious refinement of mind and manners, by his temperance, diffidence and taciturnity in mixed society, and by his unceasing devotion to study. I now gazed upon a robust and military figure, whose light yellow jacket and polished steel cuirass, announced the Swedish officer of dragoons. His former diffidence of tone and manner had vanished for ever, and was replaced by a loud voice, an air of military frankness, and an imposing self-possession, which however became him well, and developed advantageously his powerful and well cultivated understanding. I congratulated him upon his improved appearance, and upon the rank he had attained in the service of the noble Gustavus.

"I need not explain to you," he replied, with the air of a man who is not ignorant of his own merits, "by what process I have become a captain of dragoons. When the great drama of European politics grows serious, and the

thrones of princes totter beneath them, the sons of nobles, and the minions of kings and ministers, yield to the force of events, and give place to men of talent and energy. At the present time there are few field-officers in active service throughout Germany who have not carried muskets in early life. This rule holds good even in the Imperial and other Catholic states, which are preëminently aristocratic. Tilly and Wallenstein, although of noble birth, are sprung from indigence; as are also Bucquoy and Dampier. Johann von Wert was a peasant; General Beck, a shepherd; Stahlhantsch, a footman; and Field-Marshal Aldringer, a valet-de-chambre."

He now arose, threw open the window, and whistled. This signal was soon explained by the entrance of a tall blue-eyed and fair-haired Swede, who covered my deal table with a napkin of white damask, placed upon it a bottle of wine with two green glasses, and disappeared. Seifert filled two bumpers of costly Hochheimer, and exclaimed with glowing enthusiasm—"Long live Gustavus Adolphus!"

"Since I have known this great and admirable man, Albert," he continued, "I have ceased to indulge my fancy by building models of superhuman excellence. My day-dreams are dissolved, and my understanding and affections are occupied by a splendid reality. What has not the heroic Gustavus conceived and accomplished! A better man, in every sense of the word, walks not the earth; nor has any soldier, of ancient or modern times, made so many discoveries and improvements in military science. The Swedish regiments formerly comprised 3000 men, and were helpless and unwieldy as elephants. By reducing their numbers to 1200, he has enabled them to perform the most complex manœuvres with facility, and to move with the bounding energy of Arabian coursers. Four surgeons of approved skill are attached to each regiment. Before the introduction of this humane and politic improvement, the wounded were left groaning on the field of bat-

tle, a prey to the vulture and the wolf. In the Austrian army there is no provision of this nature ; and Tilly himself, when marked with a Protestant sabre, was obliged to send to Halle for a surgeon. The brigading of troops,—the firing *en pelotons*,—the dragoon service,—the short cannon, which carries farther than a long one,—the new pike,—and the cartridge-box, are but a portion of the inventions which we owe to Gustavus Adolphus. Every field-officer in the Swedish service is a worthy pupil of our heroic master, who fights alike in summer and in winter, and who has proved himself the best engineer of his time, by his skill in the conduct of sieges, batteries and entrenchments. When he drew his sword in the Protestant cause, and advanced like a hurricane into Germany, the military fops of Vienna called him the Snow-King, and predicted that he and his troops would melt in the summer heats. They little knew the formidable enemy they had to encounter. But the more sagacious Tilly shook his head when he heard this favorite jest of the Vienna circles, and was heard to say, that the snow-ball would probably roll up into an avalanche. He had sufficient knowledge of human nature to foresee a possibility, that the fresh and ardent religious zeal of the Swedish and German Protestants would eventually triumph over the worn-out fanaticism of the Catholic soldiery. To return to Gustavus, I could utter volumes in praise of his eloquence, and of the talent displayed in his letters, treaties, and manifestos. His character, in short, exhibits a splendid combination of intrepidity and self-possession ; of temperance and industry ; of affability, clemency, and candor. To crown all, he is a good husband and father, a sound and fervent Christian ; and may I fall into the talons of old Tilly, or of the devil, who is the best of the two, if I would not shed my blood for him as cheerfully as I now pour out a bumper of old Rhine-wine to his health.”

I listened with growing amazement

to my enthusiastic friend, whose language and deportment had experienced a change as striking as the alteration in his person. I could not discern in the martial figure before me a vestige of the modest, taciturn, and temperate youth I had formerly known. The fire of his eyes, and the stern compression of his lips, indicated a resolute and decided character ; his language flowed like a torrent ; and he had so entirely subdued his dislike to the bottle, that, in the ardor of his eulogium, he swallowed successive bumpers, without observing that I had limited myself to a single glass.

After he had entered into some farther details of his military career, he rose to depart, and thus addressed me : “ My object in calling upon you, Albert, was not merely to embrace an old friend, but to make his fortune. You are irrecoverably spoiled for a soldier ; but a king, who pillows his head upon the works of the immortal Grotius, can appreciate learning as well as valor. He loves the book of Grotius on War and Peace, as much as Alexander the Great prized the Iliad of Homer ; and has often declared that he would make this highly gifted man his prime minister, if he would accept the appointment. He has also a fine taste, or, I should rather say, an impassioned feeling for poetry. After the surrender of Elbing, but before the definitive treaty was signed, the King walked into the town unobserved, and purchased the Latin poems of Buchanan. You, Albert, are a scholar and a poet, but, more than all, you are descended from the family of Luther. I have often bantered you for attaching importance to this accident of birth, but I now foresee that it will greatly promote your advancement in life. Gustavus is a zealous Lutheran. He venerates the great Reformer as a second savior ; and he will certainly bestow upon you an honorable appointment when he learns, that, in addition to more solid merits, you are a scion, although but collaterally, of the stock of Luther.—And now, my Albert, *vale, et me ama !*

The moon will be down in an hour, and I must to quarters. We are encamped three leagues from hence, near the small town of R—. The King and his staff occupy the adjacent castle. Visit me the day after to-morrow, and I will introduce you to his Majesty."

With these words he embraced me, and summoned his dragoon. Two noble chargers were brought to my cottage door, and the active riders, vaulting into the saddles, bounded rapidly across the chuchyard path into the high road. The night was still and beautiful; the moon-beams shone brightly upon their nodding plumes and steel cuirasses; and, as I gazed upon their retreating figures, and listened to the loud ring of their sabres and accoutrements, I fancied them two knights of the olden time, sallying forth in quest of nocturnal adventure.

On the morning of the day appointed for my introduction to royalty, I felt a natural impulse to adorn the outward man, and surveyed, with some trepidation, the contents of my scanty wardrobe. Alas! the best coat in my possession displayed a surface more brown than black; and, while endeavoring to improve it with a brush, I discovered more nebulous spots and milky ways than ever met the gaze of astronomer through his telescope. At the risk of giving dire offence to the royal nostrils, I obliterated many of these celestial systems with turpentine, converted an old hat into a new one by the aid of warm beer, took my walking-stick and bundle, and commenced my journey to the Swedish camp.

About a quarter of a league from the town I encountered groups of soldiers, seated at the entrances of tents and cottages. They were men of comely aspect, well clothed, and of peaceable deportment. To an officer of some rank, who inquired my object in approaching the camp, I mentioned the invitation of Seifert. He treated me with the respect due to my sacred office, and in terms of courtesy and kindness told me, that my friend was

quartered near the castle gate. Anticipating a kind and hospitable reception from Seifert, I was no little surprised by his altered look and manner. He was sitting with folded arms, and clouded aspect; and did not immediately reply to my cordial address, nor even acknowledge my presence by look or gesture. At length he coldly replied,

"Good morning, Albert!—Excuse my reception of you, but I thought our appointment had been for to-morrow."

Suddenly the stern expression of his features relaxed into kindness and cordiality; he started from his seat, seized my hand affectionately, and exclaimed, with visible emotion,—

"It is well, however, that you have arrived to-day, for possibly you had not found me in existence to-morrow."

"Good God!" I ejaculated, "what calamity has befallen you, Seifert? Have you by any fault or misfortune lost the royal favor?"

"On the contrary," he replied, with a smile of singular meaning, "the King has just granted me a signal and unprecedented favor."

He then closed the door of his apartment, and continued in a lower tone: "Every human being, Albert, has his weak side, and even a great king is but a man. The failing of our heroic Gustavus is that of inordinate devotion. He is the high-priest as well as the general of his army, and no superannuated devotee can surpass him in praying, weeping, and psalm-singing. I give him full credit for zeal and sincerity, for it is impossible that Gustavus Adolphus can stoop to hypocrisy; but, amongst various unmilitary regulations which have sprung from this religious enthusiasm, he has forbidden duels under penalty of death."

Here I would have interrupted him.

"Excuse me, Albert," he continued, "I know all you would say on the subject; I know that, as a clergyman, you must vindicate this absurdity of Gustavus; but kings and curates are

privileged men. The latter are not very tenacious of the point d'honneur; and when a king is insulted, he wages combat on a large scale, and arrays nation against nation to avenge his private quarrels. For instance, what was the battle of Leipzig but a duel between Gustavus Adolphus and Ferdinand III., or rather Maximilian of Bavaria? I must, however, do him the justice to acknowledge that he has at length relaxed the severity of this regulation, and has permitted me to measure swords with Captain Barstrom; but on condition that the duel shall take place in the baronial hall of the castle, and in presence of the king and his staff-officers. The gallery will be open to the public, and I will procure you a good seat and an intelligent companion, that you may have the pleasure of seeing me avail myself of his Majesty's gracious permission to humble the pride and insolence of my opponent. You are a classical man, Albert, and may readily suppose that you are beholding a mortal combat of gladiators, for the encounter will only terminate with the death of one or both. In return for this gratification," he added, with a careless smile, "you must pledge yourself to read the service of the dead over my remains, should I fall, and to compose for me a Latin epitaph in flowing hexameters. And now, my beloved Albert, farewell. I must go and apparel, for it would be a breach of etiquette to perform tragedy before spectators of such exalted rank in any but full dress."

"Strange being!" I here impatiently exclaimed, "you speak of a deadly combat as you would of a pageant! Cease this unhallowed levity, and tell me in plain language what is the nature of this insult, which can only be atoned for by the sacrifice of human life!"

"Last night at supper," he replied, "Barstrom called me a German coxcomb, and I returned the compliment by calling him a Swedish bear. A defiance to mortal combat immediately ensued; the king's consent was obtained, and this day will prove whe-

ther the bear shall give the coxcomb a mortal squeeze, or be compelled to dance to the coxcomb's fiddle."

With these words he left the apartment, and shortly returned with a Saxon subaltern of mature age and intelligent physiognomy. He told him to accompany me to the gallery of the castle-hall, and to procure for me a commodious seat. Thunderstruck at this intelligence, I left the quarters of Seifert, and approached the castle gate in silent consternation. My companion gave me a look full of humorous meaning, and remarked, while he offered me a pinch of snuff,—

"All this is, doubtless, above your comprehension, reverend sir! It is almost above mine, although I have lived above half a century, and have made some use of my opportunities. Perhaps, however, you, who have studied at the university, can explain to me why no man likes to be called by his proper name. I have known Captain Seifert for a twelvemonth—I have seen him in battle—and, God knows! he wields his sabre as well as he does his tongue, which is no small praise, because he surpasses most men in wit and knowledge; but I maintain, nevertheless, that he is somewhat of a coxcomb. Captain Barstrom is also a man of distinguished bravery, and he had once the good fortune to save the king's life, but in manner he is a wild beast; and why he should take offence at the very characteristic appellation of a 'Swedish bear,' puzzles me exceedingly."

I followed my conductor into the gallery, which was crowded with citizens, who readily, however, made way for me and my escort, and we gained a position commanding a good view of the arena below. The royal guards, a fine body of men, in light blue coats and steel cuirasses, lined both sides of the spacious hall, and their polished battle-axes flashed brightly from the tops of their long black lances.

"I suppose," said I to my companion, "that these fine body-guards are the King's favorite regiment?"

"Gustavus is a father to all his

soldiers," answered the subaltern ; "and incredible as it may appear to you, he knows personally almost every Swede in his army, has conversed with most of them, and addressed them even by name. The entire Swedish force is as well equipped as the men before you. On this point the munificent Gustavus differs widely from Corporal Skeleton, as he always calls Tilly. The old Bavarian maintains that a polished musket and a ragged soldier set off each other. The Swedish monarch studies the health and comfort of his soldiers collectively, and indulges no preference for the guards. Indeed he has often been heard to say that he trusted not in body-guards, but in the Providence of God."

During this discussion, the castle hall had become gradually crowded with officers in Swedish and Saxon uniforms. Suddenly the loud clash of spurs and voices ceased, and was succeeded by a deep and respectful silence. The lofty folding-doors were thrown open, and with a beating heart and aching eye-balls I awaited a first view of the mighty Gustavus. A tall man entered the hall, spare in body but stout and muscular in limb. His forehead was lofty and commanding, his eye-brows were prominent and bushy, and his nose had the curve of a hawk's. Good feeling and intelligence were finely blended in his physiognomy ; but the powerful glance of his deep-set eyes was softened and shaded by an expression of settled melancholy. He saluted right and left with much urbanity, proceeded to the upper end of the hall, and stood with folded arms and abstracted gaze, evidently unconscious of the passing scene.

"That is a personage of high rank," I observed ; "but it cannot be the king. I have understood that Gustavus is robust in person, and has a full and jovial countenance."

"That field-officer," replied the subaltern, "is the king's right arm, the admirable Gustavus Horn, whose division was immediately opposed to

Tilly in the battle of Leipzie. He is at once a terrible warrior and a noble-minded man. I could relate many instances of his humanity and forbearance."

"But why," said I, "that expression of sadness in his countenance?"

"He has recently lost an excellent wife and two lovely children," answered my companion, "by a contagious malady. He clasped their dead bodies in a long embrace, and sent them in a silver coffin to Sweden for interment.—But you must not overlook the Chancellor Oxenstiern, the tall and majestic figure approaching General Horn. Observe his fine open countenance, exactly what the Italians call a *viso sciolto*. He is no Cardinal Richelieu—no Machiavel ; and yet as cunning as the devil. He is of a mild and tranquil temperament, and affords a noble proof that an honest man may be a clever fellow. Observe how cordially he presses the hand of his son-in-law, and endeavors to console him. The wife of Gustavus Horn was his favorite daughter, but his grief for her loss is not outwardly visible. The king, who is a man of quick feelings, could not refrain from remarking this singular composure on so trying an occasion, and called him a cold-blooded animal. But what think you was the chancellor's reply? 'If my cold blood did not occasionally damp your majesty's fire, the conflagration would become inextinguishable.' Gustavus did not hesitate a moment to acknowledge the justice of the remark, nor does any man in Sweden better understand the value of Oxenstiern's cool judgment and comprehensive understanding. Had the chancellor's feelings been more acute and obvious, his mind would have been proportionably deficient in that consummate power and self-balance which have enabled him to accomplish so much for his king and country.—Look at that impetuous young soldier, who is striding rapidly up the hall—I mean the one whose locks are combed half over his forehead, after the newest mode, instead of being brushed upwards in the

lion-fashion, like the hair of Gustavus and the chancellor."

"Hah!" I exclaimed, "that is my own illustrious sovereign, Prince Bernard of Weimar. I have often met him, when we were children, on the stairs of Luther's tower near Eisenach, and he always honored me with a friendly greeting. He has shot up into manly strength and beauty; and, if I read correctly his impatient gesture and flashing eye, he is a man of daring and impetuous character."

"Right!" answered the subaltern. "He is young and inexperienced; but there are within him all the elements of another Gustavus. Observe how eagerly he approaches General Horn, and how cordially he embraces him. The general has many claims upon the esteem of this headlong youth, who has sometimes in the field dared to dispute the judgment and the orders of the veteran commander; but at length saw his errors, and redeemed them nobly, by proving himself soldier enough to submit to his superior in rank, and man enough to acknowledge in public his own rashness and inexperience."

"Who is that grave-looking field-officer," I inquired, "who has just entered, and is so cordially saluted by every one?"

"Ah, my good and reverend sir!" exclaimed the old man, "you see there a striking proof of the great advantages of war over peace, and especially in the Swedish service. In peaceable times, the signal merits of that man would not have raised him from obscurity. He is Colonel Stahlhantsch, a Finlander. In his youth he was a footman, and now he is the equal in military rank, and the personal friend of Duke Bernard. But he is a highly-gifted man, and, amongst other accomplishments, is well acquainted with the English language. He gained this knowledge when in the service of Sir Patrick Ruthven, and it has enabled him to render some valuable aid to the king, who speaks German, French, Italian, and Latin, as

fluently as his native tongue, but is ignorant of English."

My companion was here interrupted by the loud cheers of a numerous assemblage in the castle-yard. The window being immediately behind us, we had only to reverse our position to obtain a good view of the spacious enclosure, crowded with a dense mass of human beings. The pressure was terrific, and yet no soldiers were employed to clear the way for the approaching monarch and his retinue. The assembled people showed their sense of this forbearance, by uncovering their heads, and giving way respectfully as he advanced. I now beheld a large man on horseback, plainly attired in a suit of grey cloth. He had a green feather in his hat, and was mounted on a large spotted white horse, of singular beauty and magnificent action. I required no prompting to tell me that this was the Great Gustavus.

"Behold!" exclaimed my cicerone, "how slowly he rides across the castle-yard. He is afraid that his mettlesome courser may injure the thoughtless children perpetually crossing his path; and, being near-sighted, he shades his eyes with his hand."

"The king is very plainly attired," I remarked; "but a man so distinguished by nature needs not the aid of dress. His features are finely moulded and full of dominion; but his person, although majestic and imposing, is somewhat too corpulent."

"Not an ounce too much of him," replied somewhat abruptly the subaltern. "He is not a heavier man than the heroic Charlemagne, or Rolf the Galloper, who founded the powerful state of Normandy; and in activity of body and mind he is at least their equal."

Unwilling to irritate this partizan of Gustavus by pursuing the subject, I remarked the uncommon beauty of the king's horse.

"A fine horse," he replied, "is the hobby of Gustavus, and by the indulgence of this foible he has too often

exposed to imminent peril a life on which hinges the fate of Protestant Europe. On all occasions, and even in important engagements, he persists in riding horses easily distinguishable from all others. A few days before the battle of Leipzig, a horse-dealer brought into the camp a noble charger, very peculiarly marked and colored. This fellow was a spy employed by the base and cowardly Austrians, who calculated that Gustavus would ride this fine animal in the approaching engagement, and become an easy mark for their bullets."

"And who," I inquired, "is that broad-shouldered hero, with a clear, dark complexion, accompanied by a fine youth in the garb of a student?"

"That man of bone and muscle," he replied, "is the brave and chivalrous Banner, a name admirably characteristic of the man. He is truly a living standard, and, in the wildest tumult of the battle, stands firm as a castle-tower, rallies around him the bewildered soldiers, and leads them on again to combat and to victory. His noble daring cannot, however, be unknown to you. How much I regret that I cannot also show you those valiant soldiers, Collenburg and Teufel. Alas! They fell on the field of Leipzig."

During these details, the king had entered the hall, and taken a chair upon a raised platform at the upper end; his chancellor and staff-officers standing on each side of him. Suddenly the lively and beautiful march, which had greeted the entrance of Gustavus, ceased; the king nodded to the band, and the wind instruments began to play the solemn dead-march, usually performed when a condemned officer is going to execution. The large folding-doors again opened, and two black coffins were brought in by soldiers, moving in slow time to the saddening music, and followed by a tall and harsh-looking man, with uncovered head and vulgar features. He wore a red cloak, which but partially concealed a glittering blade of unusual breadth, and resembling ra-

ther a surgical instrument than a weapon. "What does all this portend?" I eagerly inquired from my old companion, who had hitherto answered all my queries with singular intelligence, and in language far above his apparent condition. Without, however, removing his eager gaze from this singular spectacle below, he briefly answered; "those are two coffins, and that man with the red cloak and sword is the provost-marshal." The coffins were placed in two corners of the hall, the headsman retreated behind the body-guards, the music ceased, and Gustavus spoke to the following effect, with an impressive dignity of look, voice, and language, which no time will erase from my recollection.

"My beloved soldiers and friends! It is well known to you, that after mature deliberation with my faithful counsellors and field-officers, I have forbidden duels in my army, under pain of death to the offending parties. My brave generals expressed their entire approval of this regulation, and recorded their unanimous opinion, that there is no essential connexion between duelling and the true honor of a soldier, and that a conscientious avoidance of single combat is perfectly consistent with heroic courage and an elevated sense of honor.

"The soldier must be animated by a just cause, or his courage is worthless as the embroidery of his uniform; an ornament, but not a virtue. During the middle ages, the practice of duelling was perhaps expedient, to counterbalance the enormous evils which grew out of a lawless state of society; and it must be allowed, that the rude and chivalrous habits of that savage period, were redeemed by no small portion of honorable and devotional feeling. Let us then prefer the substance to the shadow, and model our conduct by the better qualities of our ancestors, instead of copying their romantic exaggerations and absurdities. The lawless days of chivalry are gone by. They have been succeeded throughout Christian Europe by settled governments and institutions, which,

however imperfect, afford comparative security to person and property. Why then will civilized men cling to the savage customs of a savage period? And why are we Protestants? Why are we in arms against Catholics? Is it not solely because they forbid us to keep pace with an improved state of knowledge, civil and religious? Some of you will perhaps contend, that an occasional duel is favorable to discipline and good manners; but, are you prepared to prove that the Catholic officers, who fight duels with impunity, bear any comparison with mine in urbanity and discipline? And do you attach any value to that base and cowardly complaisance, which springs from the fear of death? Believe me, gentlemen, in a well disciplined army, there will always be an immense majority of brave men, whose courtesy is prompted by good feeling and common sense; and, where the great majority is civilized, rudeness becomes the exception to the rule, and meets with merited contempt and avoidance. Why then will even men of tried courage apply a remedy so strong as mortal combat to an evil so trivial?"

Here Gustavus paused, and fixed his eagle-eyes upon the duellists, who stood with folded arms and sullen mien, in the centre of the hall. Their very souls seemed to quail under his searching glance; their eyes fell, and the dark red hue of conscious guilt suffused their cheeks and foreheads. The royal orator resumed.

"And yet we this day behold two officers of acknowledged bravery, who have yielded to this insane impulse, and who perhaps flatter themselves, that their readiness to stake life will excite admiration and astonishment. I had given them credit for better heads and better hearts, and I lament exceedingly their infatuation. There are some individuals, whose gloomy and ferocious temperament betrays their natural affinity to the tiger and the hyena; whose pride is not ennobled by a spark of honorable feeling; whose courage is devoid of generosity; who have no sympathies in common

with their fellow-men; and who find a horrible gratification in hazarding their lives, to accomplish the destruction of any one whose enjoyment of life, health, and reason, is greater than their own. I thank the Almighty that this demoniacal spirit prevails not in my army; and should it unfortunately animate any of my soldiers, they have my free permission to join the gipsy-camps of Tilly and Wallenstein."

The Swedish generals here exchanged looks and nods of proud gratification, and Prince Bernard of Weimar, whose fine eyes flashed with ungovernable delight, advanced a step towards the royal orator, as if he would have expressed his approbation by a cordial embrace. Controlling, however, with visible effort, this sudden impulse, he resumed his place. Meanwhile, the king exchanged a glance of friendly intelligence with his chancellor, and continued in a tone of diminished severity.

"You will probably, gentlemen, charge me with inconsistency in thus sanctioning a public duel, after my promulgation of a general order against the practice of duelling. There are, however, peculiar circumstances connected with this duel, to explain which, and to vindicate myself, I have requested your presence on this occasion. The gentlemen before you, Captains Barstrom and Seifert, are well known as officers of high and deserved reputation. Barstrom has evinced heroic courage on many occasions, and he saved my life in the Polish war, when I was bareheaded and surrounded, Sirot having struck off my iron cap, which heretic head-gear the Austrians sent as a trophy to Loretto. I knighted Barstrom on the field of battle; and, relying upon his good sense and moderation, I promised to grant him a free boon. He never availed himself of this pledge until yesterday, when he solicited my permission to meet Captain Seifert in single combat.

"Seifert has studied chivalry at German universities, and to good pur-

pose, if we may judge from the brilliant valor which made him a captain on the field of Leipzig. He has endeavored to prove to me, by numerous Greek and Latin scraps, that I ought to sanction this duel; but it would not be difficult to bring forward old Homer himself in evidence, that the Greeks were not very fastidious in points of etiquette. For instance, Achilles called Agamemnon "a drunkard, with the look of a dog, and the valor of a deer." Seifert, however, is not a man to be influenced by either classical or Christian authorities; his reason lies in prostrate adoration before the shrine of false honor, that Moloch of the dark ages, around which the chivalry of that period danced, until their giddy brains lost the faculty of distinguishing right from wrong.

Thus solemnly pledged to two irreconcilable obligations, how can I extricate myself from a predicament so embarrassing? I have exhausted my powers of reasoning and persuasion in vain endeavors to accomplish a reconciliation. My promise of a free boon to Barstrom I cannot honorably retract; nor can I, for his sake, infringe upon the salutary law so long established. Happily one alternative remains. These misguided men are determined to fight, and, if possible, to destroy each other. Be it so! Their savage propensities shall be gratified, and I will witness their chivalrous courage and heroic contempt of life.—Now, gentlemen! draw, and do your worst! Fight until the death of one shall prove the other the better swordsman; but, mark well the consequence! Soon as one of you is slain, my executioner shall strike off the head of the other. Thus my pledge to Barstrom will be redeemed, and the law against duelling will remain inviolate."

Here Gustavus ceased to speak;—the solemn dead-march was repeated by the band, the coffins were brought nearer to the duellists, and the grim-visaged executioner again came into view, with his horrible weapon. At this awful moment I beheld Seifert

and Barstrom suddenly rush forward, throw themselves at the feet of Gustavus, and supplicate for mercy.

"Mercy depends not upon me, but upon yourselves," mildly replied the king, as soon as the band had ceased. "If you do not fight, the executioner will find no occupation here." These words were accompanied by a glance at the headsman, who immediately quitted the hall by a side door. "But if you are sincerely desirous," continued Gustavus, "to regain the good opinion of the brave men and good Christians here assembled, you will at once relinquish every hostile feeling, and embrace each other as friends."

The duellists instantly flew into each other's arms. Gustavus raised his folded hands and kingly features in devotional feeling towards heaven, and the chancellor gave a signal to the band, which played a fine hymn on reconciliation and brotherly love. I now heard, with inexpressible delight, the King, Oxenstiern, Horn, Banner, Stahlhantsch, and Prince Bernard, with the assembled officers and guards, singing the impressive verses of Luther, with beautiful accuracy of time and tone. The magnificent bass of Gustavus Adolphus was easily distinguishable by its organ-like fulness and grandeur; it resembled the deep low breathing of a silver trumpet, and although forty years have rolled over my head since I heard it, the rich and solemn tones of the royal singer still vibrate upon my memory.

The hallowed feeling spread through hall and gallery, and every one who could sing joined with fervor in the sacred song. Even my old subaltern, whose voice was painfully harsh and unmusical, drew from his pocket a hymn book and a pair of copper spectacles; his tones were tremulous and discordant, but, in my estimation, his musical deficiencies were amply redeemed by the tears which rolled abundantly down his hollow and time-worn cheeks.

Thus was this terrible camp-scene converted, as if by miracle or magic, into a solemn, and, surely, an acceptable service of the Almighty.

FOLLY.

"Fools are the daily work
Of Nature, her vocation. If she form
A man, she loses by it, 'tis too expensive ;
'Twould make ten fools."—*Dryden's Ædipus.*

"Agamemnon is a fool, Achilles is a fool, Thersites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool."—*Shakspeare.*

WHY is it that all the world are so bitter against fools ? They are the great staple of the creation, and they are the work of God, "as well as better men." Of the mass of mankind, the larger part are fools all over ; and the rest differ only in having their folly variegated by an occasional vein of wisdom, hardly more than sufficient for preventing themselves from burning their fingers ; and this, too, is often of that bastard sort which is more appropriately designated by the name of cunning. Even the wisest of mankind pay their due tribute to Nemesis, and exhibit occasional touches of folly, which set the duller souls staring by its exaggerated absurdity. Happy, indeed, is it for them that this is the case ; for, without some such protecting infirmity, they would be put out of all relation to their fellow-creatures. The faultless monsters would be as much displaced in society, as a frog in a bottle of carbonic acid, or Liston in a Quakers' meeting.

Folly is the rule of Nature, and wisdom but the exception ; and to complain of it is to "complain you are a man." The outcry against folly is a mere rebellion against Heaven. It shows an utter want of self-knowledge, or a contemptible affectation. In one word, it is no better than sheer cant, and ought, like all other cant, to be put down by general acclamation. Providence makes nothing in vain ; and the bare fact of this multiplicity of fools should lead, by the shortest route, to a conviction that they are a very useful, and therefore a very respectable class of personages. Those, however, who are deeply versed in the philosophy of human life, will make no difficulty in acknowledging (*sub rosâ*, be it understood) that the whole scheme of Nature is based on the folly of mankind ;

and that two grains more of common-sense in the composition of the animal would have ruined the entire concern, and have rendered the physical organization of the species unfitted for the world it was destined to inhabit. The whole state and condition of civilized society, at least, is built upon the single relation of folly to dupery ; and unless one were mad enough to desire, with Jean Jacques, a return to simple savagery, one must look with complacency upon this *sine qua non* of the social system. The exclusive end of all government is but a sort of game law to keep fools (under the pretext of protecting them from the inroads of unlicensed knaves) in a preserve for the *battus* of the regular sportsmen. A community of sheer rogues would destroy itself, like two millstones moving without the intervention of a material to be ground. A nation of fools would be devoured by their neighbors ; but a society compounded of the two, with a proper intermixture of those who are, in their own persons, an happy mixture of both, is admirably qualified for the maintenance of "social order, and the relations of civilized life." Folly is therefore the ultimate cause of all that is brilliant and elevated in social polity. Without fools, we should have neither kings, nor bishops, nor judges, nor generals, nor police magistrates, nor constables ; or, at least, if such things existed, they would be constituted so differently from those which at present bear the name, that they would no longer be worthy of it. They would be stripped of all the sublime and beautiful in which they now rejoice ; and the polished Corinthian capital would be divested of the better part of its gilding and ornament. There would be no sinecures, no pensions, no reversionary

grants, no proconsular colonies, and no close boroughs to claim them; nothing, in short, to distinguish men from the beasts of the field! This is the very touchstone of political science; and yet men go on abusing the blockheads and dolts, as if they were a superfluity in nature, and a let and an hindrance to the public at large. But the matter does not stop here. Banish folly from the intellectual complex, and the major part even of the honester callings must cease and be abandoned. The world would become little better than one vast tub of Diogenes, and its population would be as unaccommodated and as idle as the people of Ireland. If the simple desire of fencing out the inclemency of the elements alone presided over the choice of our habiliments, and nothing were granted to folly and ostentation, what would become of the tailor, and of the milliner and mantua-maker? It is folly and vanity that render these trades a means of genteel livelihood to so many worthy citizens; and without them the Stultizes and the Herbots would pine in the same hopeless obscurity as the vilest country botch. How little of the twenty yards of silk which my wife assures me is *indispensable* to the building of a decent evening dress, belong to wisdom and propriety; and how much is dedicated, under the names of *gigots*, *volans à dent*, *ruches*, and *furbelos*, to the service of folly! How little of the stupendous and complicated piece of architecture, called a bonnet, depends upon the capacity of the head which bears it. The helmet of the Castle of Otranto is but a type of its marvellous disproportion. Like the interior of St. Peter's at Rome, the first aspect of it overwhelms the spectator with a deep sense of awe, and impresses him with as full a conviction as death itself, of the microcosm of man.

With respect to the other great essential of life, the eating and the drinking, folly is no less predominant. Not that I am insensible to the advan-

tages of good cookery, or disposed to set down the labors of Messrs. Ude, and Kitchener (peace to his manes!) among the vanities of vanity. On the contrary, I believe most potently in the truth of that proverb which teaches, that when Divine Providence gave to man the fruits of the earth and the inhabitants of the three elements to make out a dinner, the devil, with a corresponding malice, dragged into upper air that quintessential spoil-sport, a bad cook. "He who does not mind his belly," said Doctor Johnson, the Magnus Apollo of all Church and State maxim-mongers and moralists, will hardly mind anything."* To be indifferent to what one eats, is not to know right from wrong; and is one of the few species of folly, which is bad in itself, and deserving of universal vituperation. I speak not then of salmis and fricandeaux, and of the other essentials of a good table, but of those numerous inventions for pleasing the eye at the expense of the stomach,—the temples, the flowers, the figures, the carmels, and, above all, of that giant abuse, the plateau, whose ponderous and massive vastness feeds nothing but the pride and vanity of the ostentatious owner. Of the hundreds of articles which go to the set-out of a formal dinner-table, and which occupy the entire morning of a butler and a pantry-boy to display, how few, how very few administer to the real comfort of the meal! Yet, were these not in demand, an host of industrious persons would be thrown out of employment. Then again it would be a sore day for the tobacconist, if mankind were given only to the essentials of a cigar, a pinch of blackguard, or a quid of pigtail. Drive out Folly with her fifty guinea meerscham, her highly ornamented mull, her cherry sticks, and her ruinously extravagant hookah, and the poor tradesman would starve. The kindred shop of the perfumer affords another illustration of the same verity. It is not the Windsor soap and the toothbrush that enable the

* Boswell's Life.

shopkeeper to drive his curricie and to sport his villa. These he owes to the essences, the atars, the scents, and the cosmetics, which are dedicated to the service of Folly, together with the gold and silver *nécessaires* that are anything but necessary to the beaux, who cannot travel a step without them. But it would be ungenerous to push this matter farther. That reader must be far beyond the average folly, which is the subject of this paper, who cannot draw a general conclusion from the foregoing particulars, and satisfy himself that commerce would cease with the existence of fools; and consequently that they are of the last necessity to that complex, which is the pride, boast, and prosperity of the summary of all perfection, the model of all civilization, the type of all morality,—Old England. The utility of fools in the various departments of literature is a mystery of a more recondite nature. You, however, know, Mr. Editor, and so do Messrs. Colburn and Murray, that they are the best customers of the trade. Without fools there would be no watering-places, and without watering-places there would be no circulating libraries worth mentioning; without circulating libraries there would be no fashionable novels, no light poetry, no squibs, no autobiography, and (tell it not in Gath) no reviews and magazines; and without all these there would be no authors nor booksellers—miserable sorites! The handsomest and the best books (in the bookseller's sense of the word) are got up exclusively for the fools. Without the aid of fools, both as purchasers and as authors too, there would be no embroiling of the sciences, no factions in literature, no party politics, no angry polemics, no Kantism, no animal magnetism, no phrenology, no eternal disputes on corn and currency; the paper-makers might stop there mill-wheels, and the pressmen be placed under the command of a lieutenant of the navy. Without foolish authors criticism would perish for want of its proper pabulum, or at most a blue and yellow octavo would be called for once

or so in a century. Without fools the journalists would be no less distressed. There would be no leading articles, no exciting slanders, no slang descriptions of the beastly chivalry of the prize ring, no lengthy columns concerning captivating swindlers and interesting cut-throats; no canting narrations of *fêtes*, nor servile sycophantic pratings of the whereabouts of royal infants, of boating-parties, poney-chaises, of lords in waiting, and “ladies of the domestic circle,” and, worst of all, there would be no advertisements, no poetic advocacy of white champagne and black polish, no surgical moralizing concerning “the morning of life and the delusions of passion,” no invitations to single ladies of decent competence to marry felons, no notices of tradesmen leaving off business, or of savings of full fifty per cent. in the purchase of calicoes. This multiplicity of advertisements proves to demonstration that the English are the greatest fools under the sun; and are they not the most prosperous of people, the envy of surrounding nations, and the admiration of the entire world?

What more would you have? An adequate supply of fools, moreover, is highly important in a political sense, as the raw materials of standing armies so urgently necessary to society as the first elements of modern government. Poverty and gin, indeed, might go far in raising the necessary contingent of common soldiers, to be shot at and knocked on the head at sixpence per diem. But it would be difficult, I think, to persuade wise men of princely fortunes to forego their ease and independence, and risk their capital in commissions and often-changed accoutrements, for the mere pleasure of strutting about in laced clothes and fur caps, like our sucking cornets and ensigns. The multiplicity of fools, too, is the joyful occasion of the present flourishing condition of the practice of physic. To the folly of mankind, medicine is indebted, at once, for half the diseases on which it operates, and for the fame of its principal remedies. A well-stored apotheca-

ry's shop is a standing monument of human credulity and imbecility; and the blue or pink bottle in its illuminated window is a Pharos shining over the sunken rocks of the owner's shallow qualifications. Among the rich variety of its accumulated disgusto, there are, at most, some half dozen or dozen drugs which skill can turn to account. The rest are never better than the innocuous instruments of fool-catching: too often they are either positively or negatively poisons, in the hands of that empiricism which sets colleges and corporations at defiance. Not, indeed, that the worst quacks are always to be found among men divested of diplomas, or those who disguise the implements of their trade beneath the mystery of a three-halfpenny stamp. No two things can be more distinct than the trade and the profession of physic. The professor administers to the maladies of the patient; the trader to his passions. The professor acquires skill by anatomizing the dead; the trader thrives by cutting up the living. If to flattery and slander he adds a good dash of hypocrisy, and proves his competence in medicine by his progress in theology, his fortunes are made. The fools fall to his share, and he thrives; while the professor, in possession of the wise men, starves by inches upon their custom, and dies in disappointment. In law, likewise,—but why mention law? Its luxuries are too expensive for ordinary indulgence; and, after all, it is only the very greatest of fools that voluntarily rush into its labyrinths: it is the rogue who usually commences litigation. Besides, law is only another name for gaming; and as throwing dice is the gayest mode of trusting to chance, it will probably soon supersede the law altogether. In politics, the utility of fools is unbounded. Without their general interposition between the

rogues who lead parties, the latter would come into such close contact, that questions would be settled, one way or other, without delay; and the world would at least lose the amusement of a protracted struggle: and, farther, without the particular intervention of fools, to do the dirty work of politics, and to hazard measures of which the most barefaced villany would be ashamed, policy would be cut off from half its best means, and from all the applause which attends a successful stroke. We all know that this class of persons rush in where wise men fear to go, and are therefore especially formed by nature for fulfilling the functions of a cat's-paw. But why enlarge on this subject? Twenty folio volumes would not exhaust it. Nay, are the Statutes at large anything else than one vast text-book on the political utility of fools?

Considering the boundless advantages of folly, and the corresponding bounty of Providence in keeping up the stock of fools, it may readily be presupposed that their condition is by no means without its comforts; and the fact corresponds with the presumption. There is no one in life so thoroughly self-satisfied as your thorough fool. It is the miserable prerogative of reason to bring us acquainted with the rich variety of our miseries, and with the empty nothingness of the objects on which humanity fixes its desires. The highest flight of wisdom is to lash the mind to a stoical patience of suffering, and, by bringing a conviction of the realities of life, of their necessity, and their inevitability, to screw our courage to the sticking-place, and inspire us with a becoming resignation. The fool, on the contrary, sees nothing of all this.*

Folly, says the Greek tragedian, makes the sweetest life, and, of all

* As the old song of J. Miller, 1744, abundantly testifies.

A fool enjoys the sweets of life,
Unwounded by its cares;
His passions never are at strife,
He hopes, not he, nor fears.

If Fortune smile, as smile she will,
Upon her booby brood,
The fool anticipates no ill,
But reaps the present good.

evils, is the least painful;* and Champfort justly remarks, that Nature in pity relieves us from the load of existence when the passions cease to blind us to the evils by which it is surrounded. Who ever heard of a fool committing suicide, or staining himself with any of the greater crimes which spring from intensity of feeling? The French, before the Revolution, had an exalted but false idea of the philosophy of the English, and this justifies another of their prejudices respecting our tendency to melancholy. However good it may be to be merry and wise, the union of the two is by no means so easy to effect. The Quakers are remarkable for their sense and practical wisdom; but are they not at the same time the muzziest mortals in existence? Your man of wit laughs only when he has a good cause; but the fool laughs at everything—at anything—at nothing. Our ancestors, whose wisdom is proverbial, and is only called in question by Jacobins and innovators, were thrown upon professional fools or jesters for their merriment. They were too staid and grave a race to venture upon a laugh of their own raising; whereas we moderns, who are too silly to stir a step in safety without their guidance, keep up the circulation of the blood by endless laughing at our own jokes and our neighbors' absurdities. It is then a most merciful dispensation of Providence that multiplies fools, and confines within the narrowest limits those who must either burst with indignation at triumphant villany, or pine into atrophy at the aspect of human misery. The superiority of folly is observable in the fact, that the greatest geniuses are glad to take occasional refuge in fooling. It is also well worthy of remark, that the rich and the noble, who may command their own company, seldom surround

themselves with associates of high intellectual powers, but give a marked preference to those least able to set the Thames on fire. If, from a misplaced vanity, an individual among them now and then is ambitious of appearing clever himself, and seeks to open his table to the lettered, the scientific, and the deep thinker, his choice more frequently stumbles upon some blue-stocking pretender or charlatan, some wholesale dealer in solemn plausibilities, or worthy blockhead, whose accidental acquirements serve only to render his native folly more saliently conspicuous. He who would get on in the world, must sedulously hide from it his superiority. The man of merit, who makes too open a display of his abilities, is distrusted and hated. He *must be* dissatisfied, and therefore is dangerous. It is not the dull and the silly who breed revolutions, but that sect, hated of gods and men, the philosophers. Their knowledge is disaffection, and their science infidelity. Had there been no geniuses in France, the world would not have groaned under the oppression of a Bonaparte, and that nation would have enjoyed to all eternity the mild, benignant, and paternal sway of the Bourbons.

It is not then wonderful that the wisest governments lay themselves so deliberately out for captivating the good graces of fools. For their benefit, the most expensive ceremonies are instituted; for them, fasts are proclaimed, kings' speeches laboriously conned by heart, Antijacobin and Quarterly Reviews written, ribbons and medals multiplied, and State-trumpeters hired; for their especial amusement, robes and jewels are called into play, and maces surcharged with the very best double gilding. If none but clever persons were to be consulted, there would be no occasion for late debates,

Or should, through love of change, her wheels
Her fav'rite bantling cross,
The happy fool no anguish feels,
He weighs nor gains nor loss.
When knaves o'erreach, and friends betray,
Whilst men of sense run mad,

Fools, careless, whistle on and say,
'Tis silly to be sad.

Since free from sorrow, fear, and shame,
A fool thus fate defies,
The greatest folly I can name
Is to be over-wise.

* Ajax Mastigophorus.

tedious explanations of ministerial squabbles, annual budgets, or even for the very expensive farce of Parliamentary votes. The *sic volo sic jubeo* of a Wellington would answer all the purpose, as it does of that other fool-trap, a responsible Cabinet. What, indeed, is diplomacy itself, and the whole code of international law, but a deferential sacrifice to the folly of mankind. This consideration contains the philosophy of Oxenstiern's celebrated axiom, and satisfactorily explains why fools in general make the best ministers. They sympathize with the public for whom they act, and the public sympathizes with them; and they instinctively hit upon the measures which are suited to the intellectual calibre of the majority. They never, by the brilliancy of their conceptions, disturb the settled order of things, nor, by putting mankind upon thinking, disturb their digestion, and force them upon the most disagreeable of the functions of life. James, the most foolish of all possible kings, maintained his empire in peace for a long series of years, and laid the foundation of that national development which placed England among

the first class of nations, or rather put it at the head of European civilization: whereas the clever rogues, the Fredericks, the Louis the Fourteenth, the Francisces, and the Charles the Fifths, embroiled their hands incessantly in the blood of their fellow-creatures, and made misery for their subjects. If then, gentle reader, you are not too wise, if you are more worthy of Gotham than of Athens, set yourself down without hesitation as among the privileged order of society. Hold up your head at the highest; set yourself unblushingly in the high places; and laugh to scorn, as an honest man should do, every one who presumes on his intellectual superiority, and has the insolent pretension to think himself better, because he is wiser, than his neighbors, and has got the start of the age in which he lives. Decry talents hardily; neglect genius superciliously; vote illumination a bore, and consistency a mark of the beast; and above all, as far as your interest and patronage extend, be sure to shut out from preferment all manner of persons who are so unfitted for place or distinction, as not either to be, or at least affect to be, downright fools.

I THINK OF THEE.

I THINK of thee, in the night
When all beside is still,
And the moon comes out, with her pale, sad
light,

To sit on the lonely hill:—
When the stars are all like dreams,
And the breezes all like sighs,
And there comes a voice from the far-off
streams,
Like thy spirit's low replies!

I think of thee, by day,
'Mid the cold and busy crowd,
When the laughter of the young and gay
Is far too glad and loud;
I hear thy low, sad tone,
And thy sweet, young smile I see,
—My heart—my heart were all alone,
But for its thoughts of thee!

Of thee, who wert so dear,
And, yet, I do not weep;
For, thine eyes were stained by many a tear
Before they went to sleep;
And, if I haunt the past,

Yet may I not repine,
Since thou hast won thy rest at last,
And all the grief is mine.

I think upon thy gain,
Whate'er to me it cost,
And fancy dwells, with less of pain,
On all that I have lost;—
Hope—like the cuckoo's endless tale,
—Alas! it wears its wing!—
And love, that—like the nightingale
Sings only in the spring!

Thou art my spirit's all,
Just as thou wert in youth,
Still from thy grave no shadows fall
Upon my lonely truth;—
A taper yet above thy tomb,
Since lost its sweeter rays,
And what is memory, through the gloom,
Was hope, in brighter days!

I am pining for the home
Where sorrow sinks to sleep,
Where the weary and the weepers come,

And they cease to toil and weep!
 Why walk about with smiles
 That each should be a tear,
 Like the white plumes that fling their
 wiles
 Above an early bier!
 Or like those fairy things,—
 Those insects of the east,
 Which have their beauty in their wings,
 And shroud it while they rest;
 Which fold their colors of the sky

When earthward they alight,
 And flash their splendors on the eye
 Just as they take their flight!
 I never knew how dear thou wert,
 'Till thou wert borne away!—
 I have it, yet, about my heart,
 Thy beauty of that day;
 As if the robe thou wert to wear,
 In other climes, were given,
 That I might learn to know it there,
 And seek thee out, in heaven!

ESSAYS ON PHYSIOLOGY, OR THE LAWS OF ORGANIC LIFE.*

ESSAY IV.—ON THE POWERS BY WHICH THE OPERATIONS OF THE ORGANIC FRAME ARE CARRIED ON.

WE have now, we hope, sufficiently explained what is to be understood by the term percipient sensibility, or perception, and how its powers are exhibited in the organic frame;—it is that property by which we are aware of our being, and by which we are connected to the world around us: it is by this that we experience pleasure and pain, and every emotion. All that embitters life, or renders it desirable, acts through this medium; in fact, deprived of this property, man and the animal would resemble the plant, and rise up and pass away in a state of utter unconsciousness.

Let us now turn our attention to those phenomena which man, in common with all animated nature, exhibits, and which, depending on that power termed *latent sensibility*, are carrying on their operations throughout the system,—silently indeed, and unnoticed, except in their effects. These phenomena are all subservient to the *organic* life of the individual, and comprehend the operations by which the growth of the frame is effected, its bulk maintained, and its losses repaired. How complicated is the animal machine! and how numberless and intricate are the actions there constantly in progress. Here, to mingle with the vital fluid, the lacteals pour along their milky streams; here, the red tide, carrying warmth and life, flows through countless

mazes; here, like unwearied laborers, the most minute vessels are depositing, particle by particle, the solid bone, the contractile muscle, or the lucid humors of the eye; here, too, the absorbents ply their task, unbuilding and removing, and striving, as it were, for victory: hence is the frame subjected to a perpetual succession of particles, till life becomes extinct!

During a certain period of its existence the animal frame grows, or increases in size, when at length, the natural stature being acquired, it becomes stationary. This gradual increase, or growth, is effected by the appropriation and assimilation of fresh matter, which received into the system becomes there vivified and deposited in various parts, as its wants may require. But this operation is continued, not only while the body is growing, but when this growth is complete; for as it perpetually undergoes loss, this must be continually repaired, otherwise the body becomes attenuated, and dies from exhaustion.

That the animal frame should be capable of assimilating, or converting extraneous inanimate matter into a portion of itself, living and sensitive, is an astonishing and inexplicable fact; nor is it less so, that minute arterial ramifications, all proceeding from one and the same stock, and offering no apparent difference in construction, should be endowed with the

* See page 225.

property of separating from the blood (according to the several parts each may be destined to nourish) earthy matter, or fibrine, or fluids of various compositions, density, and transparency: these are facts, the causes of which ingenuity fails to unravel, and in which conjecture is lost.

With respect to the nutrition of animals, this observation will, we think, be found generally to hold good, viz.: that animals require for their support, particles which have immediately belonged to, and formed part of, organized bodies, either of the animal or vegetable kingdom; being, as we may hence conclude, unable to assimilate particles belonging immediately to bodies purely inorganic: and it would seem also, that animals derive a larger proportion of nutritive matter from bodies whose composition is similar to their own, that is, from other animals, than from vegetable substances. Now, although the natural food of many animals consists entirely of vegetable matter, yet we see that such require and consume a much larger quantity in proportion, than carnivorous animals, which make flesh their food. For instance, the weight of matter requisite for the support of a carnivorous animal, is infinitely less than what a graminivorous animal of even a smaller bulk would require. Hence we may conclude, that all substances, before they become fitted for the nutrition of the animal race, must undergo a peculiar change and modification,—in fact, become organized; and that in the flesh of animal bodies, the relative proportion of nutriment is greatest.

If this be the case, that all matter, before it be fitted to support animal life, must itself have been immediately in a state of previous organization, it may be asked, Does not the vegetable world also follow the same law? No: The great Author of the universe has so constructed the vegetable tribes, that they are enabled to convert the particles of inorganic matter into organic bodies; to assimilate various earths, water, and air, which, becom-

ing parts of themselves, undergo, as it were, the first stamp of organization, and enter upon their career of vitality; the soil, however, necessary for the growth and nutrition of many plants, does indeed contain a great proportion of *decomposed* animal or vegetable matter; but this forms no objection: for, in the first place, animal or vegetable bodies lose by putrefaction all claim to be considered as organized; and, in the second place, it would appear, that it is by the peculiar gases arising from such decomposed matter, that vegetables are nourished, whereas animals require *recent* vegetables or animal matter, for their support. Thus does it appear, that one of the purposes for which the vegetable kingdom is designed, is to form a vast laboratory, in which various inorganic substances are to be prepared for the use of the animal world, by effecting upon them a necessary, peculiar and most wonderful change; a step preparatory to a new change as wonderful—for a particle of matter, originally unorganized, may become a portion of the grass which covers the meadow,—of the ox which grazes upon it,—of man, the lord of the creation,—and when he moulders in the earth, return to its original state, and again become incorporated in plants, to run a new career.

It has been stated, that the animal frame owes its existence and growth to the appropriation and assimilation of fresh particles, which become identified with the rest of the body; let us explain how this is effected:—Proceeding from the inner surface of the stomach and the intestines, numerous small tubes or vessels are observable, whose office it is to separate and absorb, or take up, the nutritive particles of the food, as prepared by the digestive organs for their reception: this nutritious portion is called the *chyle*. When the food has entered the stomach, it becomes mixed with saliva, and the *gastric juice*. By the agency of these it becomes converted into an uniform pulpy mass, to which the name of *chyme* is given; but it is not

yet fitted for the system ; it now passes through the pyloric orifice of the stomach into the *duodenum*, (a portion of intestine,) and becomes there mixed with the *pancreatic juice* and *bile*. The pancreatic juice is a fluid prepared by a gland termed the pancreas, the *bile* by the liver. By the action of these fluids on the pulpy mass, a complete conversion is effected, and that portion fitted for the purposes of the animal economy is, as we have said, termed *chyle*. If we examine the state of these minute tubes or vessels in an animal recently killed, and before the vital warmth is extinguished, we shall see them (at least if the animal has been lately fed) filled with a milky fluid, from whence they have their name lacteals : this milky fluid is the chyle.

The lacteals having thus absorbed this nutritive portion of the food, after communicating freely with each other, pass through certain glands termed *mesenteric*, where the chyle appears to acquire new properties. Emerging from these glands, the lacteals carry the chyle onwards, till they enter, at last, into the *thoracic duct*, a vessel which passes along the spine, and pours the chyle into a large vein, almost immediately entering the heart, termed the *left subclavian vein* ; here it becomes mingled with the blood. It has not yet, however, lost its character ; but after passing through the heart, and thence through the lungs, it becomes incorporated with the rest of the blood, from which it is no longer to be distinguished.

There is, however, another set of vessels, which, as well as the lacteals, terminate in the *thoracic duct*, and contribute likewise to the repair and preservation of the system.

Throughout every part of the frame, in the interior as well as on the surface, are distributed innumerable vessels, destined to absorb and carry into the blood the superfluous fluids of the body, as well as all substances immediately within the sphere of their action. External bodies are not the only ones on which they act.

On the structure of the frame itself their operations are continually carried on ; for it must not be forgotten, that the organized living machine is undergoing a double set of internal operations, its destruction and renovation ; and whatever comes off in the constant wear of this machine is taken up by these vessels, the absorbents, or, as they are called, lymphatics, from the limpid fluid we always observe them to convey.

The minute tubes which form the commencement of the lymphatics, are furnished with orifices so small as to be totally imperceptible to the naked eye ; and each orifice, endowed with the power of contracting or dilating, absorbs or refuses, according to the peculiar impression produced by the object in contact.

In what manner the lymphatics, and indeed the whole absorbent system, propel or convey the fluids they contain, is a question on which physiologists have entertained very different views ; some, for instance, and these eminent men, have asserted it as a fact, that fluids circulate through and ascend these minute tubes, contrary to the law of gravitation, not from any propelling power in the tubes themselves, but by that principle which causes the ascent of liquids through tubes of great minuteness, termed capillary attraction. To this opinion, however ingenious and apparently satisfactory, there are many strong objections : for were it correct, we might expect that neither age, nor sex, nor temperament, nor habit, would produce the least variation or irregularity in the absorbing power, and that all would proceed with uniformity. But this is far from being the case ; for as much so as every vital function, the action of the absorbents is liable to irregularities inconsistent with the theory just mentioned. Indeed it is much to be doubted whether any of the functions of organized bodies, on which their vital existence depends, are to be accounted for upon purely mechanical principles ; a supposition which has led to theories very

ingenious, but unfortunately erroneous.

It appears more possible, according to our ideas, that the absorbent vessels are endowed with a sufficient power of carrying on or propelling the fluids they contain, by some peculiar action in themselves, which they are enabled to exert so as to answer the end in view.

The lymphatics, after arising from various parts of the frame, the surface as well as the interior, by minute tubes in close contact, unite and divide, and so intermingle with each other as to form a close network, which, with a similar tissue of nerves and blood-vessels, forms the cellular and membranous textures of the body. Emerging thence, and proceeding onwards, they form distinguishable trunks, and again enlarge by the union of others; and multitudes of these run together a parallel course, forming companies proceeding from different quarters, and by different routes, for the same destined place; the whole, however, communicating largely with each other.

In various parts, and for reasons not fully known, companies of these absorbents form themselves into masses of convolutions, differing in number and magnitude, and intermingled with a similar congeries of blood-vessels. These masses are the glands, (observed in the neck and other parts,) the uses of which are not, as yet, fully ascertained, although it is most probable that some change is effected by their agency on the lymph, by which it is rendered more fit for the purposes of the animal frame; and this would further appear, from the increased tendency to coagulate, which it manifests after passing through the glands, (which it does slowly, as if impeded by the way,) as well as some alteration in its appearance.

At the same time, however, it must be observed, that the real nature of the lymph is far from being well understood. By some it is considered as analogous to the serum of the blood, which is indeed the opinion of

Håller, who often gives the name of lymph indiscriminately to the fluid of the absorbents, and to the serum of the blood.

From the circumstances attending the production of the *lymph*, we might be led to judge, that its nature and component parts would be subject to variety and change; and this is found to be the case; but in the *chyle* these differences are still more evident, arising from the various substances used as food. Indigo, madder and beet-root tinge it with their respective hues. It is, however, as we have said, in general white, slightly viscid, and much resembles milk. When removed from its vessels and exposed to the air, it separates into two parts, viz.: *fibrine* and *serum*:—and the lymph also, under similar circumstances, undergoes the same change.

Both the lacteals and lymphatics terminate in the thoracic duct, which empties its contents into the left subclavian vein. At the point of junction between these a valve is placed, so constructed as effectually to prevent the blood from finding its way into the *thoracic* duct, but which offers no impediment to the exit of the *chyle*.

From this source then the blood receives its supplies, and nothing can incorporate with the system, or be received into it, without proceeding through this channel.

Having now conducted the nutriment through its various stages, till it enters into the blood to supply the continual drain upon this reservoir of vitality, we shall follow up the subject, and proceed to give a more detailed account of that most beautiful and interesting phenomenon of the animal frame, *the circulation of the blood*.

The circulation of the blood is an operation immediately connected with our existence, and on which it depends; and will it not excite our astonishment, that two centuries have scarcely elapsed since its laws have been at all correctly ascertained? and even now, many points are disputed, and enveloped in obscurity. We may with safety conclude, that the ancients

were in almost total ignorance respecting the real nature of the circulation, or the mode in which it is performed: for although, perhaps, among their writings, passages may be found apparently indicating some acquaintance with the subject; yet as they have left us no distinct account, and as their works abound with gross absurdities respecting it, our conclusions are certainly warrantable; especially when we consider, at the same time, how little anatomy was cultivated as a science among them.

The discovery of the true nature of the circulation is due to Harvey, who flourished in the 17th century; but since his time, succeeding physiologists have diligently applied their talents to the subject, (a wide field for investigation,) and have added by their labors many new facts to the discovery of their immortal predecessor.

Various and important are the uses which the circulation of the blood is destined to serve:—by its means the various secretions are performed, the growth of the body promoted, and its decay and losses repaired; and besides all this, it is, in some mysterious manner, connected with that inexplicable subject, the animal temperature.

We shall in the first place, then, endeavor to give a general sketch of the anatomy of the *heart*, the great agent of the circulation; and then explain the nature and constituent parts of the blood—the fluid of vitality.

The heart is a large hollow *muscle*, situated in the chest, between the lungs, and enfolded in a bag called the *pericardium*, the inner lining membrane of which is reflected over the surface of the heart itself. The heart is divided internally (we are speaking of man) into *four cavities*: the *right* and the *left auricle*, and the *right* and the *left ventricle*. Into the *right auricle*, two veins, called the *venæ cavæ*, enter; one bringing the blood from the upper, the other from the lower parts of the body. The two veins unite at their entrance into the auricle, and at the

point of union between them a thickening is to be seen, called the *turbeculum Loweri*. Within the auricles bundles of muscular fibres project from the sides. These, from their resemblance to the teeth of a comb, are termed *musculi pectinati*. The partition between the right and left auricle is called the *septum auricularum*.

The *right auricle* communicates with the *right ventricle* by means of an opening, denominated the *ostium venosum*; at the edges of which, within the ventricle, are three valves, or rather a valve divided into three parts, called the *tricuspid valve*, from its resemblance to the points of three spears; to the edges of this valve small muscular bundles are attached, called *carneæ columnæ*, by means of tendinous chords, (*chordæ tendinæ*.) From the *right ventricle* the *pulmonary artery* arises, at the root of which, internally, are situated the three *semilunar valves*, with a small white body at the edge of each, termed *corpus sesamoideum*. Into the *left auricle* the four *pulmonary veins* enter. The coats of this auricle are thicker than those of the right, otherwise it exhibits much the same appearances. It opens into the left ventricle, having also at the opening a valve, but divided only into two parts, called from its likeness to a mitre, *valvula mitralis*. The great difference which the *left ventricle* exhibits is the superior strength and fleshiness of its walls, indicating the vigorous action it is destined to maintain; emerging from it is seen the *aorta*, or main artery, with three semilunar valves *internally* at its root. The use of the various valves we shall explain when considering the course of the circulation.

Having thus briefly described the general anatomy of the heart, we shall next proceed to examine the properties and constituent parts of the blood itself. The blood, when drawn from the body, and suffered to remain in any vessel, quickly separates into two parts,—one a thick yellow fluid, called *serum*, the other a tenacious

solid mass of a dark red color, termed *crassamentum*. The relative proportions of these vary exceedingly, according to age, sex, temperament, mode of life, &c.; yet generally speaking, the estimate may be made as ten of the *serum* to fourteen of the *crassamentum*. The serum contains water, albumine, muriate of soda, and potass, phosphate of soda, animal matter, &c.

The *crassamentum* is divisible into two parts, fibrine, and the coloring particles of the blood. The component parts of fibrine are carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and azote. When the coloring matter of blood recently drawn is examined with a microscope, it is found to consist of globules of extreme minuteness, of a red color, but varying from different causes, being paler from illness and deficiency

of nutriment, more florid if exposed to oxygen, and darker if exposed to carbonic acid or hydrogen. The coloring matter has been said to contain oxide of iron; this, however, later chemists have disputed, and Dr. Wells, in his "Observations and Experiments on the Color of Blood," after much investigation, decides against the theory; indeed, his arguments, which are too extended to be here introduced, seem to settle the point at once, confirmed as they have been by subsequent inquirers—Berzelius, Brande, and Vauquelin. Mr. Brande has even succeeded in dying cloth with it, but he found considerable difficulty in fixing the color; the most effectual mordants he discovered were, the nitrate and oximuriate of mercury. —The specific gravity of the blood is estimated at 1050, water being 1000.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM PARIS.

CHATEAU DE LAGRANGE—LAFAYETTE.

IN the country, as I told you in my last, all the better society of Paris is now buried, and Lagrange, from which I am just returned, since the end of the session, has been the *Chaussée d'Antin*, where all the most illustrious men in the Chambers, or in literature, have by turns rusticated. There is no want of strangers either; and, as you would expect, the Americans especially are to be seen there in multitudes. The last very conspicuous English visitor there, was Sir Francis Burdett, who has been exerting his eloquence in favor of the *droit d'aînesse*; from which, exclaimed his distinguished host, "Thank God! the revolution has delivered us!"

The chateau is delightfully situated. It is about thirteen leagues from Paris, and the road is through the rich plains of the ancient province of Brie. We quitted the diligence at the village of Rosoy, about half an hour's ride from the chateau, where a carriage, sent by the General, was waiting for us. Ruined Gothic towers, covered with ivy, which was planted there

some thirty years back by Mr. Fox, give a sort of feudal air to the castle, which mingles curiously, but not disagreeably, with the republican associations attached to the name of its owner. The chateau is surrounded by a fine park, which is stocked in a manner that would not harmonise with your English notions. Instead of slight, graceful, aristocratical deer, nothing but the *tiers état* of the animal creation, blebeian cows, and more plebeian sheep, are to be seen grazing within its precincts. For these last animals, the General has a great affection. He superintends their education in person, and exhibits a most philomelical zeal in improving the breed. The English friend who was with me had never seen Lafayette. He was wonderfully struck with his venerable appearance, and especially with the calm, full, and scarcely wrinkled countenance, upon which a record of the words he has spoken, and the deeds he has performed, for his country, seemed to be legibly engraven. His head, over which seven-

ty—two years have passed, is lofty,—a *peruque à la Titus* covers it, and does not take much from its patriarchal appearance. His tall figure adds to the impression of nobility which his countenance produces upon your mind; and, in short, there is nothing about him, even to his slow and painful walk, a reminiscence of his long captivity at Olmutz, which does not at once attract and affect the heart.

The severest charge ever brought against this great man, whose name is so dear already to two of the greatest nations of the world, and will, some day or other, be pronounced with reverence in its remotest corners, relates to his conduct respecting Louis XVI. and the Royal Family on the memorable 6th of October. In a work, consisting of various interesting anecdotes, from the pen of M. Touchard La Fosse, entitled "*La Revolution, l'Empire, et La Restoration*," which appeared in the course of last week, there is a page upon the insurrection of Versailles, which sets this matter in so clear a light, and so completely exonerates Lafayette from blame, that I am sure you will thank me for transcribing it.

"For a long time," says M. Touchard, "it has been fashionable to lay the responsibility of the events of the 6th of October upon the veteran of the American and French Revolutions. Even those who were unwilling to accuse him of direct bad faith, have intimated that he was at least sadly deficient in foresight; and he has been nicknamed, *Le dormeur de Versailles*. Let us see whether he merits their reproaches. M. de Lafayette came to Versailles on the 5th, at ten o'clock in the evening. He instantly placed guards without the gate; but the commanders of the body guard positively refused to admit the *soldats bourgeois* into the interior. The royal family itself rejected the offers of the Commander-in-chief of the National Guard,—a guard which a very celebrated person stigmatised as the *cannaille nationale*. In spite of this treatment, Lafayette neglected no

precautions which it was possible for him to adopt. He renewed his declarations of inviolable attachment to the King, and did everything to convince him of their sincerity; but the distrust of the Court continued, and it is to this cause alone, that we must attribute the events which followed, and which were arrested by that very plebeian militia, by that very Lafayette whose offers of assistance had been suspected or disdained. Meantime, a band of wretches killed some of the body-guards whom their comrades could not or would not defend. The apartment of the Queen was forced: they rushed to her bed; she escaped, half-naked, just in time to save herself from the poinards of the assassins—the Parisians rushed to their assistance—entered the house in defiance of the opposition of the persons they came to rescue, and the King and Queen were saved. I should like to know where was the negligence of the national guard? Where any want of foresight in their chief?"

The volume from which I have borrowed this passage contains many other pages, doing equal honor to the conduct of Lafayette, under the Republic and the restored Bourbons. Indeed, of the two hundred and twenty persons, whose portraits are hung up in the gallery of M. Touchard, it would not be rash to affirm that Lafayette is the only one who has remained the same, amidst all the changes which, during the third of a century, have been passing under our eyes.

If Lafayette complies with the wishes of his friends, and writes a history of his life, how many new facts he will reveal; how many intrigues he will be able to explain! for, to say the truth, he is the only Frenchman who lived through the Revolution without participating in its excesses; beheld the empire, and was not dazzled by its splendor; took part in the establishment of the monarchy, and never defiled himself by any of its interested conversions. These three periods of modern French history, re-

quire a new, a bold, and an impartial pen. The calamitous events immediately subsequent to the restoration have been scarcely touched upon. Thiers and Mignet are far too much of fatalists in their histories of the Revolution; and Béranger, at a time when

the eyes of Frenchmen are beginning to be purged of the mists which false notions of glory had called up, has employed his all-powerful pen to encourage the delusion by spreading a dangerous admiration for Napoleon.

MONT BLANC.

BY L. E. L.

Heaven knows our travellers have sufficiently alloyed the beautiful, and profaned the sublime, by associating these with themselves, the common-place, and the ridiculous; but out upon them, thus to tread on the grey hairs of centuries,—on the untrodden snows of Mont Blanc.

Thou monarch of the upper air,
Thou mighty temple given
For morning's earliest of light,
And evening's last of heaven.
The vapor from the marsh, the smoke
From crowded cities sent,
Are purified before they reach
Thy loftier element.
Thy hues are not of earth, but heaven;
Only the sunset rose
Hath leave to fling a crimson dye
Upon thy stainless snows.

Now out on those adventurers
Who scaled thy breathless height,
And made thy pinnacle, Mont Blanc,
A thing for common sight.
Before that human step had left
Its sully on thy brow,
The glory of thy forehead made
A shrine to those below:
Men gazed upon thee as a star,
And turned to earth again,
With dreams like thine own floating
clouds,
The vague but not the vain.
No feelings are less vain than those
That bear the mind away,
Till, blent with nature's mysteries,
It half forgets its clay.
It catches loftier impulses,
And owns a nobler power;

The poet and philosopher
Are born of such an hour.

But now where may we seek a place
For any spirit's dream?
Our steps have been o'er every soil,
Our sails o'er every stream.
Those isles, the beautiful Azores,
The fortunate, the fair!
We looked for their perpetual spring
To find it was not there.
Bright El Dorado, land of gold,
We have so sought for thee,
There's not a spot in all the globe
Where such a land can be.

How pleasant were the wild beliefs
That dwelt in legends old!
Alas! to our posterity
Will no such tales be told.
We know too much, scroll after scroll
Weighs down our weary shelves;
Our only point of ignorance
Is centred in ourselves.
Alas! for thy past mystery,
For thine untrodden snow,
Nurse of the tempest, hadst thou none
To guard thy outraged brow?
Thy summit, once the unapproached,
Hath human presence owned;
With the first step upon thy crest,
Mont Blanc, thou wert dethroned.

THE SHAVING SHOP.

'Tis not an half hour's work—
A Cupid and a fiddle, and the thing's done.—FLETCHER.

"Hold back your head, if you please, sir, that I may get this napkin properly fastened—there now," said Toby Tims, as, securing the pin, he dipped his razor into hot water, and began working up with restless brush the latter of his soap-box.

"I dare say you have got a news-

paper there?" said I; "are you a politician, Mr. Tims?"

"Oh, just a little bit of one. I get Bell's Messenger at second hand from a neighbor, who has it from his cousin in the Borough, who, I believe, is the last reader of a club of fourteen, who take it among them; and, being

last, as I observed, sir, he has the paper to himself into the bargain.—Please exalt your chin, sir, and keep your head a little to one side—there, sir,” added Toby, commencing his operations with the brush, and hoarifying my barbal extremity, as the facetious Thomas Hood would propably express it. “Now, sir—a *leetle* more round, if you please—there, sir, there. It is a most entertaining paper, and beats all for news. In fact, it is full of everything, sir—every, everything—accidents—charity sermons—markets—boxing—Bible societies—horse-racing—child-murders—the theatres—foreign wars—Bow-street reports—electioneering—and Day and Martin’s blacking.”

“Are you a bit of a bruiser, Mr. Tims?”

“Oh, bless your heart, sir, only a *leetle*—a very *leetle*. A turn-up with the gloves, or so, your honor.—I’m but a light weight—only a light weight—seven stone and a half, sir; but a rare bit of stuff, though I say it myself, sir—Begging your pardon. I dare say I have put some of the soap into your mouth. Now, sir, now—please let me hold your nose, sir.”

“Scarcely civil, Mr. Toby,” said I, “scarcely civil—Phroo! let me spit out the suds.”

“I will be done in a moment, sir—in half a moment. Well, sir, speaking of razors, they should be always properly tempered with hot water, a *leetle* dip more or less. You see now how it glides over, smooth and smack as your hand.—Keep still, sir, I might have given you a nick just now.—You don’t choose a *leetle* of the mustachy left?”

“No, no—off with it all. No matrimonial news stirring in this quarter just now, Mr. Tims?”

“Nothing” extremely particular.—Now, sir, you are fit for the King’s levee, so far as my department is concerned. But you cannot go out just now, sir—see how it rains—a perfect water-spout. Just feel yourself at home, sir, for a *leetle*, and take a peep around you. That block, sir, has been

very much admired—extremely like the *Wenus de Medicene*—capital nose—and as for the wig department, catch me for that, sir. But of all them there pictures hanging around, yon is the favorite of myself and the connoisseurs.”

“Ay, Mr. Tims,” said I, “that is truly a gem—an old lover kneeling at the foot of his young sweetheart, and two fellows in buckram taking a peep at them from among the trees.”

“Capital, sir—capital. I’ll tell you a rare good story, sir, connected with that picture and my own history, with your honor’s leave, sir.”

“With all my heart, Mr. Tims—you are very obliging.”

“Well then, sir, take that chair, and I will get on like a house on fire; but if you please, don’t put me off my clew, sir.—Concerning that picture and my courtship, the most serious epoch of my life, there is a *leetle* bit of a story which I would like to be a beacon to others; and if your honor is still a bachelor, and not yet stranded on the shoals of matrimony, it may be *Werbium sapienti*, as O’Toole the Irish schoolmaster used to observe, when in the act of applying the birch to the booby’s back.

“Well, sir, having received a grammatical education, and been brought up as a peruke-maker from my earliest years—besides having seen a deal of high life, and the world in general, in carrying false curls, bandeaux, and other artificial head-gear paraphernalia, in bandboxes to boarding-schools, and so on—a desire naturally sprung up within me, being now in my twenty-first year, and worth a guinea a week of wages, to look about for what old kind Seigneur Fiddle-stringo the minuet-master used to recommend under the title of a *cara sposa*—open shop—and act head frizzle in an establishment of my own.

“Very good, sir.—In the pursuit of this virtuous purpose, I cast a sheep’s eye over the broad face of society, and at length, from a number of eligible specimens, I selected three, who, whether considered in the light of natural

beauty, or mental accomplishment, struck me forcibly as suitable coadjutors for a man—for a man like your humble servant."

"A most royal bow that, Mr. Tims. Well, proceed, if you please."

"Very good, sir,—well, then, to proceed. The first of these was Miss Diana Tonkin, a young lady, who kept her brother's snuff-shop, at the sign of the African astride the Tobacco Barrel—a rare beauty, who was on the most intimate talking terms with half a hundred young bloods and beaux, who looked in during lounging hours, being students of law, physic, and divinity, half-pay ensigns, and theatrical understrappers, to replenish their boxes with Lundyfoot, whiff a Havana cigar, or masticate pigtail. No wonder that she was spoiled by flattery, Miss Diana, for she was a bit of a beauty; and though she had but one eye—by Heavens, what an eye that was!"

"She must have been an irresistible creature, certainly, Mr. Tims," said I. "Well, how did you come on?"

"Irresistible! but you shall hear, sir. I foresaw that, in soliciting the honor of this fair damsel's hand, I should have much opposition to encounter from the rivalry of the three learned professions, to say nothing of the gentlemen of the sword and of the buskin; but, thinks I to myself, 'faint heart never won fair lady,' so I at once set up a snuff-box, looked as tip-topping as possible, and commenced canvassing.

"The second *elite* (for I know a *leetle* French, having for three months, during my apprenticeship, had the honor of frizzling the gead-gear of Count Vitruvius de Caucauson, who occupied private state-lodgings at the sign of the Blue Boar in the Poultry, and who afterwards decamped without clearing scores)—the second *elite*, (for I make a point, sir, of having two strings to my bow,) was Mrs. Joan Sweetbread, a person of exquisite parts, but fiery temper, at that time aged thirty-three, twelve stone

weight, head cook and housekeeper to Sir Anthony Macturk, a Scotch baronet, who rusticated in the vicinity of town. I made her a few evening visits, and we talked love affairs over muffins and a cup of excellent congo. Then what a variety of jams and jellies! I never returned without a disordered stomach, and wishing Highland heather-honey at the devil. Yet, after all, to prove a hoax!—for even when I was on the point of popping the question, and had fastened my silk Jem Belcher with a knowing *leetle* knot to set out for that purpose, I learned from Francie, the stable-boy, that she had the evening before eloped with the coachman, and returned to her post that forenoon metamorphosed into Madam Trot.

"I first thought, sir, of hanging myself over the first lamp-post; but, after a *leetle* consideration, I determined to confound Madam Trot, and all other fickle fair ones, by that very night marrying Miss Diana. I hastened on, rushed precipitately into the shop, and on the subject—and hear, oh Heaven, and believe, oh earth! was met not by a plump denial, but was shown the door."

"Upon my word, Mr. Tims," said I, "you have been a most unfortunate man. I wonder you recovered after such mighty reverses? but I hope——"

"Hope! that is the word, sir, the very word, I still had hope; so, after ten days' horrible melancholy, in which I cropped not a few heads in a novel and unprecedented style, I at it again, and laid immediate and close siege to the last and loveliest of the trio—one by whom I was shot dead at first sight, and of whom it might be said, as I once heard Kean justly observe in a very pretty tragedy, and to a numerous audience,—'We ne'er shall look upon her like again!'"

"Capital, Mr. Tims. Well, how did you get on?"

"A moment's patience, with your honor's leave.—Ah! truly might it be said of her, that she was descended from the high and great—her grandfather having been not only six feet

three, without the shoes, but for forty odd years principal bell-ringer in the steeple of St. Giles's, Cripplegate; and her grandmother, for long and long, not only head dry-nurse to one of the noblest families in all England, but *bona fide* twenty-two stone avoirdupois. As to this nonpareil of lovely flesh and blood, her name was Lucy Mainspring, the daughter of a horologer, sir,—a watchmaker—*vulgo* so called—and though fattish, she was very fair—fair! by Jupiter, (craving your honor's pardon for swearing,) she fairly made me give all other thoughts the cut, and twisted the passions of my heart with the red-hot torturing irons of love. 'Pon honor, sir, I almost grow foolish, when I think of those days; but love, sir, nothing can resist love, a saying which Professor Heavy-stern once turned into Greek, as I was ribbanding his pigtail for a tea and turn-out.—' *Homniæ vincit Amor*, 'said he; to which I observed, 'a very 'cute remark, your reverence.' But you shall hear, sir."

"I hope, Mr. Tims, you were in better luck with Miss Mainspring?"

"A *leetle*, a *leetle* patience, your honor, and all will be out as quick as directly—the twinkling of a bedpost:—For three successive nights I sat up in a brown study, with a four-in-the-pound candle burning before me till almost cock-crow, composing a love-letter, a most elaborate affair, the pure overflowing of *la belle passion*, all about Venus, Cupids, bows and arrows, hearts, darts, and them things, which, having copied neatly over on a handsome sheet of foolscap, turned up with gilt, (for, though I say it myself, I scribble a smart fist,) I made a blotch of red wax on the back as large as a dollar, that thereon I might the more indelibly impress a seal, with a couple of pigeons cooing upon it, and '*toujours votre*' for the motto. This I popped into the post-office, and awaited patiently—may I add confidently?—for the result.

"No answer having come as I expected *per return*, I began to smell that I was in the wrong box; so, on

the following evening, I had a polite visit from her respectable old father, Daniel Mainspring, who asked me what my intentions were?

" 'To commence wig-maker on my own bottom,' answered I.

" 'But with respect to my daughter, sir?'

" 'Why, to be sure, to make her mistress, sir.'

" 'Mistress!' quoth he, 'did I hear you right, sir?'

" 'I hope you are not hard of hearing, Mr. Mainspring. I wish, sir—between us, sir—you understand, sir—to marry her, sir.'

" 'Then you can't have her, sir.'

" 'But I must, sir; for I can't do without her, sir.'

" 'Then you may buy a rope.'

" 'Ah! you would not sign my death-warrant—wouldn't you not now, Mr. Mainspring?'

" 'Before going,' said he, rummaging his huge coat-pockets with both hands at once, 'there is your letter, which I read over patiently, instead of my daughter, who has never seen it; and I hope you will excuse the liberty I take of calling you a great fool, and wishing you a good morning.'

"Now, though a lad of mettle, you know, sir, it would not have been quite the thing to have called out my intended father-in-law; so, with amazing forbearance, bridling my passion, I allowed him to march off triumphantly, and stood, with the letter in my hand, looking down the alley after him, strutting along, staff in hand, like a recruiting sergeant, as if he had been a phoenix.

"A man of my penetration was not long in scenting out who was the formidable rival to whom Daddy Mainspring alluded. *Sacre!* to think the mercenary old hunks could dream of sacrificing my lovely Lucy to such a hobgoblin of a fellow as a superannuated dragoon quartermaster, with a beak like Bardolph's in the play. But I had some confidence in my own qualifications; and as I gave a sly glance down at my nether person, 'Dash-the-wig-of-him!' thought I to my-

self, 'if he can sport a leg like that of Toby Tims.' I accordingly determined not to be discomfited, and took the earliest opportunity of presenting Miss Lucy, through a sure channel, with a passionate billet-doux, a patent pair of gilt bracelets, and a box of Ruspini's tooth-powder. By St. Patrick and all the powers, it was shocking to suppose that such an angel as the cherry-cheeked Lucy should be stolen from me by such an apology for a gallant, as Quartermaster Bottlenose of the Tipperary Rangers. 'Twas murder, by Jupiter."

"I perfectly agree with you, Mr. Tims. Did you challenge him to the duello?"

"A *leettle* patience, if you please, sir, and you shall hear all. During the violence of my love-fits, I committed a variety of professional mistakes. I sent at one time a pot of bear's grease away by the mail, in a wig-box, to a member of parliament in Yorkshire; and burned a whole batch of baked hair to ashes, while singing Moore's 'When he who adores thee,' in attitude, before a block, dressed up for the occasion with a fashionable wig upon it—to say nothing of my having, in a fit of abstraction, given a beautiful young lady, who was going that same evening to a Lord Mayor's ball, the complete charity-workhouse cut, leaving her scalp as bare as the back of my hand. But cheer up!—to my happy astonishment, sir, matters worked like a charm. What a parley-voing and billet-dooing passed between us! We would have required a porter for the sole purpose. Then we had stolen interviews of two hours' duration each, for several successive nights, at the old horologer's back-door, during which, besides a multiplicity of small-talk—thanks to his deafness—I tried my utmost to entrap her affections, by reciting sonnets, and spouting bits of plays in the manner of the tragedy performers. These were the happy times, sir! The world was changed for me. Paddington canal seemed the river Pactolus, and Rag-Fair Elysium!

"The old boy, however, ignorant of our orgies, was still bothering his brains to bring about matrimony between his daughter and the veteran—who, though no younger than Methusalem, as stiff as the Monument, and as withered as Belzoni's Piccadilly mummy, had yet the needful, sir—had abundance of the wherewithal—crops of yellow shiners—lots of the real—sporting a gig, and kept on board wages a young shaver of all work, with a buff jacket, turned up with sky-blue facings. Only think, sir—only ponder for a moment what a formidable rival I had!"

"I hope you beat him off, however," said I. The greater danger the more honor you know, Mr. Tims."

"Of that anon, sir.—Lucy, on her part, angelic creature, professed that she could not dream of being undutiful towards kind old Pa; and that, unless desperate measures were resorted to, *quamprimum*, in the twinkling of a bed-post she would be under the disagreeable necessity to go with the disabled man of war to the temple of Hymen. Sacrilegious thought! I could not permit it to enter my bosom, and (pardon me for a moment, sir) when I looked down, and caught a glance of my own natty-looking, tight little leg, and dapper Hessians, I recommended her strongly to act on the principle of the Drury-lane play-bill, which says, 'All for Love, or the World well lost.'

"Well, sir, hark ye, just to show how things come about; shortly after this, on the anniversary of my honored old master, Zechariah Pigtail's birth, when we were allowed to strike work at noon, I determined, as a *dernier resort*, as a clincher, sir, to act the genteel, and invite Miss Lucy, in her furs and falderals, to accompany me to the exhibition of Pictures. Heavens, sir, how I dressed on that day! The Day and Martin of my boots reflected on the shady side of the street. I took half an hour in tying and retying my neckcloth *en mode*. My handkerchief smelt of lavender, and my hair of oil of thyme—

my waistcoat of bergamot, and my inexpressibles of musk. I was a perfect civet for perfumery. My coat, cut in the jemmy fashion, I buttoned to suffocation; but 'pon honor, believe me, sir, no stays, and my shirt neck had been starched *per order*, to the consistence of tin. In short, to be brief, I found, or fancied myself killing—a most irresistible fellow.

"I did not dare, however, to call for Miss Lucy at old Pa's, but waited for her at the corner of the street, patiently drumming on my boot, with a knowing little bit of bamboo; and projecting my left arm to her, off we marched in triumph.

"The Exhibition Rooms were crowded with the *ton*; and to be sure a great many fine things were there. Would you had seen them, sir. There were Admirals in blue, and Generals in red—portraits of my Lord this, and my Lady that—land scenes, and sea scenes, and hunting scenes, with ships, and woods, and old castles, all amazingly like life. In short, sir, Providence seems to have guided us to the spot, where we saw a picture—the picture, sir—the pattern copy of that there picture, sir,—and Heavens! such a piece of work—but of that anon—it did the business, sir. No sooner had I perused it through my quizzing glass, which, I confess, that I had brought with me more for ornament than use—having eyes like a hawk,—than I pathetically exclaimed to Lucy—'Behold, my love, the history of our fates!' Lucy said, 'Tuts, Toby Tims,' and gave a giggle; but I went on in solemn gravity, before a circle of seemingly electrified spectators.

"' 'Spose now, Miss Lucy,' said I, holding her by the finger of her Limerick glove; 's'pose now, that I had invited you to take an outside seat on the Hampstead Flying Phoenix with me, to go out to a rural junketing, on May-day in the afternoon. Very well—there we find ourselves alive and kicking, forty couple footing it on the green, and choosing, according to our tastes, reels, jigs, minuets, or bumpkins. 'Spose then, that I have

handed you down to the bottom of five-and-twenty couple at a country-dance, to the tune of Sir Roger de Coverley, Morgiana in Ireland, Petronella, or the Triumph; and, notwithstanding our having sucked a couple of oranges a-piece, we are both quite in a broth of perspiration. Very good—so says I to you, making a genteel bow, 'Do you please to walk aside, and cool yourself in them there green arbors, and I will be with you as quick as directly, with a glass of lemonade or cherry brandy?' So says you to me, dropping a curtsy *a la mode*, 'With ineffable pleasure, sir;' and away you trip into the shade like a sunbeam.

" 'Now, Lucy, my love, take a good look of that picture. That is you, 's'pose, seated on the turf, a *leetle* behind the pillar dedicated to Apollar; and you, blooming like a daffodilly in April, are waiting with great thirst, and not a little impatience for my promised appearance, from the sign of the Hen and Chickens, with the cordials, and a few biscuits on a salver—when lo! an old bald-pated, oily-faced, red-nosed Cameronian ranter, whom by your elegant negligee capering, you have fairly danced out of his dotard senses, comes pawing up to you like Polito's polar bear, drops on his knees, and before you can avert your nose from a love-speech, embalmed in the fumes of tobacco and puri, the hoary villain has beslobbered your lily-white fingers, and is protesting unalterable affection, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, inclusive of stoppages. Now, Lucy, love, did you ever,—say upon your honor,—did you ever witness such a spectacle of humanity? Tell me now!—Behold, that very little lap-dog in the corner is so mortally sick, that, were he not upon canvass, there would be nothing for it but vomiting.

" 'Very well. Now, love, take a peep down the avenue, and yon is me, yon tight, handsome little figure, with the Spanish cap and cloak, attended by a trusty servant in the same costume, to whom I am pointing where he is

to bring the cherry-brandy; when, lo! we perceive the hideous apparition!—and straightway rushing forward, like two tigers on a jackass, we seize the wigless dotard; and, calling for a blanket, the whole respectable company of forty couples and upwards, come crowding to the spot, and lend a willing hand in rotation, four by four, in tossing Malachi, the last of the lovers, till the breath of life is scarcely left in his vile body.

“‘Now, Lucy,’ says I, in conclusion, ‘don’t you see the confounded absurdity of ever wasting a thought on a broken-down, bandy-legged, beggarly dragoon? Just look at him, with an old taffeta whigmaleerie tied to his back, like Paddy from Cork, with his coat buttoned behind! Isn’t he a pretty figure, now, to go a-courtin’? You would never forsake the like of me—would you now? Aspruce, natty little body of a creature—to be the trollop of a spindle-shanked veteran, who, besides having one foot in the grave, and a nose fit for three, might be your great-grandfather?’

“‘It was a sight, sir, that would have melted the heart of a wheel-barrow. Before the whole assembled exhibition room, Lucy first looked blue, and then blushed consent. ‘Toby,’ said she, ‘don’t mention it, Toby, dear,—I am thine for ever and a day!’ Angelic sounds, which at once sent Bottlenose to Coventry. His chance was now weak indeed, quite like Grantham gruel, three groats to a gallon of water. In an ecstasy of passion, sir, I threw my silk handkerchief on the floor, and, kneeling on it with one knee, I raised her gloveless fingers to my lips!

“‘The whole company clapped their hands, and laughed so heartily in sympathy with my good luck! Oh! sir, had you but seen it—what a sight for sore eyes that was!’

“‘Then you would indeed be the happy man at last, Mr. Tims,’ said I. ‘Did you elope on the instant?’

“‘Just done, please your honor.—Next morning, according to special agreement, we eloped in a gig; and,

writing a penitent letter from the Valentine and Orson at Chelsea, Daddy Mainspring found himself glad to come to terms. Thrice were the banns published; and such a marriage as we had! ‘Pon honor, sir, I would you had been present. It was a thing to be remembered till the end of one’s life. A deputation of the honorable the corporation of barbers duly attended, puffed out in full fig; and even the old Quartermaster, pocketing his disappointment, was, at his own special petition, a forgiven and favored guest. Seldom has such dancing been seen within the bounds of London; and, with two fiddles, a tambourin, and a clarionet, we made all the roofs ring, till an early hour next morning—and that we did.”

“‘You are a lucky fellow, Mr. Tims,’ said I.

“‘And more than that, sir. When old Mainspring kicks, we are to have the counting of his mouldy coppers—so we have the devil’s luck and our own; and as for false curls, braids, bandeaux, Macassar oil, cold cream, bear’s grease, tooth-powder, and Dutch toys, show me within the walls of the City a more respectable, tip-topping perfumery depot and wig-warehouse, than that wherein you now sit, and of which I, Tobias Tims, am, with due respect, the honored master, and your humble servant!

“‘I hope, sir, in explanation of that there pretty picture, I have now given you a full, true, and particular account of this most important scene of my life to the letter. Perhaps, sir, you may think it rather a plain, unvarnished tale; but true and simple though it be, it may prove a *leetle* useful to those, whose fingers itch to mount “proud Ambition’s ladder.” Perhaps few can crop hair, or cut their cards with my dexterity; and I trust I have shown, sir, to your entire satisfaction, that an inexperienced barber’s boy succeeded in out-manceuvring an ancient officer of the line; and, as I have a beard to be shaved,

‘‘Twas thus I won sweet Lucy’s hand,
My bold and beauteous bride.’”

Just as master Tobias Tims, with vehement gesticulation, was mouthing and murdering the lines of poor Coleridge, a bevy of beauties from Cheapside landed from a hackney coach, to get a little head-trimming for Alderman Marrowfat's great din-

ner-party ; and, as the master of the ceremonies was off at a tangent to place chairs,—the rain still continuing, I unfurled my umbrella, on his door-steps, wished the eloquent pruner of mustachios a hearty good-by—and exit.

MILNE'S ESSAY ON COMETS.*

At the present time, when considerable excitation has been wrought in the public mind by the fancied appearance of one comet, and the expectation of another,—when a feverish anxiety and terror has pervaded many classes,†—this *Essay on Comets* will be read with interest and curiosity. The generality of publications connected with this branch of the science of astronomy, are either too popular, or the facts are wrapt about with a mantle of obscurity, and veiled in mysticism ; so that none but the initiated, and those who revel in intricacies, can derive any pleasure or instruction from the perusal. A profound knowledge of the science will not be requisite to enter into Mr. Milne's interesting details and discussions ; while those who possess a comprehensive acquaintance with the subject will have no reason to complain that the subject is treated superficially : the accuracy of its descriptions, the clearness of its reasonings, and elegance of its formulæ, will ensure it a favorable reception, alike from the general reader and the man of science.

Such a work was eminently wanted. Since the treatises of Halley, Pingré,

and Englefield, prodigious advances have been made in ascertaining the nature of comets, owing, in a great degree, to the number of laborers in the field, the excellency of modern instruments, and the improvements in the methods of observing. The records of the particulars resulting from these advantages were scattered in different papers presented to learned societies, in periodicals, foreign ephemerides, and occasional tracts. In availing himself of these resources, Mr. Milne has been judicious in selecting what is worth preserving, and bringing it to bear upon the subject on which he is treating. A work of this kind was not required for merely a scientific purpose—to gratify the philosopher ; it was desirable with a view to dispel those remaining mists of superstition and vulgar prejudice which yet overspread a very large portion of society. Of this we have many *recent instances*, and those not altogether in the lower walks of life. That which is uncommon, and apparently against the course of nature, more powerfully strikes the senses and affects the passions, than the uniform yet sublime phenomena of the universe. The superficial observer, as his eye unconsciously wanders

* *Essay on Comets*, which gained the first of Dr. Fellowes's Prizes, proposed to those who had attended the University of Edinburgh within the last twelve years. By David Milne, A.M. F.R.S.E. 4to. pp. 189. Edinburgh, 1828, Black ; London, Longman & Co.

† Scarcely a day has passed but references have been made in the public prints to a comet said to be seen in the E.N.E. ; and in some journals, not only its appearance described, but also its course,—that it was traversing from the bright star in the head of the Ram to that in the head of Andromeda, which star it would eclipse in its progress. This fancied comet we stated some weeks since to be the nebula in the girdle of Andromeda, which has been known to have occupied the same place in the heavens from the earlier ages of astronomy, at least as far back as 905, A.D. ; it is very visible to the naked eye. Venus, also, from its unusual brightness as a morning star, has been mistaken for a comet ; and respecting the luminous arch visible on the 29th September last, a correspondent in a useful miscellany (*Mechanic's Magazine*, Oct. 11th) inquires, " If the comet of Encke were passing in a direction towards the sun, might not its tail present the above appearance ? " ! !

over the spacious vault of heaven, gemmed with splendid suns and worlds, sees nothing but sparkling points : if his mind should be so long fixed as to observe that this mighty assemblage is moving round the glowing pole,

Rolling along, like living cars
Of light, for gods to journey by !

he can rarely be brought to think of that admirable mechanism by which they pursue their circling way. But should the solar orb be obscured at mid-day by the interposition of the moon, and the fair face of nature be shrouded in awful darkness—should a splendid stream of mysterious light spread its arch across the sky—should a fiery meteor rush through the heavens—or a comet, like the spirit of a desolate world, shake far and wide its tremulous tresses,—terror and curiosity are at once excited to the full, and we hear of the fall of princes, the ruin of empires, and the dissolution of the globe itself.

When one of these glorious strangers unexpectedly bursts upon the view, and appears amidst the wilderness of stars, with what different feelings is it contemplated ! The gloomy ascetic will say it is the abode of the damned ; others, that it indicates the death of the illustrious and noble : the comet of 1811 was considered as the baleful star of Napoleon—to forwarn the destruction of his armies ; the burning of Moscow also followed this celestial omen. The farmer scowls at the comet, which parches his fields, or, as it may happen, that drowns his crops ; while the votary of Bacchus, as he quaffs his wine, blesses the comet, which improves the vintage, producing wines concentrated as its nucleus, and brilliant as its tail.

But not only direful effects were said to attend the appearance of these bodies, they were supposed to generate atmospherical changes, affecting the productions of the earth and the ani-

mal kingdom ; and this was the opinion as recently as during the appearance of the comet of 1811 ; it was noticed that the summer and autumn of 1811 were, over the whole of Europe, remarkable for long continued heat, and the cause was generally ascribed to the great comet which appeared during the course of that year. Hence connoisseurs in wines are still in the habit of distinguishing the claret made from the vintage of that year by the appellation of the “comet wine,” on account of the effect which this luminary was supposed to have had in maturing the vintage. But enough of so deplorable an example of astrological faith, more worthy of the darker ages, than of a country and times so enlightened as ours.

That division of the *Essay* which treats of the motion of comets through the system, will, we suspect, be read with considerable pleasure by those who desire to see the most intricate investigations of astronomy in their most simple forms ;—we mean the calculations of a comet's orbit on the parabolic hypothesis, which is illustrated by determining the elements of the comet of 1826. In perusing this, we are furnished with a striking proof of the advances made in determining the periods of comets, by contrasting the ideas entertained by Halley, who termed that which bears his name, whose period is about seventy-five years, “the Mercury of comets,” on account of its supposed short revolution, when compared with many others ;—what would he have said of the comet of Encke,* whose period is only 1203 days, and the comet of Gambart, whose orbit is completed in not more than six years and three quarters, or 2,461 days !

But we dare assert, that the part of this *Essay* which will be most interesting to the general reader, will be that which treats of the collision of this earth with a comet.

* This is the comet so frequently referred to by continental philosophers, which at its next approach (in 1832) will pass the earth's orbit at the distance of about 14,000 leagues, but at a period when the earth will be in a different part of its orbit, and therefore no mutual attraction can by any possibility take place.

"It was apprehended by many astronomers, that if a comet were to approach the earth, within a short distance of its surface, the attraction of the comet might be sufficient to elevate the ocean to a prodigious height, and thus occasion all the horrors of a deluge. La Lande computed, that were a comet of the size of the earth to come within 13,000 leagues, or about five or six times nearer than the moon, the waters of the earth would be raised '2000 toises above their ordinary level, and thus inundate all the continents of the world.' Such would undoubtedly be the effect of the mere proximity of the comet; but, as Du Sejour very justly remarks, this result is materially modified by several circumstances. La Lande's calculation is founded on the supposition, that the comet remains vertical over the same part of the earth, till the full effect of its attraction is produced. Now, Du Sejour shows in the most satisfactory manner, that, supposing the ocean to have a uniform depth of a league, nearly eleven hours must elapse before the inertia of the waters could be overcome; if the depth be supposed two leagues, eight hours and a quarter would be necessary. But, 1st, The comet cannot remain beyond a very short period over the same spot, on account both of its own progressive motion and the rotation of the earth. 2d, The comet would soon have removed to so great a distance, as to lose all its power of attraction. 3d, The waters of the ocean are not spread uniformly over the surface of the globe; and this is a circumstance which, as in the Mediterranean and other inland seas, diminishes very considerably the elevation of the tides. But, along with these considerations, it is essential also to remember the small mass which characterises the generality of comets. La Place, as was already stated, showed that the mass of the comet of 1770, one of the largest ever observed, could not have amounted to 1-5000th part of the mass of the earth: but assuming that its mass was

even equal to this, what is the actual effect which its attraction could have produced on the ocean, in comparison with the moon's influence! The power of attraction, it is well known, is proportional to the mass; so that if we assume the comet of 1770 to have had a power of attraction equal to 1-66.6th part of the moon's, and modify this according to the law established by Newton, that the effect increases in the inverse triplicate ratio of the distance, we find, that in order to produce only the same elevation of the tides as the moon does, the comet must be $(66.6)^{\frac{1}{3}}$, or about four times nearer to the earth than the moon. But at so short a distance, and possessing, therefore, so great an angular velocity, the comet would have passed by long before any such effects could have taken place. * * *

"By *proximity* alone, comets are almost wholly incapable of affecting either the movement of the planets, or the system of things upon their surface. But the case is very different, on the supposition of actual *contact*: for one of those circumstances which would be the chief means of counteracting the comet's influence in approaching a planet, viz. the rapidity of its motion, would serve, by the momentum, to give great effect to a collision. Still it must be observed, that, though this occurrence will necessarily be attended with far more alarming consequences, it is one of which the risk is infinitely less than a mere approach. For, in order that the collision should happen, it is requisite, first, that the radius vector of the comet be exactly equal to the planet's distance from the sun; secondly, that the comet be in the plane of the planet's orbit; and thirdly, that the longitude of its ascending or descending node be the heliocentric longitude of the planet. When, therefore, we consider the improbability that all these conditions should be simultaneously fulfilled, and add to this circumstance, the immensity of the celestial spaces through which the orbits of comets

extend, it will at once appear how unlikely it is that such an occurrence should take place in the succession of many ages. But though the probability of such a collision is extremely small, we see that it is perfectly possible in itself; whilst the amount of that probability may be greatly increased by lapse of time. Let us now, therefore, shortly attend to the consequences which might ensue from such an event. It is evident that much will depend on the direction of the comet's course at the time of its encountering a planet. If both be moving towards the same quarter of the heavens, each will glide off from the surface of the other, and no very material changes will be produced, either on their movements or on their physical constitution. But should the directions of their respective courses be exactly opposite when the concurrence takes place, (a case, however, which it is easy to see can happen only with retrograde comets,) the consequences would necessarily be far more serious and permanent. It is true, that in general comets are of very inconsiderable magnitude; but the deficiency of mass is amply compensated by the prodigious momentum, by means of which a planet might be impeded, or even altogether arrested, in its orbit. If, for instance, a retrograde comet, moving at the rate of 1,734,000 feet per second, should in this manner meet the earth, assuming the earth's velocity at the time to be 102,000 feet per second, the shock would have the effect of at once destroying the progressive motion of both bodies, and causing them to fall to the sun, were the comet's mass only about one-seventeenth of the earth's, or four times that of the moon. It is true, we have no very authentic records of many comets of such a size having been observed; though, even if there were none at all, the fact would afford an illustration of our limited knowledge, rather than a proof of the non-existence of such bodies in the system. But even in our own times a comet has appeared,

whose nucleus, if Herschel's estimate be correct, exceeded the moon in diameter, and which, if it had chanced to strike this body in a particular direction, would most infallibly have caused it to descend to the earth's surface. Seeing, then, that the collision of a comet and planet is an event lying within the verge of possibility, have we any reason to suppose that it is one which has ever happened? This question we can answer, only by examining the movements and constitution of the planets as they at present exist, and tracing back the circumstances now characterising both to those causes by which they seem to have been produced."

Mr. Milne has some curious ideas on comets considered as habitable bodies, and very ingeniously shows that there is no absurdity in the supposition, but that it is perfectly agreeable with the economy of the universe.

"If we estimate the intelligence of beings by the knowledge which their place in the universe is fitted to impart, we are compelled to regard the cometary inhabitants as of an order even superior to the creatures of the earth. When, for example, they find themselves passing through the midst of the satellites, those small bodies which we can scarcely discern with telescopes—or when they are brought so close to the planet Saturn that they can examine the wonderful phenomenon of his rings even with the naked eye—or when, at the perihelion passage, they are able to observe every thing on the surface of the sun, that great luminary, the mysterious source of life, and light, and energy, to the system,—what spectacles of delightful contemplation must they enjoy, and what means of attaining an acquaintance with the works of nature, infinitely greater than any which we shall ever command! Traversing, as they do, the whole extent of that system of which the earth forms so insignificant a member, and directing their course far beyond its known limits into those regions of space, whose dark and un-

fathomable nature it will forever baffle human penetration to explore, the beings who have their abode on comets must be familiar with many important truths of which we can obtain only a few casual glimpses, and witness such glorious and sublime displays of the manifold wonders of creation, as must afford to them the noblest conceptions of that Almighty Being by whose wisdom they were constructed, and by whose power they are still sustained."

Mr. Milne, in his advertisement, indirectly apologises for not having studied elegance of composition, or glossed over his Essay with the gay coloring of fancy; but the following specimen will sufficiently prove that he can not only write with accuracy as to related facts, and with perspicuity as to mathematical reasoning, but also with considerable beauty and eloquence.

"When we contemplate the astonishing discoveries which this same pitiful creature, man, has effected, concerning the movements and origin of the heavenly bodies, as well as the extent and constitution of the planetary system, we are lost in wonder and admiration. Darting his feeble vision from the surface of his own globe, by means of the telescope he directs his inquiring eye to the farthest limits of creation; he examines other worlds moving in their various courses, at almost immeasurable distances from his own; he is able to discover the peculiarities of their orbits, and even to obtain intelligence respecting their physical structure. Those other bodies, the comets, which withdraw themselves far be-

yond the reach of perception, are not for that reason altogether lost to him. With the penetrating eye of science he can follow them through their many and eccentric courses, and exactly anticipate the period when, after ages have elapsed, they will again be witnessed by posterity returning to the centre of the system. These bodies may thus be regarded as the couriers of man, bringing information of various facts from the unexplored and unknown regions of space, which his own scanty and imperfect faculties could never directly obtain. By aid of the vast stores of knowledge which man by such means has acquired, he is able to predict the great phenomena of the heavens long before their actual occurrence; he delineates the tracks which the countless orbs, rolling through space, will pursue for thousands of years; and can predict those terrible catastrophes arising from the crush of worlds, which will not only cause the annihilation of his species, but disorganise or alter the whole fabric of the system. Thus winging his adventurous way upon the resources of science, and rising to an acquaintance with the designs of Providence itself concerning the destinies of the world, man nobly vindicates the superiority of his lofty character! We behold the vigorous efforts of his soul, that vital principle in which his strength resides, struggling to free itself from this mortal coil,—elevating him far above his material nature; and even prolonging his existence to the remotest limits of time, by opening to his view a prospect of the future, as available and certain as his experience of the past."

THE BUTTERFLY.

THE Butterfly was a gentleman
Of no very good repute;
And he roved in the sunshine all day long,
In his scarlet and purple suit:
And he left his lady-wife at home
In her own secluded bower;
Whilst he, like a bachelor, flirted about
With a kiss for every flower.

His lady-wife was a poor glow-worm,
And seldom from home she'd stir;
She loved him better than all the world,
Though little he cared for her.
Unheeded she pass'd the day—she knew
Her lord was a rover then;
But when night came on, she lighted her lamp
To guide him over the glen.

One night the wanderer homeward came,
 But he saw not the glow-worm's ray :
 Some wild bird saw the neglected one,
 And flew with her far away.

—Then beware, ye Butterflies all, beware
 If to you such a time should come :
 Forsaken by wandering lights, you'll wish
 You had cherish'd the lamp at home.

THE LATEST LONDON FASHIONS.

Explanation of the Print of the Fashions.

WALKING DRESS.

A *PELISSE* of purple *gros de Naples*, fastened down the front of the skirt with strap-rosettes, notched at each end, and a small gilt buckle in the centre of each strap. The body is *à la Circassienne*; with lapels and collar turning back; the vacancy filled up by a *fichu* of fine India muslin with a double ruff of lace, and a *cravat-sautoir* of celestial-blue silk. The sleeves are *en gigot*, with an ornament of shell-scallops at the wrists, and confined by a very broad bracelet of gold lace, fastened with a square antique brooch. A hat of purple velvet, lined with white satin, and trimmed with purple ribbon, on one side of which is a broad edge of white, painted over in flowers of various colors.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of pink *gros de Naples*, with a broad hem at the border, above which is a row of foliage, in separate leaves, standing erect, and wadded: to separate these ornaments from the hem is an entwined *rouleau* of satin ribbon. *Corsage à la Sévigné*, with sleeves very short and full; over which are *mancherons* formed of the same kind of wadded leaves as those on the skirt. The head-dress is a turban-*toque* of white satin and *tulle*; ornamented with braids of satin platted so tight together as to appear like rows of beads; of these a triple *bandeau* is formed, and placed across the forehead, while they are carried upwards, to the turban over which they wind, in various ways. White ostrich feathers play gracefully over this truly-elegant *coiffure*, and one feather touches the throat, as it droops over the left side. The ear-pendants are of wrought gold.

FULL DRESS EVENING COSTUME.

A DRESS of white satin, with a flounce beautifully painted or embroidered at the border with blue and yellow flowers: the flounce finished by a rich and elegant head, on which are spots of the same colors as those on the border of the flounce; over this is a full *ruche* of blond. The *corsage* is *à la Sévigné*, with a *girandole* brooch formed of valuable pear-pearls, in the centre of the *bouffant* drapery across the top of the bust. The sleeves short, and their fullness confined by a string of pearls. A pointed zone of white satin, on which are colored flowers, corresponding with those on the trimming of the skirt. The hair is arranged on each side of the face in full curls; and over it is placed the elegant *toque à la Psyche*, composed of *tulle* and blond, the latter edging the *papillon* wings, which expand from the border. A beautiful plume of white feathers ornaments the left side of this truly graceful head-dress. The ear-pendants are of wrought gold, an article of jewellery now in peculiar favor. On entering an ante-room, or quitting a full dress party, a cloak is thrown over this dress, of velvet, the scarlet of the rock geranium blossom; it is tied round the neck with gold *cordons*, terminating with superb thistle tassels of the same rich material.

BALL DRESS.

A dress of figured gauze, trimmed with bows, and scrolls of white satin, painted in zig-zags, and bound with either blue or green. The *corsage à la Grecque*, and the sleeves short and full. The hair very much elevated on the summit of the head, the Apollo-knot being entirely visible in front; this is made up of large bows or puffs of hair, corkscrew, and other ringlets.

The curls next the face are divided from the forehead, and arranged on each side, in very full curls. The ear-pendants and necklace are of sapphires and gold, and beautifully formed in festoons; in the centre is a *girandole* ornament, consisting of three valuable sapphires of a pear form.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

"Serene Philosophy!"

She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of Science and of Virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear."

THE THERMOMETER.

THERE are three instruments in common use bearing the name of Thermometer, or *Heatmeasurer*, which, though all constructed on the same principle, viz. on the change of bulk which bodies undergo by alterations of temperature, differ materially from each other in the graduation of their respective scales.

1. Daniel Gabriel Fahrenheit, a native of Dantzic, its reputed inventor, has lent his name to that used in this country, in North America, and in Holland. The principle of division on which he proceeded in the graduation of his instrument, rested on the computation, that it contained, when cold was at its *maximum* in Iceland, 11,124 parts of Quicksilver, which when plunged into melting snow expanded to 11,156. The intermediate space thus obtained (11,156—11,124) he divided into 32 equal parts, taking the 32nd as the freezing point of Water. In the same manner, on its being found that when plunged into boiling water, the quicksilver was expanded to 11,336 parts, he marked $212 = 11,336 - 11,124$, as the boiling point of that fluid.

2. Reaumur's Thermometer, though now not much used except in Spain and some other Continental States, is entitled to attention as supplying us with the terms in which numerous and very valuable observations and experiments are recorded. Its scale is simpler and seemingly more natural than that of Fahrenheit; Zero and 8.0 being taken as its freezing and boiling

points. It is however liable to the objections, that when minutely graduated, fractional parts of a degree are of frequent occurrence, and that in consequence of the altitude of 0° , the necessity often occurs, of using positive and negative degrees, even at common natural temperatures.

3. The Thermometer of Celsius—the *Thermometre Centigrade* of the French chemists, differs but little from that of Reaumur. Its freezing point is also Zero, but to obviate in some degree the inconvenience arising from the limited space between Reaumur's extremes, the boiling point is elevated to 100 deg. and the scale divided into centesimal parts. The necessity, however, of employing positive and negative degrees in computations at a natural temperature is as great as in Reaumur's.

The confusion and embarrassment, which are produced by this difference in the graduation of so popular an instrument, seem to render a universal Thermometer almost as desirable an object as a universal language.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

If all bodies were transparent, so that light were never stopped in its course, light would not be perceived by us, nor apprehended to exist any more than the corpuscles, to the impulse of which M. Le Saya, of Geneva, ascribes the cause of gravity. Without the intervention of darkness, indeed, we might be induced, by reasoning, to believe that there was something necessary to vision

besides the eye and the object; but we should have no proof of its existence from immediate perception, any more than we now have of the cause of gravitation.

CREATION OF THE MOON.

The African Indians believe, that at every change of the moon the old one is destroyed and a new one created; an opinion which Mr. Park thinks by no means wonderful, when there is taken into consideration the very great usefulness of the moon to them in their nocturnal excursions.

EGGS.

A chemist at Geneva states that he has discovered an easy mode of preserving for six years, or probably for a longer period, eggs, perfectly fresh and fit to eat; and a confectioner in the same place has this year employed in his business a ton of eggs which had been so preserved. All that is necessary is to put fresh eggs into a bocal (a large round bottle with a short neck,) and fill it up with lime-water. The way to make the lime-water is as follows:—Throw into a vessel containing between twenty and thirty pints of water, five or six pounds of quick-lime, shake it well several times, then let the lime precipitate itself, and pour off the water, which is perfectly limpid, although it has dissolved a portion of the lime. This is the water to be used. To make sure of its being saturated with the lime, after having filled the bocal containing

the eggs until the water is about three inches above them, dust in a small quantity of quick-lime, and close the bocal.

DWARF PLANTS ON MOUNTAINS.

From experiments made by M. Döbereiner on the vegetation of plants in rarefied and condensed air, he is disposed to believe that the diminution in the size of plants, as they rise into higher regions on mountains, depends more on the diminution of pressure than of heat. The phenomenon of drops of water on the leaves which occurred in rarefied air, is illustrated by a fact observed on the high mountains of Spanish America, where the trees constantly transpire a quantity of water even in the driest weather, this water being sometimes so copious as to fall like rain.

MOUNTAINS FORMED BY CRYSTALLISATION.

If we suppose the original nucleus or kernel of the globe to be uniform, the deposition of crystals would soon produce inequalities in the same way as we see occur in forming crystals of alum, which take the form of pyramids, somewhat like the peaks of Alpine granite, called needles. It produces more sublime ideas of the power of God to conceive him thus working silently, by secondary causes in the mighty deep, than to vainly imagine him exerting his power to tear up the everlasting hills from their bases, and pile them up in all the wildness of ruin and desolation.

VARIETIES.

“Come, let us stray
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk.”

MUCKLE AND LITTLE SANDY GORDON.
BEFORE the Reformation in Scotland, a good old gentlewoman, who had seen better days, was reduced to the necessity of taking a small moorland farm under the Earl of Huntley, ancestor of the Dukes of Gordon. On this barren

spot the poor widow and her two sons, by their unwearied industry, contrived to glean a scanty subsistence. But miserable as this dependence was, they were likely soon to be deprived of it by the practices of a greedy, ruthless land-steward, or factor, as he is deno-

minated in Scotland. This unfeeling scoundrel strained every nerve to dispossess the widow and her orphan children; and adopted an infallible method to obtain his diabolical object,—viz. raising a rent already almost beyond their means of paying. In this emergency she applied to several persons who were said to possess the favor of the earl; but all in vain. Seeing ruin inevitable, she summoned up resolution to wait on his lordship himself. The earl, who was a man of a bluff, open, and generous disposition, received her with great kindness, and, after some conversation, found her to be a person of superior sense and worth, and expressed much surprise that the poorest of his *cot-farms* should be occupied by one who had once obviously moved in a higher sphere. “But,” quoth the worthy nobleman, “you must dine with me and my family to-day; I must let them see of what *sicker* stuff at least one of my tenants is made. The astounded widow was very reluctant to accept the invitation; but the earl would not be denied. She had the good fortune to make herself equally acceptable to the countess and all the family. After dinner she was shown over the castle, and finally was conducted into the chapel, where there was no lack of images. But fearfully scandalised were the feelings of the good woman, when, coming in front of one of the Virgin Mary, she saw her noble hostess and her children sink down before it, as if a signal had been given for their immediate prostration. When they had ended their devotions, they were equally astonished at the unbending posture and horrified looks of their heretical guest. The earl, who had been absent, now made his appearance; and seeing how matters stood, asked her how she could be so neglectful of her duty to the Holy Virgin. “Where could she find such an all-sufficient intercessor for sinful creatures as the blessed mother of our Lord?” “Please your honors,” quoth she,

“alloo me to answer ye in a hamely way; but by your favors no sae far I reckon frae the soobject in han’. Ye weel ken, ma lord, that I hae a sma’ farm under yere lordship, and for some years hard hae we striven, my twa callants and mysel, to mak the twa ends meet. Few as our comforts hae been, they hae been seasoned wi’ content, whilk is a pleasant, though uncommon, drap in the cup of poverty; but, alake, noo we’re aboot to be turned oot of house and haddin by a factor, who shuts his ears to the widow’s moan and the orphan’s cry. I too hae made supplication to intercessors of weel-kent power and favor wi’ your honorable lordship. I hae applied to *little* Sandy Gordon, and got neither solace nor satisfaction frae him. Syne I applied to *muckle* Sandy Gordon, but got still less frae him. In short, a’s proved vanity and vexation o’ speerit. Before I and my bairns gae forth, the sport of the winds of heaven, I noo do what I suld hae dune at the outset,—I apply for remeid to the *great* Gordon himself!” This most judicious and touching appeal produced an electrical effect on the noble persons to whom it was made. The widow and her sons obtained a long lease of an excellent farm, on a rent merely nominal; and it is believed that her descendants enjoy it to this very day.*

RAPIDITY OF SPEECH.

A short-hand writer of the House of Commons, on inquiry, informed me, that a rapid orator may pronounce from 7,000 to 7,500 words in an hour. The medium number is about 7,200, which will give 120 words in a minute, and 2 in a second. This, of course, relates to the English language, and will differ in other tongues according to the facility with which they may be pronounced.

THE SORE TOE.

A stranger, on taking his seat lately in the pit of the Glasgow Theatre, ac-

* The common people in Aberdeenshire believe the conversion of the Gordon family from the Roman Catholic to the Protestant religion, to be in no small degree owing to the above pithy and seasonable address.

costed a gentleman who sat near him, with "Pray, Sir, have you a bill?" when, to the stranger's amazement, the gentleman, starting from a reverie in which he had been plunged, exclaimed, "No, Sir; *but I have two next week, and both unprovided for!*"

CAFFRARIAN PUNISHMENT OF CONJURORS.

When the Caffres wish anything done supernaturally, such as an immediate fall of rain, they apply to a conjuror for his assistance. It would appear, however, that his profession is rather a ticklish one to practise in Caffraria; for, if his power fail, he is expelled the community as a useless member; if he succeeds, he is put to death for having a compact with the devil.

NATIVE WIT.

An English lady on arriving at Calais, on her way to make the grand tour, was surprised, and somewhat indignant, at being termed, for the first time in her life, a—Foreigner. "You mistake, madam," said she to the libeller, with some pique,—"*it is you who are foreigners—we are English.*"

SYMPATHY.

There is a tear, more sweet and soft
Than beauty's smiling lip of love;
By angel's eyes first wept, and oft
On earth by eyes like those above:
It flows for virtue in distress,
It soothes, like hope, our sufferings here;
'Twas given, and it is shed, to bless—
'Tis Sympathy's celestial tear.

ADVANTAGES OF CHEAP BOOKS.

When Goldsmith boasted of having seen a splendid copy of his poems in the cabinet of some great lord, saying emphatically, "This is fame, Dr. Johnson," the doctor told him that, for his part, he would have been more disposed to self-gratulation had he discovered any of the progeny of his mind thumbred and tattered in the cabin of a peasant.

CRICKET.

Miss Mitford, in one of her charming sketches, tells us of a cricket-ball being thrown five hundred yards.

This is what the people who write for Drury-lane and Covent-garden would call "pitching it pretty strong."

A BAREFACED JOKE.

The facetious J—h G—n, one of the legal agents of the late Duke of B—cl—gh, having on a certain occasion a request to make to his grace, posted out one morning to D—th House in such a hurry, that he neglected to undergo the tonsorial operation. The duke, surprised at the unseemly and slovenly appearance of the man of law, said to him—"Good Heavens, J—s—ph, what a pickle you are in! I don't think the razor and you have been acquainted for a week." "My lord duke," replied the witty and wily lawyer, "I have a favor to ask of your grace; and I never in my life could ask a favor in a *barefaced* manner."

JOB, BY MILTON.

When Madame Mara returned to France, after assisting at the commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abbey, she introduced "I know that my Redeemer liveth" to the Parisians, announcing it, "Musique de Handel, paroles de *Milton.*"

SUITING THE ACTION TO THE WORD.

The *Bury Herald* states that Mr. Macready, when playing *Othello*, the other day, very nearly slew *Iago* (Mr. J. Smith) in right earnest. He exhibited the same bloody intentions last year, in the character of *Virginius*, when Mrs. Hannam, as *Virginia*, discovered how extremely dangerous it is to play at edge-tools with a man of genius.

STATE OF PAUPERISM AND GRATUITOUS EDUCATION IN THE NETHERLANDS.

Nearly a seventh part of the whole population receives assistance from charity; to which purpose about a seventh part of the whole annual revenues of the state is applied. 147,000 children of poor parents receive gratuitous instruction, which number, compared with the average population, is as 24 to 1000.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THIRD SERIES.] BOSTON, FEBRUARY 15, 1829. [VOL. 1, NO. 10.

ROUSSEAU: HIS ELOISE, AND CONFESSIONS.

THERE never yet existed an author who so completely divided the suffrages of the literary world as Rousseau. By one party he has been cried up as an angel; by another, he has been written down as a dæmon. One class says he is above all praise; another, beneath all contempt. This reader finds in his ethics the very perfection of nature; that, the utmost plausibility of art. Meanwhile, all agree in this one point—namely, that, whether justly or unjustly, he has exercised a despotic influence over his age; taught the most indifferent to feel, the shallowest to think, the most abject to stickle for freedom of thought and action. Unlike Voltaire—who disseminated his most pestilent doctrines, and broke down the barriers of truth, reason, and moral and religious rectitude, by dint of searching irony—Rousseau enforces his opinions by the most winning and specious sensibility. He reaches the reason through the heart, or as he himself says, in his mistaken character of Lord Edouard, “*C’est le chemin des passions qui m’a conduit à la philosophie.*” We do not, in the following cursory sketch, intend to be the apologists of this extraordinary writer—to palliate his glaring obliquities of thought, his insidious sentiments, or distorted truisms: these sufficiently condemn themselves without our aid; all that we here profess to do is to account for their origin, to trace their progress, and to show how, notwithstanding their apparent moral

beauty, they led, as they must always lead, from sophistry to doubt, from doubt to despair, from despair to utter, irretrievable desolation.

From his earliest infancy, Rousseau, who inherited from nature the utmost fragility of constitution—which, by the way, is one of the strongest fosterers of intellect—was, by the force of circumstances, thrown upon himself for his amusements. At an early age, he was apprenticed to a clock-maker at Geneva, whom he describes, in his *Confessions*, as a man just sufficiently intellectual for his occupation, but nothing more. With this person he could of course hold no communion—no interchange of thought or sentiment; his extreme delicacy of frame, nervous to a degree bordering at times upon madness, equally forbade his engaging in the usual sports of childhood, and he was consequently thrown upon books for his recreation; which books, had they been supplied to him by some sound, well-ordered, and enlightened individual, might, in due course of time, have given a philosopher instead of a sophist to the world. Unluckily, they were all, with one or two exceptions, of a chivalrous and romantic cast—there was little or no equipoise to counteract their effect; and it may readily be conceived what impression such works, fascinating at any period of life, must have made upon the unformed mind of a youth, who had never known the salutary restraints

of scholastic discipline, had never been taught to bridle his passion, to tame his enthusiasm, or square his imagination agreeably to the dictates of a healthy judgment. Of course, the first effect produced by such books was a disgust for his mechanical occupation. We do not remember the precise way in which this aversion showed itself, or whether Rousseau's father were living at the time; but we distinctly recollect that the embryo sophist ran away from his employer, and pursued his course, unaccompanied, except by a bounding heart, and a slight—a very slight—stock of money, over the heaths and mountains of his native land. In one of these excursions, he chanced to light upon two young ladies whom he assisted over a running stream, and at whose house—“*si ritè audita recordamur*”—he spent one or two delightful days. This incident, though trifling and scarcely worth mention in itself, is important as it regards Rousseau. His ever-creative mind, fascinated by the courtesy of these fair Unknowns, at once robed them in drapery selected from the wardrobe of a well-filled fancy; and, as the reality of their appearance wore off, it laid the foundation of that beautiful idealism, which Madame de Warrens strengthened, Madame de Houdetot confirmed, and which afterwards shone forth, to the admiration and regret of thousands, in the unequalled character of Eloise.

It was some time after this rencontre, that, fatigued with walking, hungry, penniless, and dispirited—the past wretched, the future a blank—the young Rousseau knocked for charity at the gate of a good-natured widow lady, named De Warrens, who at once, with all the generous inconsiderateness of a woman, listened to his petition, gave him good advice, supplied him with food and money, and sent him home. To this acquaintance—thus strangely commenced—must be traced much, indeed the greater part, of those singular obliquities in judgment and feeling which deformed the

otherwise acute mind of Rousseau. Circumstances, or as he himself would call it, destiny, threw him, some years afterwards, when a youth of one or two and twenty, for the second time, into the hands of this lady. But, alas! at this period his acquaintance was not without dishonor. By degrees he secured for himself an interest in her heart, which, however, in the headlong infatuation of the moment, he was content to share with another. From this hour, his mind received a warp; from this hour, he learned to become sophistical, in order to justify his own excesses, and opinions insincere at first, acquired by long habit, and by being perpetually brooded over, an air of decided truth.—The daily romance of his life—for Rousseau now lived wholly with Madame de Warrens, unoccupied, except in rambling about his sublime neighborhood, where he familiarized himself with the loftiest forms of natural beauty, and fed and strengthened a strong but diseased mind—confirmed these opinions; until, at length, all that was sound and sterling in thought gave place to art and sophistry. This meditative and impassioned mode of life, which, while it strengthens the sensibility, wholly unfits it for society, was pursued by Rousseau for many years. Occasionally, indeed, he visited Paris, where his exquisite relish for music, and the circumstance of his having composed a successful opera, procured him admittance into the highest circles; but his mind could not adapt itself to the etiquette of a court,—his pride, too, forbade all approach to friendship, and he lived a hermit even within the atmosphere of Versailles. Before this, we should observe, he had, from some cause or other, separated himself from Madame de Warrens, and now lodged in the house of a Swiss family, with one member of which, a girl named Theresa, about nineteen years of age, he carried on a dishonorable intercourse. As if this in itself were not sufficiently degrading, he rendered it still more so, by sending the poor offsprings of his guilt to the Foundling

Hospital at Paris, upon some plausible plea, which he had the insufferable audacity to defend in conversation, and also at considerable length in his "Confessions." Meanwhile, to satisfy his notions of independence, and secure what he called "freedom of thought and action," he employed himself in copying music, by which drudgery he contrived to earn a decent subsistence up to the moment when he was taken under the especial protection of the august family of Montmorenci. Shortly after his introduction to this family, at their express desire, conveyed to him in the most flattering terms, Rousseau quitted Paris, and went to reside with them at a small cottage, built for him near their own mansion; where, partly to beguile leisure, partly to put forth his peculiar notions on all subjects where the heart is concerned, he engaged in the composition of *Eloise*, which, when published one or two years afterwards, turned the hearts and heads of France, and rendered its author an object of universal attraction.

It was about this period that the fatal warp in judgment, of which we have before spoken, put forth in Rousseau's mind all its most diseased and humiliating eccentricities. Nursed in solitude, he had formed notions of friendship which reality was sure to disappoint. He had expected to meet in life with the "faultless monsters" of fancy. Every fresh acquaintance was accordingly hailed at first with the utmost enthusiasm, which, however, soon subsided; disgust ensued, then suspicion, then alienation, and, finally, invincible aversion. It was in this way that his connexion with Diderot, D'Alembert, Voltaire, Saint Lambert, Grimm (to whose gossiping memoirs we owe so much delightful scandal), and a hundred others, began: in this way, too, it terminated. Even the noble family of the High Constable—to whom Rousseau was indebted for almost every comfort his hypochondriacal temperament would permit him to enjoy—were not secure in his mind from re-

proach. This evinced itself in the most petty and humiliating manner. If they ever invited him to the château, it was, he said, to make a butt of him; if they respected his infirmities and his olitude, they treated him, he would add, with contempt: either way, they were sure to be wrong, and himself the injured party. Such feelings—which, though carried to the extreme in Rousseau, are by no means restricted to him—are the necessary results of an ill-balanced temperament. While youth lasts, they are in some degree kept under by the generous buoyancy, and freedom from distrust, of that age; but as years roll on, and the simplicity of life becomes discolored with the taint of the world, the counteracting power is lost, and the mind compelled to drift headlong at the mercy of a wild, capricious, and jaundiced disposition. Rousseau's invariable defect was the substitution of feeling for principle. He had few speculative opinions independently of sentiment: this with him was everything; it made him the leading writer of his age, and it made him a wretch. He seemed altogether to throw overboard the notion that man is as much a creature of reason as of sensibility; he objected to Hume that he was dispassionate, and to Voltaire that he was a wit—as if such peculiarities were not strictly within the province of nature, as much, and even more so, than his own forced and heated fancy. But he paid the penalty—and a dreadful penalty it was—of this infirm quality of mind. After hurrying from place to place—from Geneva to the Hermitage, from the Hermitage to the Borromean islands; after being driven from one country with contempt, and received in another with enthusiasm; after wandering for years over Europe, and even venturing into the extreme recesses of Wales—this poor, wretched misanthrope—alone, forlorn, deserted in his age, owning kindred with none, rejecting pity with scorn, and repaying kindness with distrust; a pensioner, yet professing indepen-

dence ; a slave, yet a braggart of his freedom—returned once again to Paris, from which, after a brief, restless stay, he finally set out for one of the adjacent provinces, there to close his eyes and die.

The manner of his death has been variously related. Some say that he committed suicide ; others, that he was attacked with a fit of epilepsy ; others, that he fell a victim to that unconquerable dejection which for years had been preying on and withering the energies of his mind and body. In this state of doubt we shall, as a matter of course, incline to the charitable side, and take as our guide a slight memoir penned a few days after his decease, and widely circulated throughout Paris. According to this narrative, Rousseau had been ailing for some weeks ; but it was not until within a day or two of his death that he anticipated the slightest danger. His love of nature—and this, be it said to his honor, was an enthusiastic passion that neither age nor infirmity could quench—remained with him to the last. He rambled daily to a summer-house situated at the bottom of his garden, and there, seated with some favorite book in his hand, would send his thoughts abroad into eternity, on whose threshold he was even then unconsciously standing. A few friends who lived near him, and who, by respecting his infirmities, had, somehow or other, contrived to preserve his good opinion, occasionally called in to see him ; and to them only was his approaching change apparent : he himself was alternately sanguine and desponding to the last. On the morning of his dissolution, he had risen sooner than usual, and after passing the earlier parts of the day in pain, grew considerably better towards evening, and requested to be wheeled out in a low garden-chair towards his favorite summer-house. The day until twelve o'clock had been clouded, but it cleared up at noon, and the freshness of the air, the hum of the insects, and the fragrant perfume of the flowers as they lifted up their

heads after the rain, revived the languid spirits of the invalid. For a few minutes he remained absorbed in thought, in which state he was found by a neighbor who had accidentally called in to pay him a visit. " See," said Rousseau, as he approached, " how beautifully the sun is setting ! I know not why it is, but a presentiment has just come over me, that I am not doomed to survive it. Yet I should scarcely like to go before it has set, for it will be a satisfaction to me—strange, perhaps, as it may seem to you—that we should both leave the world together." His friend (it is he himself that relates the story) was struck by the singular melancholy of this remark, more especially as the philosopher's countenance bore but too evident an impress of its probable truth. Accordingly, he strove with officious kindness to divert the stream of Rousseau's thoughts : he talked to him of indifferent matters, hoping thereby that he would regain his cheerfulness, but was concerned to find that every attempt was vain. Rousseau, at all times an egotist, was now solely occupied in the contemplation of himself and his approaching change. His thoughts were immovably fixed on death : he felt, he repeatedly exclaimed, that he was fast declining ; and, every now and then, after closing his eyes for a minute or so, would languidly open them again, as if for the purpose of remarking what progress the sun had made towards the west. He remained in this state of stupor for a considerable time, when suddenly he shook it off, gazed about him with nearly all his wonted animation, and after bursting into a feeble rhapsody about his unwearied love for nature, turned full towards the sun, with the devotional aspect of a Parsee. By this time, the evening had far advanced, and his friend endeavored to persuade him to return into the house. But no ; his last moments, he was resolved, should be spent in the open air. And they were so. Scarcely had the sun set, when the eyes of Rousseau began al-

so to close ; his breath grew thicker, and was drawn at longer intervals ; he strove to speak, but finding the effort vain, turned towards the friend at his elbow, and pointed with his hand in the direction of the red orb, which just at that moment dropped behind the horizon. This was his last feeble movement : an instant longer, and Rousseau had ceased to live.

We stop not to detail the particulars of the sensation that his death occasioned throughout France ; but, contenting ourselves with this brief and meagre, but impartial memoir, come at once to the consideration of his character as an author. And here, if we could forget the insidious principles that every where pervade his works, and lurk like thorns beneath the flowers of his intellect, our task would be one of unmixed praise. But we cannot do so ; a regard to the decencies of life compels us to remember that the writings of Rousseau teem with the most pestilential doctrines, couched in language so beautiful, so eloquent, that the fancy is flattered, while the judgment is wheedled on to its destruction. The *Eloise*—that unequalled model of style and grace—is full of a certain captivating simplicity that seems the inspiration of an unsophisticated nature. But it sets out on wrong principles ; it requires the reader to grant that female modesty and virtue are consistent with immoral indulgences, that vice is only vice when detected, and that the heart is the best and most correct moral guide through life. This last is an extravagant Utopian doctrine, at variance with principle, at variance with all that has made society what it is, and still contributes to preserve its decorum. Yet it is the key to unlock the mysteries of *Eloise*. The heroine is there represented as a young lady full of superlative sensibility, without judgment, without principle, though eternally boasting of both. Attached enthusiastically to Saint Preux, the friend and instructor of her youth, she is yet compelled, by the force of circumstances, to link her-

self and fortunes to an atheist. By this person she has a large family ; but, though guiltless of infidelity towards him, her mind has received a taint : she is, in fact, a speculative adulteress, from whose impassioned soul the wife is unable to root out the mistress. Her very last letter—that affecting composition which it is scarcely possible to read without tears—though dated from a death-bed, breathes the spirit of guilty and incurable infatuation. To make matters worse, the object of this infatuation returns, after a long absence, from abroad ; and, notwithstanding that his presence must be a perpetual memento of the past, replete with danger, Madame de Wolmar (the married name of *Eloise*) receives him with unfeigned ecstasy, and not only insists on his taking up his abode exclusively with her, but (grateful, no doubt, for the valuable moral principles which he had instilled into her own mind) is indiscreet—not to say mad—enough to propose him as a tutor to her children. As if her own invitation were not sufficient, her husband is persuaded to add his entreaties, even though that husband has been previously made acquainted with the circumstance of Saint Preux's former intimacy with his wife. Now all this, we roundly assert, is monstrous, and has no prototype in nature. When we say no prototype, we would be understood to mean that it has never been, and never will be, found connected with that refined sensibility and exquisite sense of decorum with which Rousseau has invested these inconsistent creations of his fancy. A wife anxious for her children's morals, proud of her husband, and passionately devoted to the pure and simple enjoyments of home, would never peril her own reputation, or that of her family, by encouraging an attachment framed in guilt, and at variance with the most obvious duties. If, however, she did encourage such attachment, she would not rest satisfied, as *Eloise*—and herein lies an additional violation of nature—is represented to have been, with the mere

theoretical enjoyments of guilt : she would at once reduce speculation to practice. In like manner, a husband described as being endowed with an almost romantic sense of honor, and even with a sceptical turn of mind that had its origin in principle, would never, consistently with these qualities, look with indifference on the hazardous condition of a wife who trod daily on a precipice enwreathed with flowers : he would either snatch her from the brink, or perish with her. But, supposing he relied on her virtuous self-possession for her safety, he would then show himself utterly unacquainted with the human heart ; so that, in either sense, whether viewed as a man of the world, or a man of honor, (and Rousseau invests him with both qualities in the extreme,) Monsieur de Wolmar must be set down as a picturesque but ludicrous anomaly.

As the characters of the Eloise are unnatural, so also are the sentiments—those, at least, which profess to adapt themselves to reality. They are couched, as we before observed, in sweet and honied language, yet inculcate the most pernicious morals. They bubble up with apparent artlessness from a good and benevolent heart, yet are tainted all over with miasma. Vice is taught to lisp the sentiments of a generous wisdom : the language of the Cecropian Pallas is mouthed by the Cyprian Venus ; Eloise prates of chastity, St. Preux of reason, and both, of the charms of patriarchal innocence and simplicity. It was upon a principle pretty similar to this, and at least with equal sincerity, that the Gracchi complained of sedition. It has been the object with many undoubted moral authors, to paint the fascinations of vice in the most alluring colors, in order to contrast it afterwards with the penalties it must pay perforce to virtue, and thus to work out a more obvious and impressive homily. This is not the case with Rousseau. Vice, throughout his Eloise, robed in the garb of modesty, is triumphant ; she is even

pitied, and monopolizes the tears due to her celestial adversary. Who, except by the determined efforts of a strong mind, can bear for an instant to condemn Madame de Wolmar—the beautiful—the sensitive—the confiding ? Who can forget the high-wrought, impassioned youth, her exceeding love of nature, of art, of all, in short, that contributes to the grace, the ornament, and the simplicity of existence ? Even up to the present moment, though years have elapsed, fashions have changed, and literature has diverged into new channels, she is ever visibly before us. The rocks of Meillerie breathe of her—Clarens is eloquent of her name—Vevay whispers it through all her woods—and the evening breeze, as it sighs over the blue waters of Geneva, repeats the last parting that rent the souls of herself and her unforgotten lover. She has a distinct—a separate—an undivided existence in our memories : for the Eloise, be it observed, is not a book to be laid aside with childhood ; it grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength ; we abjure its principles, but, despite ourselves, we hug its sensibility to our hearts ; and even when we repudiate it as the true *Liber Amoris*, or Book of Love, it puts forth new claims to our admiration by its exuberant fulness of ideas, its ingenious sophistry, and faultless style. We own throughout its pages the presence of a powerful and analytical mind, that has studied—deeply studied—the origin and progress of even its slightest emotions, and noted them down, fresh as they rose, one after the other, from patient and acute investigation, with all the overwhelming earnestness of sincerity.

The “Confessions,” like the “Eloise,” abounds in impassioned sentiment, but possesses in parts a vein of indignant sarcasm, of which the other is devoid. It is the history—and a mournful one it is—of Rousseau’s own mind ; of his progress from childhood to age, from first enthusiasm to final despair. It is full of detailed accounts of his connexion

with Madame de Warrens, Theresa, and his unrequited fondness for Madame de Houdetot, the plain but faithful mistress of Saint Lambert. It is, in fact, the autobiography of an ardent, self-willed mind, at one time capable of the loftiest flights of virtue; at another, equal to the most contemptible misdeeds. What can be more inconsistent than the candor that could afford to acknowledge that, in order to avoid punishment, it falsely accused a poor, unfriended maiden of theft, and the meanness that could stoop to act so? But, from first to last, Rousseau was the child of caprice: his actions were all impulses—they could never be relied on.

With regard to the literary excellence of his *Confessions*, it is lavish and splendid in the extreme. Each chapter abounds (as suits occasion) in passages of unaffected simplicity, of glowing declamation, of energetic scorn, and sweet descriptive beauty. In proof of this, we may adduce Rousseau's account of his first introduction to Madame de Houdetot—of his solitary walk every morning, to steal one kiss from this idol of his enthusiasm—of his proud expectations—unwearied attachment, which neither absence on his own part, nor indifference on that of his mistress, could extinguish—and of his subsequently blighted hopes. Nor is that passage to be forgotten wherein he describes his ecstatic feeling of enjoyment, while sailing about at evening in his boat, far away from the sight of the human countenance, and surrounded only by the grandest forms of nature—the towering mountain—the shrubless crag, the soft, luxuriant meadow, through whose daisied herbage wound a hundred silver rivelets, sparkling in the red sunset, and lapsing on their course in music and in happiness. Yet the whole passage—beautiful as it undoubtedly is, and conceived in the rapt fervor of poetic inspiration—is false to nature, and equivocal in sentiment. It is in direct contradiction to the experience of ages—surely entitled to some little

deference even from so headlong a reformer as Rousseau—which has left it on the records of a thousand volumes that the unreasonable indulgence of solitude is a factitious feeling, engendered by a diseased, and confirmed by an unsocial intellect. Amid passages, however, of such doubtful (to say the least of them) sensibility, it is delightful to catch now and then glimpses of another and a nobler nature. It is like the bursting in of sudden sunshine upon November's gloom. Of such a redeeming character is Rousseau's account of the periwinkle, which by accident he picked up in one of his Alpine botanical excursions. His simple exclamation of delight at the recognition, "*Ah, voilà la pervenche!*" goes deeper to the heart than a thousand elaborate homilies. It was not the mere flower itself, but the associations thereby engendered, that filled the philosopher's eyes with tears, as he pressed it with fervor to his lips. Eight and thirty years before, while rambling with Madame de Warrens through the same neighborhood, he had gathered that very flower. Time had nearly effaced the circumstance from his mind—age had crept over him—the object of his unceasing attachment had been long since consigned to earth; but here was a talisman to recal the past; this little simple mountain-plant bore about with it a magic power that could roll back the wheels of time, and array a haggard soul in the same sweet freshness which it wore in the morning of existence. As regards the pervading spirit of the *Confessions*, it is a work which sets out in a pensive vein of reflection, and terminates in the darkest, the fiercest misanthropy. Yet, whether for good or evil—whether to sear with scorn, or melt with tenderness—the spirit of a mighty genius moves along each page, free, undisguised, and unchartered as the wind. Indeed, had Rousseau shown but half as much talent in palliating misery as he has shown in forestalling and aggravating it, he would have been the greatest man that ever existed. But

baneful as is the character of his productions, they inculcate—the Confessions more especially—an impressive, but unconscious moral. They convince the unformed, wavering mind, that true happiness is only to be found where it holds in respect the social and the moral duties; that sensibility, without principle, is like the tower built by the fool upon the sands, which the very first wave swept into annihilation; and that every departure from reason is a departure from enjoyment, even though companioned by supreme abilities.

Having thus discussed impartially the character of Rousseau's chief works, it remains, as some slight apology for their obliquities, to say a few words respecting the age in which he flourished. He wrote at a period when the French mind, drugged with a long course of anodyne literature, made up from prescriptions unchanged through a tedious succession of ages, was eagerly prepared to receive any alternative that might exhilarate its intellectual constitution. Previous to his time, France was trammelled by Aristotelian regulations, which, whether for the drama, the closet, or the senate, prescribed one uniform style of composition—correct, but cold—polished, but insipid; founded essentially on the imitative, and deprecating—as was the case with the Augustan age in England, which derived its mental character from the French court—any departure from the old established classics of Greece and Rome as downright unadulterated heresy. Voltaire was the first to break through the ice of this formality: he threw a vivifying power into literature, which sparkled with a thousand coruscations, and drew forth the dormant energies of others. Rousseau was one of the master-spirits thus warmed into life: his predecessor, by his novel and brilliant paradoxes, had triumphantly led the way; France was henceforth prepared to be astonished—overwhelmed—electrified; and Rousseau answered every expectation. This, perhaps, is but a poor apology

for vice, that it adapts itself to the taste of the day; nevertheless, every man is more or less fashioned by the age in which he lives—few having, like our divine, unsullied Milton, the fortitude to precede it;—and if the gross immoralities of Beaumont and Fletcher, and still worse, of Congreve, Vanburgh, and Farquhar, are excused from consideration of the period in which they flourished, surely the same extenuating principle may with justice be applied to Rousseau? In addition to this, it must not be forgotten that his sentiments, however revolting they may appear to Englishmen, were, literally speaking, the received opinions of his country. They grew out of a courtly system of fashion which visited only with condemnation an uncouth person, bad address, churlish temper, or clownish dialect. At such a demoralized period—the necessary precursor of a revolution which should clear the polluted atmosphere—a man of first rate ability, a pander to the elegant sensuality of the age (which, according to Burke, lost “half its danger in losing all its grossness”), and an unflinching philosopher of the new school, was not likely to pass unnoticed. Rousseau felt this, wrote accordingly, and rendered himself immortal and a wretch. The secret of his success he has himself explained in a published conversation with Burke, wherein he observes, that finding the old vehicle of literature was crazy and worn out, he took upon himself the task of renewing the springs, repainting the panels, and gilding the whole machine afresh. In other words, he resolved to extend the pathetic, deepen the unsocial, and pervert what little was left, of moral and religious sensibility among his countrymen. In this he too happily succeeded; but what were the penalties he paid for such success? The answer is tremendous! A shipwrecked character—a broken heart—a brilliant but unenviable immortality.

One word more. Rousseau has been frequently styled the champion,

the apostle of freedom. Mr. Hazlitt, in particular, who in his clouded moments has much of his manner, has thus loved to designate him. This is certainly a saving clause, with nothing to disturb its effect but the circumstance of its utter falsity. The philosopher's independence, like his sentiment, was purely a factitious feeling. It was not the healthy, progressive growth of reason, but the forced production of sophistry. It could stoop to be the slave of the most effeminate, demoralizing vices, and—to adopt a sportsman's phrase—was begot by Irritability out of Selfishness and Egotism. Far different is the nature of the true apostle of liberty. The materials of his magnanimity originate with himself; they are beams reflected from the sunny purity of his own heart, and are mixed up with, and give a tone and coloring to, his most trifling actions. To be the true asserter of public freedom, the man himself must be free. No unworthy suspicions, no rash misanthropy, no prurient fancies, no truckling to sensuality, simply because it is clothed in

the borrowed robes of sentiment, must be permitted to interfere with, or influence his opinions. His mind must tower above the ordinary level of mankind, as much in conduct as in intellect. It is not enough that he possess the ability to discuss; he must add the heart to feel and the disposition to practise, the mighty principle in its minutest as well as in its most comprehensive sense; for by the union of worth and genius alone—either of which, when disjoined, is useless—is the world's conviction ensured. Milton, whose ethics were so sublime, whose daily habits were so stainless, spoke from the heart when he declared himself the sworn foe to despotism; the Tell of private life gave abundant evidence of the public patriot; the moral influence of Washington as a dictator, was the necessary consequence of his worth as a man: but Rousseau, though he fled from clime to clime the fancied martyr to his virtue and his independence, wrote only from the promptings of an excited, a distrustful, and a dissatisfied mind.

TO A LADY, ON THE DEATH OF HER SON.*

BY BERNARD BARTON.

THE world, the heartless world, may deem
But lightly of a loss like thine,
And think it a romantic dream
For such an one in grief to pine:
A gentler creed, my friend, is mine,
Knowing what human hearts can bear,
And how a Mother's must enshrine
The object of its love and care.

For was he not, though on him fell
A cloud that wrapt his soul in night,
The tenderest tie, the strongest spell,
That could thy heart to earth unite?
His was a child's endearing right,
By helplessness but made more dear;
Nor can he vanish from thy sight
Unwept by Nature's mournful tear.

But when the bitterness of grief
Hath been allowed its sacred claim,

What soothing thoughts must yield relief,
And fan a purer, holier flame!
Whatever plans thy heart might frame,
Had he survived thee, for his sake,
Could others have fulfill'd each aim,
Or effort, love like thine would make?

A Mother's heart, and hand, and eye,
Alone could do as thine have done,
And unremittingly supply
The wants and claims of such a Son:
But now thy love its meed hath won,
Thy fond solicitude may cease;
His race of life is safely run,
His spirit fled where all is peace!

And who may tell how bright the ray
Of light and life from Heaven may fall
On minds which, in their mortal clay,
Seem'd bound in dark Affliction's thrall?

* The unfortunate subject of these verses had lived, or existed, from childhood to manhood, in a state of most pitiable mental and bodily infirmity. To some the death of such a sufferer may seem to claim little sympathy. But the heart of a mother is naturally bound up in that of her child, especially an only one; and no common void must be caused by the removal of such an object of years of anxious solicitude.

Think not that HE who governs all,
 Whose power and love no bounds can
 know,
 Would *one* into existence call
 To suffer helpless, hopeless woe.
 With humble hope to Him entrust
 Thy mourn'd one ; in strong faith that He

Can call forth from his slumbering dust
 A Spirit from all frailties free ;
 And yet permit thy soul to see
 One who on earth seemed vainly
 given,
 A form of light to welcome thee
 Hereafter to the joys of Heaven.

THE POPE'S PROMISE.

IT was St. John's Eve : the summer sun was sinking behind the distant hills, while his last beams glittered on the lofty spires and towers of Marcerata, one of the oldest towns in Italy, and formerly the metropolis of Ancona. The uncommon beauty of the evening had tempted forth most of its younger inhabitants, who were seen in detached groups along the high road, or in the fields, enjoying the fresh air. The wealthier females rode forth, attended by cavaliers well dressed and gallantly mounted, while the happier peasants were dancing on the level plains without the town, to the merry notes of the pipe and tabor. The streets were deserted, the sounds of labor had ceased, and the voice of joy alone mingled with the chiming of the convent bells, which announced the hour of evening prayer. Yet Pietro Ariano was still hard at work at his stall—Pietro, who was reckoned the best singer and the best dancer in Marcerata, and who was withal, though only a poor shoemaker, as handsome and as well grown a young man as any in the Pope's dominions.

Pietro's little domicile stood just without the town, by the road side, and his stall fronted a long low latticed window that commanded a fine view of the adjacent country, and within the shade of which the young follower of St. Crispin was seated, busily plying his awl. His present fit of industry appeared more like an act of imperative duty than choice : his bent brow expressed both impatience and fatigue, and he flung his various implements from side to side with a sullen and dissatisfied air, glancing wistfully from time to time towards the

open plains, and muttering imprecations against every fresh party of pleasure that passed his stall.

His wife, a lovely dark-eyed young woman, was earnestly engaged in binding the fellow shoe to that which Ariano held half finished in his hand ; and she beguiled the lingering hours by singing, in a sweet voice, an old ditty, to amuse the infant that smiled upon her knee ; while from under her long dark eyelashes she watched the perturbed countenance of her husband. As the sun gradually declined in the horizon, Pietro's patience sank with it, and before the glorious luminary had totally disappeared, its last remaining spark was utterly extinguished ; and, casting down his implements of labor, he exclaimed, in a hasty tone—"Now, by the mass ! not another stitch will I set in slipper or shoe to-night were it to please the Pope !—Ha ! 'tis a beautiful evening ; and the merry tinkling of that guitar has called forth all my dancing wishes, and my legs, in idea, have been in motion for the last two hours. What say you, my pretty little Francesca," he continued, unconsciously assuming a gayer tone, and slapping his wife briskly on the shoulder, "will you put your boy to bed, and join with me the merry group yonder ?"

The young woman shook her head, and looked up into his face with an arch smile—"No, no, Pietro ! not till you have performed the promise you made to the handsome young friar last night."—Ariano sullenly resumed his work.

"Ay, keep my promise, forsooth, and be repaid by promises for my labor ! Oh, these monks are liberal pa-

trons, who are too spiritual to attend to any temporal wants but their own. To convert neats' leather into shoes and sandals, for their accommodation, is as difficult a task as bringing over so many Turks and heretics to the true faith; and they are more nice to fit withal, than the vainest damsel that ever sported a smart foot and ankle. They live on the general contributions of the public, and take good care to want for nothing that can be obtained by way of extortion. O, 'tis a dainty life!" he continued, plying his awl, in despite of his recent vow, with increasing energy, whilst inveighing against his principal employers, a rich community of Franciscan monks, who belonged to the noble monastery whose august towers formed the leading feature in the beautiful landscape before him, "O, 'tis a dainty life! whose very motto is '*laziness*.' They are the hooded locusts that devour the substance of the land, and receive a pittance from the Pope, heaven bless him! to live in idleness. Would that my father had made me a member of this holy community, instead of binding me to his own unprofitable trade!"

"If that had been the case, Pietro, I should never have shared your poverty and your labors," said Francesca, with a glance of reproachful tenderness.

"Il Diavolo!" exclaimed Pietro, laughing; "you would have been much better off. *A monk's mistress*, let me tell you, ever carries her head higher than an honest man's wife."

"Hush! hush! Pietro, is it right for a Christian man to utter such impious invectives against these holy monks?"

"Now, by all the saints and angels whom they pretend to worship!" returned Ariano, "if I live and flourish, the boy you hold upon your knee shall be one of these sleek hypocrites. Who knows what preferment he may arrive at? Several bishops have risen from no higher origin. Ha! what say you to that, my little advocate for celibacy? Have I not well provided for your son?"

"You are very profane to-night, Pietro, and speak more like a swaggering man-at-arms than a poor artisan. Besides, I am sure the handsome young padre is no hypocrite. I never saw such a bright eye glance from beneath a monk's cowl."

"Ha! art thou again thinking of him, Francesca? He is a stranger in Marcerata, but I warrant him a very wolf in lamb's clothing."

The color mounted to Francesca's brow, and she called out in a hasty voice—"Stint in thy foolish prate, Pietro! the young friar is even now before us!"

Ariano was utterly confounded when he beheld the padre leaning against the stall; and he felt not a doubt that the stranger had heard the whole of his intemperate conversation with his wife: nor was he wrong in his conjecture. The handsome young man, whose noble deportment and graceful figure set off his monastic habit, and whose bright, laughter-loving dark eyes ill accorded with a monk's cowl, had been for some time a silent spectator of the scene. Felix Peretti was highly amused with the abuse that Ariano had so unceremoniously levelled against his holy order, for which he felt little respect himself, and as a child of fortune, from his youth upwards, considered only as a step towards further advancement.

"How now, Signor *Scarpettaro*! is it your ordinary custom to close the labors of the day by abusing your betters? Are the shoes which you promised should be completed for my journey to Loretto, finished?"

"No," returned Pietro; "they yet want a full hour's work for their completion, and I have just made a vow never to pursue my handicraft by candle-light to please any man. So you must e'en perform the journey, reverend padre, as many better and holier men have done before you, barefooted."

"Do you make it a point of conscience, Ariano, to fulfil one promise by breaking another? I cannot commence a long and fatiguing pilgrimage

without the aid of the Apostle's horses. Oblige me in this instance, Pietro, and I will put up a private mass for the repose of your evil temper, and the restoration of that goodly virtue in man, *patience*!"

"As to my temper!" returned the *Scarpettaro* fiercely, "no one has any right to complain of that but my wife, and if she speaks truly, she will inform you, father, that, when I am not fatigued with working over hours for monks and friars, I am the best tempered fellow in Marcerata."

The padre cast a sly glance at the dark eyed Francesca, from beneath his cowl, and something like a provoking smile sat ready to break forth into a hearty laugh, upon his rosy lips.—"Well, friend Pietro, far be it from me, sworn as I am to peace, to rouse the evil spirit into action. 'Resist the devil,' says holy writ, 'and he will flee from you!' But a truce to all further colloquy; I see you are putting the finishing stroke to the disputed articles: tell me how much I stand indebted to you for them!"

"You cannot stand my debtor," said Ariano, recovering his good humor, when he found he had completed his job, "till you have tried on the shoes, and then I fancy you will *stand* in my debt." Father Felix laughed heartily at this sally; and, seating himself carelessly on the edge of the stall, with a very *dégagée* air, proceeded to draw on the shoes.

"By our Lady of Loretto!" said Francesca, who was earnestly watching all his movements, "it were a thousand pities that such a white and well shapen foot should have to contend with the sharp flints and briars."

Pietro's brow contracted into a frown, and, turning abruptly to the padre, he asked him how the shoes fitted him?

"My feet, much better than the price will my purse. What am I to pay you for them?"

"Three testoons. And the cheapest pair of shoes that ever was made for the money."

Father Felix shook his head thought-

fully, and drawing forth a leathern purse from the folds of his monastic gown, calmly took it by one of the tassels of divers colors by which it was ornamented at each end, and emptied the contents on the board. A few pieces of money rolled, one after the other, on to the stall; and the hollow sound emitted by their coming thus unceremoniously in contact with each other, spoke the very language of poverty. The young friar counted them deliberately over; then, turning to Ariano, without the least embarrassment, explained the state of his finances—"Signor *Scarpettaro*, in these few pieces of money, you behold all my worldly riches: I want one *julio* to make up the sum you demand for the shoes, which luckily will give you an opportunity of performing a good work at a very small expense; for, you perceive, I have not wherewithal to satisfy your exorbitant charge."

"Exorbitant charge!" reiterated Pietro. "Now, by St. Crispin! may I suffer the pains of purgatory if I take one *quattrini* less. What! after having worked so many hours over my usual time, to be beaten down in the price of the article. Give me the shoes, thou false friar! and pursue thy way barefooted. A monk! and moneyless, quotha. You have doubtless emptied that capacious pouch at some godless debauch, or poured its contents into a wanton's lap."

"Now, out upon you for a profligate reprobate, and vile *Scarpettaro*!" returned the monk. "Do you think it so difficult a task for a priest to keep his vows? Or do you imagine that we cheat our consciences as easily as you do your customers? My purse contains only eight *julios*; how then can you reasonably expect me to pay you nine? I must, therefore, remain your debtor for the odd coin."

"And when do you purpose to pay me?"

"When I am Pope," returned Perretti, laughing, "I will pay you both principal and interest."

"God save your Holiness!" said Pietro. "If I wait for my money till

that period arrives, the debt will still be owing at the day of judgment. Or, stop—I will bequeath it to my children of the tenth generation, to buy them an estate in the moon. A Pope! Young father, you must shroud those roguish eyes under a deeper cowl, and assume a more sanctified visage, and carry a heavier purse withal, before you can hope to obtain the *Papal Crown!*”

“When I stoop, Ariano, to pick up St. Peter’s keys, I shall not forget to pay my old debts. So, fare thee well, thou second Thomas à Didimus, and God be with thee, and with thee, pretty Francesca; and may he render the burthen thou bearest in thy arms the blessing and support of thy future years.”

So saying, he stooped, and, pretending to salute the sleeping infant, contrived to imprint a kiss upon the white hand that held him. Francesca blushed all over; and Pietro, bidding his Holiness remember his promise, called Francesca to him, and bade the friar good night. His wife obeyed the summons, but she looked after the handsome Felix till a turning in the road hid him from her sight.

Years glided on in their silent course, and the name of the young friar, and his visit to Marcerata, were forgotten by Pietro Ariano and his wife. Poverty, and the increasing cares of a large family, tamed the vivacity of the *Scarpettaro’s* spirits: he no longer led the dance, or joined in the song, but was forced, by hard necessity, to work both by night and day at his trade, to supply his numerous offspring with bread. Francesca’s smooth brow was furrowed by the hand of time, and she had long yielded the palm of beauty to other and younger females. Her son, on whom Father Felix had bestowed his blessing, was early dedicated to a monastic life, and had risen, by transcendent abilities, from the rank of under assistant to the sacristan, to be one of the head members of the monastery of St. Francis. The young Antonio possessed ambition, which made him as-

pire to the highest ecclesiastical honours; but he had no friends among his wealthier brethren, who beheld in the son of the poor *Scarpettaro* of Marcerata an object of fear and envy. However, he was the pride and delight of his parents, whose poverty he greatly alleviated, but could not wholly remove. One morning, while Pietro was taking the measurement of the smartest little foot in Marcerata, and the pretty village beauty was cautioning him not to make her slippers too large, a sudden exclamation from his wife made him raise his head, as a dignified ecclesiastic entered the house, and demanded if his name were Pietro Ariano? The *Scarpettaro* answered in the affirmative.

“Then, you are the man I seek. Pietro Ariano, I command you, in the name of the Pope, the pious and blessed Sixtus the Fifth, to repair instantly to Rome, and attend his pleasure at the palace of the Vatican.”

Pietro was petrified with terror. The implements he had just been using fell from his nerveless grasp, and his limbs were assailed by a universal shivering fit, as if under the influence of an ague. “Alas!” he exclaimed, “what is the nature of my crime?”

“That is best known to your own conscience,” returned the stranger.

“Then, the Lord have mercy upon me! I am a sinner, and, what is still worse, a dead man! Like Daniel, I am cast into the lion’s den, and there is none to deliver me. Ah, wretch that I am! Why did I live to witness this day?”

“Oh, Pietro! my unhappy husband!” said Francesca, hiding her face in her garments, and weeping bitterly: “I knew long ago into what trouble your intemperate speeches would bring you. Are you not now convinced of the folly of meddling with matters that did not concern you? Did I not tell you, when you would rail at the holy monks, you were casting yourself upon a two-edged sword? You will be sent to the Inquisition, and burnt for a heretic, and I shall lose you forever!”

"Peace, woman! peace!" returned the tortured Ariano; "reproaches avail not; they cannot save me from the fate which in all probability awaits me. Farewell, my wife—my children!" he cried, alternately taking them in his arms; "cease not to petition heaven to restore me to you!"

The voice of weeping was audible on every side; but Pietro tore himself away, and commenced his long journey on foot to Rome. On the evening of the third day, he arrived at the magnificent city; but his thoughts were too much occupied by his own cares, and his body too much bowed down by fatigue, to notice any of the grand objects which saluted him on every side. He entered Rome as a criminal enters the condemned cell that he never more expects to leave, till the hour which fulfils his sentence. Seeking a small hostelry in the suburbs of the city, he partook of a scanty supper, and retired to bed, dreading, yet anxiously expecting the ensuing day. In the morning, he learned from his host that the Pope held a public levee in the great hall of the Vatican, to receive the French and German ambassadors; and that if he repaired thither early, and waited patiently till the crowd dispersed, he would be more likely to gain the speech of his Holiness. Unacquainted with the public edifices in Rome, poor Ariano wandered about for some time like a fool in a fair, bewildered in contemplating the august palaces which rose on every side, and imagining each in its turn a fit residence for a king; but, whilst he paused, irresolute how to act, a strange fancy entered his head, and he imagined that the Pope, who was Christ's vicerent on earth, must reside in the grandest church in the city. Accordingly, he stopped on the steps leading to St. Peter's Church, and demanded of an ecclesiastic, who, like himself, seemed bound thither, "If that noble building were the Pope's palace?"

"You must indeed be a stranger in Rome, my friend," returned the priest, with a good-natured smile, "not to

know the difference between St. Peter's Church and the Vatican.—What is your name?"

"Pietro Ariano, a poor shoemaker, of Marcerata."

"And your business with his Holiness, the Pope?"

"Alas! reverend padre, with that I am at present unacquainted: his business, it should seem, is with me. I have none with him, unless it be to ask pardon for crimes unintentionally committed."

"Aha!" returned the priest, "you are the very man whom his Holiness wishes to see. He calls himself your debtor; and you will soon know in what coin he means to pay you. But, take heart of grace, Signor *Scarpet-taro*; I will introduce you to the Pope."

Trembling from head to foot, Pietro followed his conductor into the great hall of audience. Sixtus was already in his chair, and the ambassadors of various nations were making their obeisance before him; but the splendor of the scene could not induce the terror-stricken Ariano to raise his eyes, and he stood shivering behind the priest, with his head bent down, and his arms folded dejectedly across his breast. At length the crowd gradually dispersed, and the Pope called out to the ecclesiastic, in a facetious tone, very different from the solemnity of manner with which he had addressed the ambassadors—"How now, Father Valentinian! Whom have you got there?"

"Please your Holiness," returned the priest, striving to impel Pietro forward, "the poor shoemaker of Marcerata."

At these words, Pietro uttered a loud groan, and fell prostrate at the feet of the Pope, who, after indulging in a long and hearty laugh, said, in a jocular tone, "Raise thy head, Ariano, that I may be sure of thy identity. By St. Peter! time has nearly worn out thy upper leathers, if it has spared thy sole. Is this panic-stricken craven the man who talked so largely, and uttered such bitter invectives

against holy mother church? By the mass! I fancy the pains of purgatory will be light when compared with the pangs he now endures!"

"Most holy, most blessed, most incomparable Pope!" groaned forth the prostrate *Scarpettaro*, "I was mad and drunk when I uttered such foul calumnies against your Holiness's brethren. Heaven has justly punished me for my impiety, by revealing my rash speeches to your Excellency."

"It needed no miraculous interposition of saints and angels, Pietro, to inform me of your iniquity; for I heard you with my own ears. But, stand up, man. It was not to call you to an account for your sins, which doubtless are many, that I sent for you hither, but to pay you the debt I owe you. Look me in the face, Signor Ariano. Hast thou forgotten St. John's Eve, and the young friar who called at your stall in his pilgrimage from Ascoli to Loretto?"

For the first time, Pietro ventured to raise his head, when he encountered the glance of the bright dark eyes, whose amorous expression he had so unceremoniously reproached three-and-twenty years before. That face, once seen, could never be forgotten. Time had given to Felix Peretti a stern and haughty expression; and the eye that, in the heyday of youth, seemed lighted only by the fire of passion, now possessed the glance of an eagle, before which the monarchs of the earth trembled, when it flashed in wrath from beneath a brow that appeared formed to rule the world. "Ha! Ariano, I perceive you recognise the face of an old friend. Have you forgotten the promise I made you on that memorable night when I prophesied my own future grandeur? What was it, Pietro?"

"Please your Holiness," said Pietro, his eye brightening, and his hopes increasing in proportion as his fears diminished, "whatever you may think fit to give me."

"Come! come to the point, Signor *Scarpettaro*," returned Sixtus, in a stern voice, "I will have no interpo-

lations; what is the actual amount of the debt I owe you?"

"One *julio*, please your sublime Excellency; the principal and interest of the said sum, if ever you should come to be Pope, which, God forgive my wickedness for doubting!"

"Amen!" ejaculated Father Valentinian.

"Right, Pietro; the sum shall be faithfully paid," returned Sixtus, drawing a paper from his bosom, on which he had spent some hours the preceding day in calculating the interest of one *julio* for three-and-twenty years. What the sum amounted to, the chronicler of this anecdote does not condescend to inform us, but it was small enough to annihilate all Pietro Ariano's new and highly-raised expectations, and his golden visions melted into air. He received it from the Pope with a vacant stare, and still held open his hand, which disdained to close over so paltry a prize.

"Is not the sum correct?" demanded Sixtus.

Ariano remained immovable.

"Count it over again, my friend; and if one *quattrini* is wanting, it shall be faithfully paid. What, art thou moonstruck? Hast thou not received that which I owed thee?"

"No," returned Pietro, gathering courage from disappointment; "your Holiness is still my debtor."

"Prove your words," said Sixtus, while a slight flush of anger suffused his face.

"The *julio* I gave your Holiness credit for three-and-twenty years ago, when thou wast only a poor barefooted friar, I should never have walked to Rome to demand at thy hands.—The sum has been faithfully paid, but you have not remunerated me for loss of time—for the expenses I incurred, and the fatigue I suffered, at my years, in undertaking, at your command, so long a journey. The tears my wife and children have shed, and the anguish of mind I have endured, to make sport for your Holiness, are debts of conscience you have still to pay; and, to show you that a poor shoemaker of

Marcerata can exceed the mighty Sixtus in liberality, I absolve the Pope of his promise!"

Here Pietro made a low reverence, laid the money at the Pope's feet, and was about to depart, when Sixtus called out in a lively tone—"How, Signor *Scarpettaro*! have you the presumption to rival a pope in munificence? Pride has urged you, though a necessitous man, to reject the only sum which you were justly entitled to receive.—It is not for me, as vicegerent for heaven, to reward a man for

exhibiting to my face one of the seven deadly sins. I therefore transfer my bounty to more deserving objects; give this purse of gold," he continued, "to thy wife, Francesca, and make glad her heart by informing her that her son, Antonio, is Bishop of Marcerata."

Overcome by this unexpected change of fortune, Pietro prostrated himself before his munificent benefactor, and, embracing his feet, called out in an ecstasy of joy—"Ah, your Holiness!—I am your debtor for life!"

CALUM DHU, A HIGHLAND TALE.

[The following is a traditionary tale of the West Highlands; and, in relating it, the author has adhered to the narrative, and, as far as he could, to the simple but nervous phrasology of the old plaided shepherd who told it to him on the side of a heathy hill near Inverouglass, on the banks of Loch Lomond.]

CALUM DHU was the bravest warrior that followed the banners of the Chief of Colquhoun, with which clan the powerful and warlike M'Gregors were at inveterate feud. Calum lived in a sequestered glen in the vicinity of Ben Lomond. His cottage stood at the base of a steep ferny hill: retired from the rest of the clan, he lived alone. This solitary being was the deadliest foe of the M'Gregors, when the clans were in the red unyielding battle of their mountain chiefs. His weapon was a bow, in the use of which he was so skilful, that he could bring down the smallest bird when on the wing. No man but himself had ever bent his bow; and his arrows were driven with such resistless force, that their feathery wings were always drenched with his foeman's best blood. In the use of the sword, also, he had few equals; but the bow was the weapon of his heart.

The son of the chief of the M'Gregors, with two of his clansmen, having gone to hunt, and their game being wide, they wandered far, and found themselves, a little after mid-day, on the top of the hill at the foot of which stood Calum Dhu's cottage. "Come," said the young chief, "let us go down and try to bend Calum Dhu's bow.

Evan, you and I have got the name of being the best bowmen of our clan; it is said, no man but Calum himself can bend his bow: but it will go hard with us if we cannot show him that the M'Gregors are men of thews and sinews equal to the bending of his long bow, with which he has so often sent his arrows through and through our best warriors, as if they had been men of straw set up to practise on.—Come, he will not know us—and if he should we are three to one; and I owe him something," added he, touching the hilt of his dirk, "since the last conflict, when he sent an arrow through my uncle's gallant bosom. Come, follow me down!" he continued, his eye gleaming with determined vengeance, and his voice quivering with suppressed passion. The will of a Highland chieftain was law at the time of which we speak. "We will go down, if a score of his best clansmen were with him," said Evan. "Aye, but be cautious." "We shall bend his bow, then break it," replied the young M'Gregor; and then—then for my uncle's blood." "He is good at the sword," said the third M'Gregor; "but this (showing his dirk,) will stretch him on the sward." "Strike him not behind,"

said the young chief: hew him down in front; he deserves honorable wounds, for he is brave, though an enemy."

They had been prevented by a rising knoll from being seen from the cottage, which they now reached. Knocking loudly at the door, after some delay they were answered by the appearance of a little, thick-set, grey-eyed, oldish-looking-man, with long arms and a black bushy beard hung with grey threads and *thrums*, as if he had been employed in weaving the coarse linen of the country and the time. But as he had none of the muscular symptoms of prodigious strength, which Calum Dhu was reported to possess, and which had often proved so fatal to their clan, they could not suppose this to be their redoubted foeman; and, to the querulous question of what they wanted, uttered in the impatient tone of one who has been interrupted in some necessary worldly employment, they replied by inquiring if Calum Dhu was at home. "Na, he's gane to the fishing; but an ye hae ony message for our chief, (Heaven guard him!) about the coming of the red M'Gregors, and will trust me with it, Calum will get it frae me. Ye may as well tell me as him; he stays lang when he gaes out, for he is a keen fisher."

"We were only wanting to try the bending of his bow," said the disappointed young chief, "which we have heard no man can do save himself." "Hoo! gin that is a', ye might hae tell'd it at first, an' no keepit me sae lang frae my loom," said the old man: "but stop"—and giving his shoulders an impatient shrug, which, to a keen observer, would have passed for one of satisfaction, triumph, and determination, he went into the house and quickly returned, bringing out a strong bow, and a sheaf of arrows, and flung them carelessly on the ground, saying, "Ye'll be for trying your strength at a flight?" pointing to the arrows; "I hae seen Calum send an arrow over the highest point o' that hill, like a glance o' lightning; and

when the M'Gregors were coming raging up the glen, like red deevils as they are, mony o' their best warriors fell at the farthest entry o' the pass, every man o' them wi' a hole in his breast and its fellow at his back."

He had taken a long arrow out of the sheaf, and stood playing with it in his hand while speaking, seemingly ready to give to the first man who should bend the bow. The M'Gregors were tall muscular men, in the prime of youth and manhood. The young chief took up the bow, and after examining its unbending strength, laying all his might to it, strained till the blood rushed to his face, and his temples throbbed almost to bursting—but in vain; the string remained slack as ever. Evan and the other M'Gregor were alike unsuccessful; they might as well have tried to root up the gnarled oaks of their native mountains.

"There is not a man," cried the young chief of M'Gregor, greatly chagrined at the absence of Calum Dhu, and his own and clansmen's vain attempts to bend the bow,—“There is not a man in your clan can bend that bow, and if Calum Dhu were here, he should not long bend it!”—Here he bit his lip, and suppressed the rest of the sentence, for the third M'Gregor gave him a glance of caution. "Ha!" said the old man, still playing with the long arrow in his hand, and without seeming to observe the latter part of the M'Gregor's speech, "If Calum was here, he would bend it as easily as you wad bend that rush; and gin ony o' the M'Gregors were in sight, he wad drive this lang arrow through them as easily as ye wad drive your dirk through my old plaid, and the feather wad come out at the other side, wet wi' their heart's bluid. Sometimes even the man behind is wounded, if they are ony way thick in their battle. I once saw a pair of them stretched on the heather, pinned together with ane of Calum's lang arrows."

This was spoken with the cool com-

posure and simplicity of one who is talking to friends, or is careless if they are foes. A looker-on could have discerned a chequered shade of pleasure and triumph cross his countenance as M'Gregor's lip quivered, and the scowl of anger fell along his brow at the tale of his kinsmen's destruction by the arm of his most hated enemy.

"He must be a brave warrior," said the young chief, compressing his breath, and looking with anger and astonishment at the tenacious and cool old man. "I should like to see this Calum Dhu."

"Ye may soon enough; an' gin ye were a M'Gregor, feel him too. But what is the man glunching and glooming at? Gin ye were Black John himsel, ye couldna look mair deevilish like. And what are you fidging at, man?" addressing the third M'Gregor, who had both marked and felt the anger of his young chief, and had slowly moved nearer the old man, and stood with his right hand below the left breast of his plaid, probably grasping his dirk, ready to execute the vengeance of his master, as it was displayed on his clouded countenance, which he closely watched. The faith of the Gael is deeper than "to hear is to obey," the slavish obedience of the East: his is to anticipate and perform—to know and accomplish or die. It is the sterner devotedness of the north.

But the old man kept his keen grey eye fixed upon him, and continued, in the same unsuspecting tone: "But is there ony word o' the M'Gregors soon coming over the hills? Calum wad like to try a shot at Black John, their chief; he wonders gin he could pass an arrow through his great hardy bulk as readily as he sends them through his clansmen's silly bodies. John has a son, too, he wad like to try his craft on; he has the name of a brave warrior—I forget his name. Calum likes to strike at noble game, though he is sometimes forced to kill that which is little worth. But I'm fearfu' that he o'errates his ain

strength; his arrow will only, I think, stick weel through Black John, but ——" "Dotard, peace!" roared the young chief, till the glen rang again; his brow darkening like midnight: "Peace! or I shall cut the sacrilegious tongue out of your head, and nail it to that door, to show Calum Dhu that you have had visitors since he went away, and bless his stars that he was not here."

A dark flash of suspicion crossed his mind as he gazed at the cool old tormentor, who stood before him, unquailing at his frowns; but it vanished as the imperturbable old man said, "Haoh! ye're no a M'Gregor—and though ye were, ye surely wadna mind the like o' me! But anent bending this bow," striking it with the long arrow, which he still held in his hand, "there is just a knack in it; and your untaught young strength is useless, as ye dinna ken the gait o't. I learned it frae Calum, but I'm sworn never to tell it to a stranger. There is mony a man in the clan I ken naething about. But as ye seem anxious to see the bow bent, I'll no disappoint ye; rin up to yon grey stane—stand there, and it will no be the same as if ye were standing near me when I'm doing it, but it will just be the same to you, for ye can see weel enough, and when the string is on the bow, ye may come down, an' ye like, and try a flight; it's a capital bow, and that ye'll fin'."

A promise is sacred with the Gael; and as he was under one, they did not insist on his exhibiting his art while they were in his presence; but curious to see the sturdy bow bent, a feat of which the best warrior of their clan would have been proud, and which they had in vain essayed; and perhaps thinking Calum Dhu would arrive in the interval; and as they feared nothing from the individual, who seemed ignorant of their name, and who could not be supposed to send an arrow so far with any effect; they therefore walked away in the direction pointed out, nor did they once turn their faces till they reached the

grey rock. They now turned, and saw the old man (who had waited till they had gone the whole way) suddenly bend the stubborn yew, and fix an arrow on the string. In an instant it was strongly drawn to his very ear, and the feathered shaft, of a cloth-breadth length, was fiercely launched in air.

"M'Alp—hooch!" cried the young chief, meaning to raise the M'Gregor war-cry, clapping his hand on his breast as he fell. "Ha!" cried Calum Dhu, for it was he himself; "clap your hand behin"; the arm shot that that never sent arrow that came out where it went in;"—a rhyme he used in battle, when his foes fell as fast as he could fix arrows to the bow-string. The two M'Gregors hesitated a moment whether to rush down and cut to atoms the old man who had so suddenly caused the death of their beloved young chief; but seeing him fix another arrow to his bow, of which they had just seen the terrible effects, and fearing they might be prevented from carrying the news of his son's death to their old chieftain, and thus cheat him of his revenge, they started over the hill like roes. But a speedy messenger was after them; an arrow caught Evan as he descended out of sight over the hill; sent with powerful and unerring aim, it transfixed him in the shoulder. It must have grazed the bent that grew on the hill top to catch him, as only his shoulders could be seen from where Calum Dhu stood. On flew the other M'Gregor with little abatement of speed, till he reached his chieftain with the bloody tidings of his son's death. "Raise the clan!" was Black John's first words; "dearly shall they rue it." A party was soon gathered. Breathing all the vengeance of mountain warriors, they were soon far on their way of fierce retaliation, with Black John at their head. Calum Dhu was in the meantime not idle; knowing, from the escape of one of the three M'Gregors, that a battle must quickly ensue, he collected as many of his clansmen as he could, and taking his terrible bow, which he could so bravely use, calmly

waited the approach of the M'Gregors, who did not conceal their coming, for loud and fiercely their pipes flung their notes of war and defiance on the gale as they approached: and mountain cliff and glen echoed far and wide the martial strains. They arrived, and a desperate struggle immediately commenced. The M'Gregors carried all before them: no warriors of this time could withstand the hurricane onset, sword in hand, of the far-feared, warlike M'Gregors. Black John raged through the field like a chafed lion, roaring in a voice of thunder, heard far above the clash, groans, and yells of the unyielding combatants—"where was the murderer of his son?" None could tell him—none was afforded time, for he cut down, in his headlong rage, every foe he met. At length, when but few of his foes remained, on whom he could wreak his wrath, or exercise his great strength, he spied an old man sitting on a ferny bank, holding the stump of his leg, which had been cut off in the battle, and who beckoned the grim chief to come nearer. Black John rushed forward, brandishing his bloody sword, crying, in a voice which startled the yet remaining birds from the neighboring mountain cliffs,—“Where is my son's murderer?” “Shake the leg out o' that brogue,” said the old man, speaking with difficulty, and squeezing his bleeding stump with both hands, with all the energy of pain, “and bring me some o' the water frae yon burn to drink, and I will show you Calum Dhu, for he is yet in the field, and lives: rin, for my heart burns and faints.” Black John, without speaking, shook the leg out of the brogue, and hastened to bring water, to get the wished for intelligence. Stooping to dip the bloody brogue in the little stream, “M'Alp—hooch!” he cried, and splashed lifeless in the water, which in a moment ran thick with his blood. “Ha!” cried Calum Dhu, for it was he again; “clap your hand behin”; that's the last arrow shot by the arm that sent those which came not out where they went in.”

THE VICTIM BRIDE.

I saw her in her summer bow'r, and oh ! upon my sight
 Methought there never beam'd a form more beautiful and bright !
 So young, so fair, she seem'd as one of those aërial things
 That live but in the poet's high and wild imaginings ;
 Or like those forms we meet in dreams from which we wake, and weep
 That earth has no creation like the figments of our sleep.

Her parent—loved he not his child above all earthly things !
 As traders love the merchandise from which their profit springs ;
 Old age came by, with tott'ring step, and, for the sordid gold
 With which the dotard urged his suit, the maiden's peace was sold.
 And thus (for oh ! her sire's stern heart was steel'd against her pray'r)
 The hand he ne'er had gain'd from love, he won from her despair.

I saw them through the church-yard pass, but such a nuptial train
 I would not for the wealth of worlds should greet my sight again.
 The bridemaids, each as beautiful as Eve in Eden's bow'rs,
 Shed bitter tears upon the path they should have strewn with flow'rs.
 Who had not deem'd that white-robed band the funeral array,
 Of one an early doom had call'd from life's gay scene away ?

The priest beheld the bridal group before the altar stand,
 And sigh'd as he drew forth his book with slow reluctant hand :
 He saw the bride's flow'r-wreathed hair, and mark'd her streaming eyes,
 And deem'd it less a christian rite than a pagan sacrifice :
 And when he called on Abraham's God to bless the wedded pair,
 It seem'd a very mockery to breathe so vain a pray'r.

I saw the palsied bridegroom too, in youth's gay ensigns drest ;
 A shroud were fitter garment far for him than bridal vest ;
 I mark'd him when the ring was claim'd, 'twas hard to loose his hold,
 He held it with a miser's clutch—it was his darling gold.
 His shrivell'd hand was wet with tears she pour'd, alas ! in vain,
 And it trembled like an autumn leaf beneath the beating rain.

I've seen her since that fatal morn—her golden fetters rest
 As e'en the weight of incubus, upon her aching breast.
 And when the victor, Death, shall come to deal the welcome blow,
 He will not find one rose to swell the wreath that decks his brow ;
 For oh ! her cheek is blanch'd by grief which time may not assuage,—
 Thus early Beauty sheds her bloom on the wintry breast of Age.

HANNAH BINT.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

THE Shaw, leading to Hannah Bint's habitation, is a very pretty mixture of wood and coppice ; that is to say, a track of thirty or forty acres covered with fine growing timber—ash, and oak, and elm—very regularly planted ; and interspersed here and there with large patches of underwood, hazel, maple, birch, holly, and hawthorn, woven into almost impenetrable thickets by long wreaths of the bramble, the briary, and the briar-rose, or by the pliant and twisting garlands of the wild honey-suckle. In other parts, the Shaw is quite clear of its basky undergrowth, and clothed only with large beds of feathery fern, or carpets of flowers, primroses, orchises, cowslips, ground-ivy, crane's-bill, cotton-grass, solomon's seal, and forget-me-not, crowded together with a profusion and brilliancy of color, such as I have rarely seen equalled even in a garden. Here the wild hyacinth really enamels the ground with its fresh and lovely purple ; there,

"On aged roots, with bright green mosses
clad,
Dwells the wood-sorrel, with its bright thin
leaves
Heart-shaped and triply folded, and its root
Creeping like beaded coral; whilst around
Flourish the copse's pride, anemones,
With rays like golden studs on ivory laid
Most delicate; but touched with purple clouds,
Fit crown for April's fair but changeable brow."

The variety is much greater than I have enumerated; for the ground is so unequal, now swelling in gentle ascents, now dimpling into dells and hollows, and the soil so different in different parts, that the sylvan Flora is unusually extensive and complete.

The season is, however, now too late for this floweriness: and, except the tufted woodbines, which have continued in bloom during the whole of this lovely autumn, and some lingering garlands of the purple wild-veitch, wreathing round the thickets, and uniting with the ruddy leaves of the bramble, and the pale jestoons of the briary, there is little to call one's attention from the grander beauties of the trees—the sycamore, its broad leaves already spotted—the oak, heavy with acorns—and the delicate shining rind of the weeping birch, "the lady of the woods," thrown out in strong relief from a back-ground of holly and hawthorn, each studded with coral berries, and backed with old beeches, beginning to assume the rich, tawny hue, which makes them perhaps the most picturesque of autumnal trees, as the transparent freshness of their young foliage is undoubtedly the choicest ornament of the forest in spring.

A sudden turn round one of these magnificent beeches brings us to the boundary of the Shaw, and leaning upon a rude gate, we look over an open space of about ten acres of ground, still more varied and broken than that which we have passed, and surrounded on all sides by thick woodland. As a piece of color, nothing can be well finer. The ruddy glow of the heath-flower, contrasting, on the one hand, with the golden-blossomed furze—on the other, with a patch of buck-wheat, of which the bloom is not past, al-

though the grain be ripening, the beautiful buck-wheat, of which the transparent leaves and stalks are so brightly tinged with vermilion, while the delicate pink-white of the flower, a paler persicaria, has a feathery fall, at once so rich and so graceful, and a fresh and reviving odor, like that of beech trees in the dew of a May evening. The bank that surmounts this attempt at cultivation is crowned with the late foxglove and the stately mullein; the pasture of which so great a part of the waste consists, looks as green as an emerald; a clear pond, with the bright sky reflected in it, lets light into the picture; the white cottage of the keeper peeps from the opposite coppice; and the vine-covered dwelling of Hannah Bint rises from amidst the pretty garden, which lies bathed in the sunshine around it.

The living and moving accessories are all in keeping with the cheerfulness and repose of the landscape. Hannah's cow grazing quietly beside the keeper's pony; a brace of fat pointer puppies holding amicable intercourse with a litter of young pigs; ducks, geese, cocks, hens, and chickens, scattered over the yard; Hannah herself sallying forth from the cottage-door, with her milk-bucket in her hand, and her little brother following with the milking stool.

My friend, Hannah Bint, is by no means an ordinary person. Her father, Jack Bint, (for in all his life he never arrived at the dignity of being called John; indeed, in our parts, he was commonly known by the cognomen of London Jack,) was a drover of high repute in his profession. No man, between Salisbury Plain and Smithfield, was thought to conduct a flock of sheep so skilfully through all the difficulties of lanes and commons, streets and high-roads, as Jack Bint, and Jack Bint's famous dog, Watch; for Watch's rough, honest face, black, with a little white about the muzzle, and one white ear, was as well known at fairs and markets, as his master's equally honest and weather-beaten visage. Lucky was the dealer that

could secure their services; Watch being renowned for keeping a flock together, better than any shepherd's dog on the road—Jack, for delivering them more punctually, and in better condition. No man had a more thorough knowledge of the proper night stations, where good feed might be procured for his charge, and good liquor for Watch and himself; Watch, like other sheep dogs, being accustomed to live chiefly on bread and beer. His master, although not averse to a pot of good double X, preferred gin; and they who plod slowly along, through wet and weary ways, in frost and in fog, have undoubtedly a stronger temptation to indulge in that cordial and reviving stimulus, than we water-drinkers, sitting in warm and comfortable rooms, can readily imagine. For certain, our drover could never resist the gentle seduction of the gin-bottle, and being of a free, merry, jovial temperament, one of those persons commonly called good fellows, who like to see others happy in the same way with themselves, he was apt to circulate it at his own expense, to the great improvement of his popularity, and the great detriment of his finances.

All this did vastly well whilst his earnings continued proportionate to his spendings, and the little family at home were comfortably supported by his industry: but when a rheumatic fever came on, one hard winter, and finally settled in his limbs, reducing the most active and hardy man in the parish to the state of a confirmed cripple, then his reckless improvidence stared him in the face; and poor Jack, a thoughtless, but kind creature, and a most affectionate father, looked at his three motherless children with the acute misery of a parent, who has brought those whom he loves best in the world, to abject destitution. He found help, where he probably least expected it, in the sense and spirit of his young daughter, a girl of twelve years old.

Hannah was the eldest of the family, and had, ever since her mother's

death, which event had occurred two or three years before, been accustomed to take the direction of their domestic concerns, to manage her two brothers, to feed the pigs and the poultry, and to keep house during the almost constant absence of her father. She was a quick, clever lass, of a high spirit, a firm temper, some pride, and a horror of accepting parochial relief, which is every day becoming rarer amongst the peasantry; but which forms the surest safeguard to the sturdy independence of the English character. Our little damsel possessed this quality in perfection; and when her father talked of giving up their comfortable cottage, and removing to the workhouse, whilst she and her brothers must go to service, Hannah formed a bold resolution, and, without disturbing the sick man by any participation of her hopes and fears, proceeded, after settling their trifling affairs, to act at once on her own plans and designs.

Careless of the future as the poor drover had seemed, he had yet kept clear of debt, and by subscribing constantly to a benefit club, had secured a pittance that might at least assist in supporting him during the long years of sickness and helplessness to which he was doomed to look forward. This his daughter knew. She knew, also, that the employer in whose service his health had suffered so severely, was a rich and liberal cattle-dealer in the neighborhood, who would willingly aid an old and faithful servant, and had, indeed, come forward with offers of money. To assistance from such a quarter Hannah had no objection. Farmer Oakley and the parish were quite distinct things. Of him, accordingly, she asked, not money, but something much more in his own way—"a cow! any cow! old or lame, or what not, so that it were a cow! she would be bound to keep it well; if she did not, he might take it back again. She even hoped to pay for it by and by, by instalments, but that she would not promise!" and partly amused, partly interested by

the child's earnestness, the wealthy yeoman gave her, not as a purchase, but as a present, a very fine young Alderney. She then went to the lord of the manor, and, with equal knowledge of character, begged his permission to keep her cow in the Shaw common. "Farmer Oakley had given her a fine Alderney, and she would be bound to pay the rent, and keep her father off the parish, if he would only let it graze on the waste;" and he, too, half from real good nature—half, not to be outdone in liberality by his tenant, not only granted the requested permission, but reduced the rent so much, that the produce of the vine seldom fails to satisfy their kind landlord.

Now, Hannah showed great tact in setting up as a dairy-woman. She could not have chosen an occupation more completely unoccupied, or more loudly called for. One of the most provoking of the petty difficulties which beset people with a small establishment, in this neighborhood, is the trouble, almost the impossibility, of procuring the pastoral luxuries of milk, eggs, and butter, which rank, unfortunately, amongst the indispensable necessities of housekeeping. To your thorough-bred Londoner, who, whilst grumbling over his own breakfast, is apt to fancy that thick cream, and fresh butter, and new-laid eggs, grow, so to say, in the country—form an actual part of its natural produce—it may be some comfort to learn, that in this great grazing district, however the calves and the farmers may be the better for cows, nobody else is; that farmers' wives have ceased to keep poultry, and that we unlucky villagers sit down often to our first meal in a state of destitution, which may well make him content with his thin milk, and his Cambridge butter, when compared to our imputed pastoralities.

Hannah's Alderney restored us to one rural privilege. Never was so cleanly a little milk-maid. She changed away some of the cottage finery, which, in his prosperous days,

poor Jack had pleased himself with bringing home; the China tea-service, the gilded mugs, and the painted waiters, for the more useful utensils of the dairy, and speedily established a regular and gainful trade in milk, eggs, butter, honey, and poultry—for poultry they had always kept.

Her domestic management prospered equally. Her father, who retained the perfect use of his hands, began a manufacture of mats and baskets, which he constructed with great nicety and adroitness; the eldest boy, a sharp and clever lad, cut for him his rushes and oziers; erected, under his sister's directions, a shed for the cow, and enlarged and cultivated the garden (always with the good leave of her kind patron, the lord of the manor) until it became so ample, that the produce not only kept the pig, and half-kept the family, but afforded another branch of merchandize to the indefatigable directress of the establishment. For the younger boy, less quick and active, Hannah contrived to obtain an admission to the charity-school, where he made great progress—retaining him at home, however, in the haymaking, reaping, and leasing season, or whenever his services could be made available, to the great annoyance of the schoolmaster, whose favorite he is, and who piques himself so much on George's scholarship (your heavy sluggish boy at country work often turns out clever at his book), that it is the general opinion of the village, that this much-vaunted pupil will, in process of time, be promoted to the post of assistant, and may, possibly, in course of years, rise to the dignity of a parish pedagogue in his own person; so that his sister, although still making him useful at odd times, now considers George as pretty well off her hands, whilst his elder brother, Tom, could take an under-gardener's place directly, if he were not too important at home to be spared even for a day.

In short, during the five years that she has ruled at the Shaw cottage, the world has gone well with Hannah

Bint. Her cow, her calves, her pigs, her bees, her poultry, have each, in their several ways, thriven and prospered. She has even brought Watch to like buttermilk, as well as strong beer, and has nearly persuaded her father (to whose wants and wishes she is most anxiously attentive) to accept of milk as a substitute for gin. Not but Hannah hath had her enemies as well as her betterers. Why should she not? The old woman at the lodge, who always piqued herself on being spiteful, and crying down new ways, foretold, from the first, that she would come to no good, and could not forgive her for falsifying her prediction; and Betty Barnes, the flattering widow of a tipling farmer, who rented a field, and set up a cow herself, and was universally discarded for insufferable dirt, said all that the wit of an envious woman could devise against Hannah and her Alderney; nay, even Ned Miles, the keeper, her next neighbor, who had, whilom held entire sway over the Shaw common, as well as its coppices, grumbled as much as so good-natured and genial a person could grumble, when he found a little girl sharing his dominion, a cow grazing beside his pony, and vulgar cocks and hens hovering around the buck wheat destined to feed his noble pheasants. Nobody that had been accustomed to see that paragon of keepers, so tall and manly, and pleasant looking, with his merry eye, and his knowing smile, striding gaily along, in his green coat, and his gold laced hat, with his noble Newfoundland dog, (a retriever is the sporting word,) and his beautiful spaniel flirt at his heels, could conceive how askew he looked, when he first found Hannah and Watch holding equal reign over his old territory, the Shaw common.

Yes! Hannah hath had her enemies; but they are passing away. The old woman at the lodge is dead, poor creature; and Betty Barnes, having herself taken to tipling, has lost the few friends she once possessed, and looks, luckless wretch, as if

she would soon die too!—and the keeper?—why, he is not dead, or like to die; but the change that has taken place there is the most astonishing of all—except, perhaps, the change in Hannah herself.

Few damsels of twelve years old, generally a very pretty age, were less pretty than Hannah Bint. Short and stunted in her figure, thin in face, sharp in feature, with a muddled complexion, wild sun-burnt hair, and eyes, whose very brightness had in them something startling, over-informed, super-subtle, too clever for her age. At twelve years old she had quite the air of a little old fairy. Now, at seventeen, matters are mended. Her complexion has cleared: her countenance, her figure, has shot up into height and lightness, and a sort of rustic grace; her bright, acute eye is softened and sweetened by the womanly wish to please; her hair is trimmed, and curled, and brushed, with exquisite neatness; and her whole dress arranged with that nice attention to the becoming, the suitable both in form and texture, which would be called the highest degree of coquetry, if it did not deserve the better name of propriety. Never was such a transmogrification beheld. The lass is really pretty, and Ned Miles has discovered that she is so. There he stands, the rogue, close at her side (for he hath joined her whilst we have been telling her little story, and the milking is over!)—there he stands—holding her milk pail in one hand, and stroking Watch with the other; whilst she is returning the compliment, by patting Neptune's magnificent head. There they stand, as much like lovers as may be; he smiling, and she blushing—he never looking so handsome, nor she so pretty, in all their lives. There they stand, in blessed forgetfulness of all except each other; as happy a couple as ever trod the earth. There they stand, and one would not disturb them for all the milk and butter in Christendom. I should not wonder if they were fixing the wedding day.

THE EVIL EYE.

AMONG the qualities attributed to the eye in some persons, and once universally credited, was the power of working evil and enchantment by its glances. The operation of the "evil eye," (once so denominated,) upon mankind, as being a pretty general belief in past times, has been recorded by many writers. Bacon says that its effects have, according to some historians, been so powerful as to affect the mind of the individual upon whom they fell; that even after "triumphs, the triumphant" have been made sick in spirit by the evil eyes of lookers on. In most modern European nations, in their earlier ages, the fear of the fascination of children by an "evil eye," made nurses very careful how they permitted strangers to look upon them. In Spain it was called *mal de ojos*, and any one who was suspected of having an "evil eye," while regarding a child, was forced to say, while observing the infant, "God bless it." This notion, however, is far more ancient than the name of England. The Greeks and Romans gave credit to it, when they were in their high career of glory. We find, in many ancient writers, allusions to the malicious influence of what they call the "vicious" or "evil eye." Theocritus, Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and others, allude to it in a way not to be mistaken in its alliance with the later superstition. I have never heard what charms were used by our forefathers or the ancients against the influence of the "evil eye."

Vervain and dill

Hinder witches from their will,—

was, we know, a sovereign receipt against the daughters of the Lady of Endor. Lilly has the following charm to obviate the effect of an "evil tongue," which, for curiosity sake, I will mention. "Take *unguentum populeum*, vervain, and *hypericon*, and put a red hot iron into it. Anoint the back-bone, or wear it on the breast."

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Notwithstanding this sovereign mode of guarding against an "evil tongue," the evil eye seems to have been as much proof against the wisdom of our forefathers as against our own. It would therefore, in the language of the olden time, be an "insult to Providence," if, after the experience of our ancestors in such matters, we presumed to attempt the discovery of an efficient antidote.

In our times the "evil eye" still survives, though its operations may not be so much a matter of general attention as formerly. It works still, in a manner equally as injurious as when the "irradiations" of the visual orb were supposed to be solely confined to the subtle operations of magic. The "evil eye," in modern days, is observed to be not less dangerous in its consequences to its possessor, than to those whom it fixes upon as victims of its malignity. He smarts in heart-consuming anguish while he regards the happiness of a neighbor, the success of an acquaintance in an honorable calling, or the hard struggle and merited reward of literary assiduity. No rank of life is beyond the glance of the "evil eye;" no talent mailed against its deadly malignity; no robe of innocence so pure as to conceal the wearer from its blighting observation. The sensibilities of genius, with whatever art or science they may be linked, are too often scorched by its fatal gaze. It blanches the cheek of beauty, dries up the springs of charity, extinguishes the noblest ardors, withers the fairest blossoms of the soul, and almost renders indifferent the glorious triumphs of virtuous age, by blasting the honors due to its protracted perseverance in goodness. The subjects of Vathek, in the terrible hall of Eblis, had a heart of self-wasting fire, which was disclosed on putting aside the vest. The man with the "evil eye" exhibits the burning heart through the organ of vision.

His glances explain what is passing within, as well as if the ribs and pericardium were pellucid crystal, or the transparent summer atmosphere.

The "man with the evil eye" always looks obliquely at society. His tongue may be silvery smooth, tipped with velvet, dropping honey, like Nestor's, though blackness be beneath. He cannot conceal the glances that shoot insidiously towards the objects of his hatred—glances, that, were they rays of a pestilence, (as he would they were,) must make perish all against whom they are directed. No glance from the basilisk could be more fatal in reality than his glance, had he his wish. To provoke the latent vengeance of the "evil eye," it is a sufficient offence to be fortunate; success is a brand on the forehead of another in its sight. The specious Iago of the "evil eye" may have four senses of the five such as the best might select for themselves; but with him, these only administer to the sovereign lord of vision, and exist subordinate to the "aspect malign." The man of the "evil eye" finds his heart ignite with tenfold violence when excellence of any kind meets due reward. Who but the man of the "evil eye," has, in his own opinion, a right to be fortunate in industry?—who but he has a lawful claim to the suffrages of society and the crown of reward? The bonds of friendship are melted before him; human sympathies dried into dust; envy and selfishness furnish fuel to the heart, and malignant flames rush from the "evil eye" with terrible intensity. Lord of the ascendant, the "evil eye" makes reason its vassal, and never allows the claims of self or self-interest to be balanced against common sense or obligation. Is the object regarded an artist? he may be a far superior one to him of the "evil eye;" is he an orator? he may far excel him; or, is he an author, possessing genius and learning, and patronized by the public? it mat-

ters not; the baser passions have put down reason, and drowned even a fool's degree of reflection. The "evil eye" can see nothing but what is tinged with its own green hue, and no longer discriminates color or form. The result is a consequence mathematically correct—true to the very point: envy and hatred become the guiding star of the soul. Does he pester society with his diatribes?—he mingles in them, to second the desires of his heart, the venom of the snake, with the stratagem of the fox, and the reasoning of the ostrich, which hides its head alone from the hunter and fancies itself unseen. He has no sight but for the objects of his malice, and loses the view of his own interest in the eagerness of ocular vengeance. Is the owner of the "evil eye" a trader? he looks fatal things to his industrious neighbor's credit; is the owner a female?—she glances away her friend's virtue. Lastly, the owner of the "evil eye" is a universal enemy, whom man cannot trust, time marks out for retribution, and fiends alone can envy.

If society still hold one man to whom this alleged power, anciently attributed to the organ of vision, remains in action, let him be watched. The "evil eye" cannot be mistaken: unsteady as the ocean waves, it rolls around and about in fevered restlessness; now extended, it exhibits its orb clear of the lid, surrounded by the white, in angry convulsion—now half closed, it questions with wariness and shallow cunning—now calm and dead as Lethe, it represses the pale beam of its malice, and with saintly bearing seems piety itself, the herald of cordiality, the star of friendship and rectitude. But it is all the charmed disguise of the magician, that he may make his spells the surer. The "evil eye" is still the same; its Tophetic beams are less visible, only from the hope that they may more effectually operate on the objects of their malignity.

THE WANDERER'S LEGACY.*

THERE has been no remarkable absence of decent poems lately ; but we have met with none for a long time which has given us so much pleasure as this volume of Mrs. Godwin.

This lady is, we understand, the younger daughter of the late Dr. Garnett, the author of "Zoonomia," "Observations on a Tour through the Highlands of Scotland," &c. Dr. Garnett left two orphan children, for Mrs. Garnett had died a few years before. They were entrusted to the care of a kind and attached female friend, who retired with them to their father's native place, Barbon, a secluded little village, near Kirby-Lonsdale, in Westmoreland. In this village they both continued to reside till they had attained to womanhood, and it is still the home of Mrs. Godwin. It is not surprising that in so beautiful and romantic a country, and surrounded by every circumstance calculated to operate powerfully upon the youthful fancy, the germ of poetical genius, which disclosed itself early in the life of the fair author of the poems now under our notice, should have gradually expanded, until it arrived at a rich and luxuriant maturity. Her first publication, "The Night before the Bridal, Sappho, and other Poems," received, soon after its appearance, the praise which it deserved. Her present work raises Mrs. Godwin still more in our estimation. In addition to splendor of imagination, copiousness of diction, beauty and variety of imagery, and rare facility and harmony of versification, the volume is imbued with a depth of thought, and a strength of feeling, which indicate a mind of a very superior order,—a mind capable of producing "what the world will not willingly let die."

The volume opens with an "Invocation." It is a noble and enthusiastic little composition ; and as it affords a

fair specimen of Mrs. Godwin's powers, we will give nearly the whole of it.

"Beautiful Spirit ! that didst guard of old
The song-inspiring fount of Castalie—
Thou, unto whom supremacy is given
And sway o'er realms of boundless intellect ;
Light of the lonely, solace of the sage,
Beneath whose influence e'en the dungeon
smiles,

And earth's worst desert fair as Eden blooms ;
To whom are offered pure the unchained
thoughts,

Warm aspirations, and the rare first-fruits
Born of young Genius, when her spring-tide
teems

With rich imaginings—To whom belongs
The glorious harvest of maturer years ;
Enchantress ! at whose magic touch the mines
Where Mem'ry keeps her deathless stores,
fling wide

Their golden gates, and all their wealth dis-
close—

Call, from the depths of ocean and of earth,
And from the blue ethereal element,
Enchantress Queen ! call up thy mighty spells !

If on some silver-crested wave thou float'st,
List'ning the genii secrets murmured low
Beneath the surges ;—or if yet thou hold'st
Thy moonlight vigils midst the laurel groves
Girding the Delphian mount ;—or if on wing,
All redolent of heaven's immortal breeze,
And radiant as the Iris' hues, thou glidest
Among the stars, winning new splendor thence,
Or heavenward, earthward bent, my vows re-
ceive.

Spirit ! that deign'st to hover o'er my path,
When in the twilight gleam of some deep dell,
Or Naiad-haunted spring, I wander forth
To hold communion with the peering stars ;
Or on the voiceful shore I pause, to view
The round moon fling her bright reflection far
Upon the crystal waves ; or clambering thence
Along the rock-goat's steep and dangerous way,
Where toppling crags hang o'er the billowy
main

Their fortress rude, I mark the sun descend
From his cloud-canopied Olympian throne,
His regal brow all filleted with fire ;
Spirit presiding then—pervading all—
Seen in the sunset—breathed in all the airs
That wanton thro' the summer-tinted groves ;
Felt in the balmy influence of those tears
Wept by the heavens o'er Day's deserted
fanes ;

Spirit of Poesie ! on thee I call."

If this is not very exquisite poetry, we acknowledge that we do not know what is.

The "Wanderer's Legacy" is a collection of poems supposed to be bequeathed to the world by a man,—

* The Wanderer's Legacy ; a Collection of Poems on various Subjects. By Catherine Grace Godwin, (late Catherine Grace Garnett.) Post 8vo. pp. 277. London, 1829.

"a toil-worn, venerable man,
In humble guise, although of travelled mien,
With meditative brow, and visage wan,
In whose deep eye immortal thoughts were
seen,"—

who had journeyed over many parts
of the earth ; had seen men, manners,
and nature, and who had been fond of
embodying his observations and expe-
rience in verse.

To the romantic scene, the home
of his youthful days, this "gray-hair-
ed wanderer" returns. His reflec-
tions, as he gazes at the well-known
objects around him, are full of beauty,
and of patriotic feeling.

"Land of my sires ! oh, with what chasten'd
love

My soul, unwarped, dispassionate, and free,
Guided by some kind angel from above,
Returns with filial gratitude to thee !

Here would I wait my Maker's great decree,
Walk these wild hills whereon my fathers trod,
And, as the leaf beside the parent tree
Lays its pale form, so nigh yon house of God
Would I repose beneath the hallow'd sod.

And well may life moor here her shatter'd bark,
From hence she sail'd when youth was at the
prow ;

The dove sought shelter in the sacred Ark,
Scared by the perils she had view'd below.

Within these glens the citron's golden glow
Crests not the grove by southern breezes fann'd,
Yet would I challenge earth's wide realms
to show

A spot that bears the stamp of Beauty's hand
More deep than thine, my own, my native land !

And thou art free—the gilded orient wave,
Albeit perfumed by India's spicy gales,
Floats round the country of the crouching slave,
Where rapine prowls, and tyranny prevails :

But here, in Albion's green and peaceful
vales,

Man with his fellow mortal proudly copes ;
No despot's will the peasant's home assails,
Nor stalks th' oppressor o'er its pastoral slopes,
Nor reaps the stranger's hand the harvest of his
hopes."

Finding that the lapse of years has
deprived him of all his kindred and
friends, he retires to a peaceful her-
mitage, where he passes

"the quiet autumn of his age

In such pursuits as whiled the hours away :
From Wanderer grown to Anchorite and Sage ;
A moonlight eve closed manhood's chequer'd
day."

In his cell, after his death, are dis-
covered his tablets, on which are in-
scribed "The Wanderer's early Recol-
lections ;" forming the third and long-
est poem of the volume. The earlier
portion of these Recollections, is the

admirably detailed history of an ar-
dent but uninformed mind, conscious
of the existence of unattained know-
ledge, and panting for its acquisition.
We can quote only a few short and
detached passages.

"My youth hath been in quiet musings spent,
My very childhood garb'd itself in thoughts
That were of riper years. My whole life since
Hath been a maze of marvel, and delight
In all the gifts wherewith the hand divine
Hath deck'd this mortal dwelling-place of man.
I well remember me, ere language flow'd
In unison with the mind's eloquence,
How my heart, laboring with its feelings deep,
Seeking in words some utterance of its joy,
Rejected away with a vexed disdain
The guise uncouth in which the precious ore
Was issued from the mine ; for harmony,
Though unattained, was in my heart instinct :
I felt her presence in the haunts I loved—
She floated round me in the summer's gales ;
I saw her impress on the mountain peaks ;
The groves, the glades, with her voice resonant,
Whisper'd her accents to the murmuring brooks.
The poetry of Nature then was felt,
Albeit not yet distinctly understood.
I only knew that my aspirings soar'd
Far, far above this earth's corporeal things :
That my conceptions were beyond the scope
Of my untaught and wild philosophy.
All, all was mystery ; mine own sense of being—
The restless, the resistless tide of thought
That roll'd forever through my inmost soul,
Was an enigma I could not resolve.

* * *

From me the book
Of lore was long withheld. At length 'twas
op'd ;

The tide roll'd freely o'er my thirsty soul,
The ban of ignorance was ta'en away,
A veil was lifted from my darken'd eyes.

* * *

Athwart my path a ray of sunlight fell.
Imagination,—that in guise untrick'd
By cunning arts of the world's fashioning,
Had been the mistress of my constant love,
E'en from those boyish days when first I woo'd
With rustic boldness her capricious smiles
Upon the summer hills,—came to me now,
Decked in the gorgeous thoughts and stately
rhymes

Of England's gifted bards ; to whose sweet
songs

My mind, affrighted at severer lore,
Had haply then almost unwitting turned.
A spell came o'er me when those tomes I oped ;
Mine own wild visions, all depicted clear,
I recognised through every line dispread,
Clad in the measure of harmonious verse,
And flowing on in cadence musical,
Adapted skilfully in frequent change,
Yet with strict unity symphonious still
To each new-born emotion of the soul.
These, for the first time, opening on my sense,
Seem'd the soft language of a lovelier world.

* * *

When spake from out the brown autumnal
woods
The solemn voice of the expiring year,

Calling on man his spirit to attune
To the calm cadence of her parting hymn ;
When the sere-leaf by equinoctial gales
Was wafted with a sound scarce audible
To the lone harbor of some sheltering nook ;
When summer brooks, swollen by the latter
rains,

Did gush forth with a fuller melody ;
When all day long upon the mountain peaks
The fleecy clouds in denser wreaths reposed,
And all around, tinctur'd with graver hues,
The sober livery of the season show'd ;—
Then would my heart its deepest sense confess
Of thy immortal verse, O bard inspired !
Whose holy harpings waked the wondrous song
Of Eden's fair, but sin-polluted, bowers.
The majesty of Nature, veiled in gloom,
The melancholy light of her last smiles—
All emblematic of departed joy,
My mind with kindred pensiveness embued.

In the first blush of renovated bloom
Worn by awakening spring, when bees of flowers
Grow amorous, and insect myriads sport
All the long day on the elastic air ;
When birds pour forth their choral songs, and
scarce

Relax from their sweet toil through the brief
hours

Of night's diminish'd sway ; when from the
depths

Of heaven's clear azure, the young moon of May
Through the green glades a glancing love-light
sends,

Undimm'd, save that some gauzy cloud may
float

Like sail of fairy bark athwart her track ;
When o'er the earth a great enchanter rules,
Joying in nature's metamorphosis,
The visible working of his viewless wand,
That well in times of eld might be ascribed
To power of fay benign or genius good—
In that sweet time, the blitheest of the year,
The heart of man, attemper'd to glad thoughts,
Feels all its pulses beat in unison
With life's reviving call : then would my mind,
Abandon'd to the passionate romance
Of the soft season, yield its senses up
To the illusions of the poet's dream ;
Wander with fair Titania o'er the meads,
And through the moon-lit forests resonant
With laugh of mischief-loving elves ; no maze,
Howe'er fantastic, by thy spells conjur'd,
Magician great of Avon's gentle shores !
Fail'd to ensnare the homage of my heart—
The humblest mite of all the grateful praise
Admiring ages shall to thee accord
For a rich banquet stored with rarest eates
Which thy unrivall'd genius hath dispread.

Nor let me here withhold thy due award,
O courtly minstrel ! whose kind Fairy Queen
Led my entranced steps through many a bower
And sylvan haunt so wondrously bedight,
None but a poet's eye might image it ;
Nor could the splendid hues wherein all things
Were steep'd thy fertile fancy did create,
Have flow'd from aught but an inspired source.
I love the graceful chivalry that hath garb'd
Woman's fair form in attributes so bright,
She may be placed in man's adoring mind,
Upon a pedestal, his baser thoughts
Dare not profane. Mine ear receives
The stately measure of those antique rhymes

With a most deep delight. Whenever I
Do syllable in memory's trance thy verse,
It seems to me as if a thousand lutes
Of fairy sweetness, touched by hands unseen,
With melody filled all the air around ;
Or that I heard some river lapse away
In liquid music o'er Arcadian plains."

"The Wanderer's Early Recollections," however, do not all turn upon these high themes :

"Mine was the mood, aided by impulse warm
Of young credulity, when aught that wears
The female form, to man so justly dear,
If ripe with youth's fresh bloom, divine appears ;
And if the fair one be exalted too
Above those un-ideal shapes that throng
The ways of vulgar life, if phrase refined,
A voice for music framed, soft blandishments,
And beaming smiles are added thereunto,
She in the sanctuary of the heart is placed,
As though she were the sole existing thing
Worthy man's worship ; like a goddess shrined
In the most sacred temple of the land ;
Invested too with all that excellence
Born of the fulness of her votary's soul."

The latter part of the Recollections exhibits equal poetical power ; but we own that we do not think the subject,—the caprice of a heartless coquette, and its effects on her lover,—deserves the talent bestowed upon it. *Materiem superabat opus.*

The next poem, "The Seal Hunters," creates a striking and delightful diversity. Mrs. Godwin paints the rigors of the polar regions with a masterly pencil. One would think she had accompanied Captain Parry in his northern expeditions.

The adventures of two young and gallant Finlanders, their voyage through the stormy Arctic Sea, their disembarkation (we had nearly said landing) on an iceberg, the drifting and destruction of their frail boat, their suffering and despair, and their ultimate deliverance, are told with a truth, a pathos, and an energy, which will greatly surprise as well as gratify the reader.

We have devoted a larger space to extracts from this volume than we can well spare ; but there is reality, and strength, and body, in Mrs. Godwin's poetry ; and, in these days, a volume of which this can be honestly affirmed, must not be lightly esteemed, or hastily discussed.

PELHAM.*

REVISED and improved, the second edition of *Pelham* comes in evidence how much its early praise has been confirmed by public approbation. We believe few novels have been more read, more talked of,—ay, or more criticised, (rather as if the hero were an actual and living person, than the principal character in a book), and his lively impertinences made matters of personal offence by the readers; thereby acknowledging, somewhat un-awares, the truth of the delineation. *Pelham* is the representative of a certain class: the question is neither of its mental nor its moral excellence; but does that class exist, and is the likeness taken of it an accurate one? And that, both in his talents and follies, his higher qualities and affectations, *Pelham* is a picture, as true as it is animated, of a large portion of young men of the present day, no one can deny. We have heard it objected, that it is not a representation of human nature: what human nature actually is at this period, would be a matter of some difficulty to ascertain, modified as it is by education, controlled by circumstance, and compounded of customs and costumes. The novelist must take, not make, his materials; and in all states of society, whether one of furs, feathers, and paint, *au naturel*,—or of those furs turned into muffs, those feathers waving over helmets and *barrettes*, and that paint softened into rouge and pearl-powder,—the view taken by an acute observer will be valuable as philosophy; and it is as an accurate, lively delineation of existing society, that we hold ourselves justified in predicting that *Pelham* will be a standard, as well as popular, work. There is a very clever preface, new to this edition, and some very amusing maxims: we will extract two or three for our readers' benefit.

"Do not require your dress so much to fit, as to adorn you. Nature is not to be copied, but to be axalted by art. Apelles blamed Protogenes for being *too natural*.

"Never in your dress altogether desert that taste which is general. The world considers eccentricity in great things, genius; in small things, folly.

"Remember, that none but those whose courage is unquestionable, can venture to be effeminate. It was only in the field that the Lacedemonians were accustomed to use perfumes and curl their hair.

"Never let the finery of chains and rings seem *your own* choice; that which naturally belongs to women, should appear only worn for their sake. We dignify foppery, when we invest it with a sentiment.

"The most graceful principle of dress is neatness; the most vulgar is preciseness.

"Dress contains the two codes of morality—private and public. Attention is the duty we owe to others—cleanliness that which we owe to ourselves.

"Dress so that it may never be said of you 'What a well-dressed man!'—but, 'What a gentleman-like man!'

"Nothing is superficial to a deep observer! It is in trifles that the mind betrays itself. 'In what part of that letter,' said a king to the wisest of living diplomatists, 'did you discover irresolution?' 'In its *ns* and *gs*!' was the answer.

"There is an indifference to please in a stocking down at heel—but there may be a malevolence in a diamond ring.

"He who esteems trifles for themselves, is a trifler—he who esteems them for the conclusions to be drawn from them, or the advantage to which they can be put, is a philosopher."

* *Pelham*; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman. Second edition. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828.

THE DISOWNED.*

WE have seldom met with a work which calls for more minute attention than the one now before us. If there be any truth in what some writer asserts, that the most original genius must take its tone from its own times, highly indeed do the present volumes speak for their existing period; for how much must the nature of even amusement be improved, when a novel can be made the vehicle of philosophical discussion and metaphysical discovery,—not the less true and profound for being thrown out in conversations, not in essays—in a delightful fiction, instead of a treatise? We ourselves own to liking the plan of the old-fashioned gardens, where the fruits that sustained life were surrounded by borders of the flowers that adorned it. Different systems of conduct, embodied in different characters, are here developed with an accuracy and a variety which the most minute knowledge of human nature alone could have produced: from the humorous delineation of the broker, Mr. Brown, “a most excellent article”—to that of the high-minded Algernon Mordaunt, all bespeak the same power of investigation into the deep recesses of the heart, and the eye of one accustomed not only to see, but to observe—two faculties more distinct than is generally admitted.

With regard to the various characters, we have no terms too high for the praise of their excellent delineation. Perhaps Algernon Mordaunt is as fine a picture of the ideal of excellence in our nature as was ever fashioned by either philosophy or poetry. His whole story is one of the most painful but exciting interest. Clarence Linden is—but let the author speak for his other hero.

“It was neither his features nor his form, eminently handsome as they were, which gave the principal charm

to the young stranger’s appearance—it was the strikingly bold, buoyant, frank, and almost joyous, expression which presided over all. *There* seemed to dwell the first glow and life of youth, undimmed by a single fear, and un baffled in a single hope. *There* were the elastic spring, the inexhaustible wealth of energies, which defied, in their exulting pride, the heaviness of sorrow and the harassments of time. It was a face that while it filled you with some melancholy foreboding of the changes and chances which must in the inevitable course of fate cloud the openness of the unwrinkled brow, and soberise the fire of the daring and restless eye, instilled also within you some assurance of triumph, and some omen of success:—a vague but powerful sympathy with the adventurous and cheerful spirit which appeared literally to speak in its expression. It was a face you might imagine in one born under a prosperous star; and you felt, as you gazed, a confidence in that bright countenance which, like the shield of the British prince, seemed possessed with the power to charm into impotence the evil spirits who menaced its possessor.”

Then we have the young artist, possessing all the faults and the unhappiness, with all the redeeming beauty of genius;—the stern republican feeding his fierce enthusiasm, till crime seems but a harsh necessity,—brought into admirable contrast with Crauford, whose pitiful guilt is but the result of selfish and sensual indulgence. We have also the volunteer gipsy, a lover of liberty too, but satisfied with taking it himself, without either extending it to or abridging it in others;—and last, though not least, Mr. Talbot, votary and victim of vanity, whose story forms one of the most masterly episodes in the work,—the strength and weakness of *vanity* being exhibited in

* The Disowned. By the Author of “*Pellham*.” 4 vols. 12mo. London, 1823.

very striking colors. There is not, however, more variety of character than of style; the serious reflection of the tasked mind succeeds some even poetical bursts of the imagination; and if there be much of grave and serious converse, it is companioned by the most lively wit. In making our extracts we will open the page and take our chance. The following passage is a beautiful specimen of the author's more serious style:

"How little, when we read the work, do we care for the author! How little do we reck of the sorrow from which a jest has been forced, or the weariness that an incident has beguiled! But the power to fly from feeling, the recompense of literature for its heart-burnings and cares, the disappointment and the anxiety, the cavil and the 'censure sharp,'—even this passes away, and custom drags on the dull chain which enthusiasm once so passionately wore! Alas, for the age when, in the creation of fiction, we could lose the bitterness and barrenness of truth! The sorrows of youth, if not wholly ideal, borrow at least from the imagination their color and their shape. What marvel, then, that from the imagination come also their consolation and their hope? But now, in manhood, our fancy constitutes but little of our afflictions, and presents to us no avenues for escape. In the toil, the fret, the hot, the unquiet, the exhausting engrossments of maturer years, how soon the midnight lamp loses its enchantment, and the noon-day visions their spell! We are bound by a thousand galling and grinding ties to this hard and unholy earth. We become helots of the soil of dust and clay; denizens of the polluted smoke, the cabined walls, and the stony footing of the inhospitable world. What *now* have our griefs with the 'moonlit melancholy,' the gentle tenderness of our young years? Can we tell them any more to the woods and waterfalls? Can we make for them a witness of the answering sea, or the sympathizing stars? Alas! they have now neither commune nor

consolation in the voices of nature or the mysteries of romance; they have become the petty stings and the falling drops, the irritating and vexing little-nesses of life; they have neither dignity on the one hand, nor delusion on the other. One by one they cling around us, like bonds of iron; they multiply their links; they grow over our hearts; and the feelings, once too wild for the very earth, fold their broken wings within the soul. Dull and heavy thoughts, like dead walls, close around the laughing flowers and fields that so enchanted us of yore; the sins, the habits, the reasonings of the world, like rank and gloomy fogs, shut out the exulting heavens from our view; the limit of our wandering becomes the length of our chain; the height of our soarings, the summit of our cell. Fools—fools that we are, then, to imagine that the works of our later years shall savor of the freedom and aspirations of our youth; or that amidst all which hourly and momentarily recalls and binds our hearts and spirits to the eternal '*self*,' we can give life, and zest, and vigor, to the imaginary actions and sentiments of another!"

It is said a few short sentiments best elucidate the mind of a man—we will see what they will do for an author.

"We have often thought that principle to the mind is what a free constitution is to a people: without that principle, or that free constitution, the one may be for the moment as good—the other as happy; but we cannot tell how long the goodness and the happiness will continue. * * * There is no dilemma in which vanity cannot find an expedient to develop its form; no stream of circumstances in which its buoyant and light nature will not rise to float on the surface. And its ingenuity is as fertile as that of the player who (his wardrobe allowing him no other method of playing the fop) could still exhibit the prevalent passion for distinction, by wearing stockings of different colors."

How finely, but how truly, are the ensuing varieties of ambition drawn!

"The ambition of Clarence was that of circumstances rather than character; the certainty of having to carve out his own fortunes without sympathy or aid, joined to those whispers of indignant pride which naturally urged him, if disowned by those who should have protected him, to allow no breath of shame to justify the reproach: these gave an irresistible desire of distinction to a mind naturally too gay for the devotedness, too susceptible for the pangs, and too benevolent for the selfishness, of ordinary ambition. But the very essence and spirit of Warner's nature was the burning and feverish desire of fame; it poured through his veins like lava; it preyed even as a worm upon his cheek; it corroded his natural sleep; it blackened the color of his thoughts; it shut out, as with an impenetrable wall, the wholesome energies, and enjoyments, and objects, of living men; and taking from him all the vividness of the present, all the tenderness of the past, constrained his heart to dwell forever and forever upon the dim and shadowy chimeras of a future he was fated never to enjoy."

* * * *

"But as we have seen that that passion for glory made the great characteristic difference between Clarence and Warner, so also did that passion terminate any resemblance which Warner bore to Algernon Mordaunt. With the former, a rank and unwholesome plant, it grew up to the exclusion of all else: with the latter, subdued and regulated, it *sheltered*, not *withered*, the virtues by which it was surrounded. With Warner, ambition was a passionate desire to separate himself by fame from the herd of other men; with Mordaunt, to bind himself by charity yet closer to his kind: with the one it produced a disgust to his species; with the other, a pity and a love: with the one, power was the badge of distinction; with the other, the means to bless! * *

"Satire is a dwarf, which stands upon the shoulders of the giant Ill-Nature; and the kingdom of verse,

like that of Epirus, is often left not to him who has the noblest genius, but the 'sharpest sword.' 'Ah!' cried Mr. Perrivale, 'the wit of a satirist is like invisible writing: look at it with an indifferent eye, and, lo! there is none; hold it up to the light, and you can't perceive it; but rub it over with *your own spirit of acid*, and see how plain and striking it becomes.' * * *

"Our first era of life is under the influence of the primitive feelings; we are pleased, and we laugh; hurt, and we weep; we vent out little passions the moment they are excited; and so much of novelty have we to *perceive*, that we have little leisure to *reflect*. By and by, fear teaches us to restrain our feelings: when displeased, we seek to revenge the displeasure, and are punished; we find the excess of our joy, our sorrow, our anger, alike considered criminal, and chidden into restraint. From harshness we become acquainted with deceit: the promise made is not fulfilled, the threat not executed, the fear falsely excited, and the hope wilfully disappointed; we are surrounded by systematised delusion, and we imbibe the contagion. From being forced into concealing the thoughts which we do conceive, we begin to affect those which we do not: so early do we learn the two main tasks of life, to suppress and to feign, that our memory will not carry us beyond that period of artifice to a state of nature when the twin principles of veracity and belief were so strong as to lead the philosophers of a modern school into the error of terming them innate.

* * * *

"As the petty fish, which is fabled to possess the property of arresting the progress of the largest vessel to which it clings—even so may a *single prejudice, unnoticed or despised, more than the adverse blast, or the dead calm, delay the Bark of Knowledge in the vast seas of Time.* * * *

"Never get a reputation for a small perfection, if you are trying for fame in a loftier area: the world can

only judge by generals ; it sees that those who pay considerable attention to minutiae, seldom have their minds occupied with great things. There are, it is true, exceptions ; but to exceptions the world does not attend."

Both for its intrinsic excellence, and because it illustrates the admirable character of Mordaunt, we select, in conclusion, the ensuing passage.

" 'I believe,' answered Mordaunt, ' that it is from our ignorance that our contentions flow ; we debate with strife and with wrath, with bickering and with hatred ; but of the thing debated upon, we remain in the profoundest darkness. Like the laborers of Babel, while we endeavor in vain to express our meaning to each other, the fabric by which, for a common end, we would have ascended to heaven from the ills of earth, remains forever unadvanced and incomplete. Let us hope that knowledge is the universal language which shall re-unite us. As, in their sublime allegory, the Romans signified, that only through virtue we arrived at honor, so let us believe, that only through knowledge can we arrive at virtue ! ' ' And yet,' said Clarence, ' that seems a melancholy truth for the mass of the people, who have no time for the researches of wisdom.' ' Not so much so as at first we might imagine,' answered Mordaunt : ' the few smooth all paths for the many. The precepts of knowledge it is difficult to extricate from error ; but, once discovered, they gradually pass into maxims : and thus what the sage's life was consumed in acquiring, become the acquisition of a moment to posterity. Knowledge is like the atmosphere,—in order to dispel the vapor and dislodge the frost, our ancestors felled the forest, drained the marsh, and cultivated the waste ; and we now breathe without an effort, in the purified air and the chastened climate,—the result of the labor of generations and the progress of ages ! As, to-day, the common mechanic may equal in science, however inferior in genius, the friar whom his contemporaries feared as a magician,—so the

opinions which now startle as well as astonish, may be received hereafter as acknowledged axioms, and pass into ordinary practice. We cannot even tell how far the sanguine theories of certain philosophers deceive them, when they anticipate, for future ages, a knowledge which shall bring perfection to the mind, baffle the diseases of the body, and even protract, to a date now utterly unknown, the final destination of life : for Wisdom is a palace of which only the vestibule has been entered ; nor can we guess what treasures are hid in those chambers, of which the experience of the past can afford us neither analogy or clue.' "

We could have wished to introduce that most exquisite picture of childhood, the daughter of Isabel St. Leger ; some of Lord Aspeden's diplomatic quotations and compliments ; and some of Mr. Brown's presents : but our limits have already rather been devoted to the *Disowned* in a proportion due to its superior excellence, than according to our usual scale of novel reviewing. We must therefore content ourselves with pointing attention to the admirable colloquies between Talbot and Clarence, and, above all, to those in which Algernon Mordaunt takes a part. The last scene in which the latter appears is almost a perfect specimen of imagination working up reality to the most intense pitch of interest. Such being the prominent characteristics of this publication, it must command a far higher and wider scope of readers than the ordinary class of novel devourers, though even for these it possesses every possible attraction. In a word, we have no hesitation in acknowledging the author to be one of the foremost writers of our day ; and his works to maintain not merely a very elevated, but a very original station, as far removed from the class of fashionable novels as they differ from those founded on historical data.

Altogether, if *Pelham* justly raised for its author a very high character, the *Disowned* will raise it far higher.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST.*

THE author of this elegant and amusing, if not instructive, volume, has for some time possessed the flattering opinion of the literary and ingenious part of the North American Republic, and his pretensions to a successful cultivation of classic and elegant literature have been acknowledged by European critics. But Judge Hall's acquirements and propensities are the very reverse of what we are accustomed to behold in English judges. He has contented himself with what is elegant, and has not sacrificed his repose, or injured his health in diving into the profound, or piercing the intricacies of study. An English judge, moreover, is seldom seen to travel, except on the circuits, or from his chambers to Westminster Hall, and he looks the *beau ideal* of saturnine wisdom. The American judge, on the contrary, is absolutely erratic and peregrinacious; he thinks no more of a journey of a thousand miles over pools and swamps, and through wilds and deserts, to the western country, than an English judge thinks of his progress through the blind alleys and crooked paths of his profession to a peerage and a provision for his family. Our author's style, to our sober English tastes, is by far too flowery and ornate. He luxuriates in tropes and figures, and is as redundant of epithets as honest Sancho was of his proverbs. But Judge Hall is strongly imbued with innumerable transatlantic prejudices against the land of his sires. He is every inch an American. We can partially forgive him his prejudices, because many of them have afforded us much mirth; and of the whole of them we may say, what Mr. Rose said of the Orders in Council which brought the two nations to hostility, "that though unjust in themselves, they were justifiable as mea-

sures of retaliation." We should say that all such prejudices as our author exhibits ought to be left solely to the vulgar; although we must confess, that persons paramount in our periodical literature, have shown themselves by far more iniquitously vituperative against America, than Judge Hall is jocosely detractory of England. But much of what Judge Hall sets down, is useful, sterling sense, though a certain part of John Bull's family may call it prejudice. Thus, speaking of the settlers in America, he says, "Here is no holy alliance, no trafficking in human blood, no sceptre to be obeyed, no mitre to be worshipped. Here they find not merely a shelter, but they become proprietors of the soil, and citizens of the state.

The following is the author's description of the "Scenery of the Ohio."—"The heart must indeed be cold that would not glow among scenes like these. Rightly did the French call this stream *La Belle Rivière*, (the beautiful river.) The sprightly Canadian, plying his oar in cadence with the wild notes of the boat-song, could not fail to find his heart enlivened by the beautiful symmetry of the Ohio. Its current is always graceful, and its shores every where romantic. Everything here is on a large scale. The eye of the traveller is continually regaled with magnificent scenes. Here are no pigmy mounds dignified with the name of mountains, no rivulets swelled into rivers. Nature has worked with a rapid but masterly hand; every touch is bold, and the whole is grand as well as beautiful; while room is left for art to embellish and fertilize that which nature has created with a thousand capabilities. There is much sameness in the character of the scenery; but that sameness is in itself delightful, as it consists in the recur-

* Letters from the West; Containing Sketches of Scenery, Manners, and Customs; and Anecdotes connected with the first Settlements of the Western Sections of the United States. By the Hon. Judge Hall. 8vo. London, 1828.

rence of noble traits, which are too pleasing ever to be viewed with indifference; like the regular features which we sometimes find in the face of a lovely woman, their charm consists in their own intrinsic gracefulness, rather than in the variety of their expressions. The Ohio has not the sprightly fanciful wildness of the Niagara, the St. Lawrence, or the Susquehanna, whose impetuous torrents, rushing over beds of rocks, or dashing against the jutting cliffs, arrest the ear by their murmurs, and delight the eye with their eccentric wanderings. Neither is it like the Hudson, margined at one spot by the meadow and the village, and overhung at another by threatening precipices and stupendous mountains. It has a wild, solemn, silent sweetness, peculiar to itself. The noble stream, clear, smooth, and unruffled, sweeps onward with regular majestic force. Continually changing its course, as it rolls from vale to vale, it always winds with dignity, and avoiding those acute angles, which are observed in less powerful streams, sweeps round in graceful bends, as if disdaining the opposition to which nature forces it to submit. On each side rise the romantic hills, piled on each other to a tremendous height; and between them, are deep, abrupt, silent glens, which at a distance seem inaccessible to the human foot; while the whole is covered with timber of a gigantic size, and a luxuriant foliage of the deepest hues. Sometimes the splashing of the oar is heard, and the boatman's song awakens the surrounding echoes; but the most usual music is that of the native songsters, whose melody steals pleasingly on the ear, with every modulation, at all hours, and in every change of situation."

Of the emigration to the back country, the author says, "Each raft (on the Ohio) was eighty or ninety feet long, with a small house on it, and on each was a stack of hay, round which several horses and cows were feeding, while the ploughs, wagons, pigs, children, and poultry, carelessly distribut-

ed, gave to the whole more the appearance of a permanent residence than of a caravan of adventurers seeking a home. A respectable-looking old lady, with 'spectacles on nose,' was seated on a chair at the door of one of the cabins, employed in knitting; another female was at the wash-tub; the men were chewing their tobacco; and the various family vocations seemed to go on like clock-work. In this manner these people travel at a slight expense. They bring their own provisions; their raft floats with the stream, and honest Jonathan, surrounded with his scolding, grunting, squalling and neighing dependants, floats to the point proposed without leaving his own fire-side." Our author thus describes his passage over the falls of the Ohio. "The business of preparation creates a sense of impending danger; the pilot stationed on the deck, assumes command; a firm and skilful helmsman guides the boat; the oars, strongly manned, are vigorously plied to give the vessel a *momentum* greater than that of the current, without which the helm would be inefficient. The utmost silence prevails among the crew; but the ear is stunned with the sound of rushing waters; and the sight of waves dashing and foaming and whirling among the rocks and eddies below, is grand and fearful. The boat advances with inconceivable rapidity to the head of the channel, takes the *chute*, and seems no longer manageable among the angry currents, whose foam dashes upon her deck; but, in a few moments, she emerges from their power, and rides again in serene waters."

Judge Hall's work is interspersed with amusing descriptions, characteristic anecdotes, narratives of incidents, and reminiscences of local history and personal adventures. There are also facts of a nature to awaken serious reflections in the European politician; and Judge Hall's nationality, though often ridiculous, is never offensive; for it is accompanied with much truth, an hilarity of spirits, a vivacious manhood, and it is without personal rancor.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

“Serene Philosophy !

She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd ; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of Science and of Virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear.”

THE AURORA BOREALIS, AS IT AP-
PEARS IN RUSSIA.

THE northern hemisphere has its delights as well as the southern. One of these arises from the contemplation of that beautiful phenomenon called the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights. Such a phenomenon is of frequent occurrence at St. Petersburg. According to the meteorological tables of twenty years, northern lights appeared on an average twenty-one times in each year. In the year 1774, they appeared forty-eight times. From 1782 to 1786 they decreased, having been seen only one hundred and ten times during that period, and only thirty-nine times from 1787 to 1791. This diminution in the yearly number of northern lights has continued more or less ever since ; and looking for illustration at the tables of the same two years nearer us, which has supplied us with other data, namely, 1818 and 1819, I find that in the former year northern lights occurred only six, and in the latter twelve times. At the close of last autumn, this curious phenomenon appeared on one occasion, magnificently bright. The sky was illuminated from the horizon to the zenith, extending east and west to a considerable distance. Masses of fire in the form of columns, and as brilliant as the brightest phosphorus, danced in the air, and streaks of a deeper light, of various sizes, rose from the horizon and flashed between them. The brightness of the former seemed at times to grow faint and dim. At this conjuncture the broad streaks would suddenly shoot with great velocity up to the zenith with an undulating motion and a pyramidal form. From the columns, flashes of

light, like a succession of sparks from an electric jar, flew off and disappeared ; while the streaks changed their form frequently and rapidly, and broke out in places where none were seen before, shooting along the heavens, and then disappearing in an instant. The sky in various places became tinged with a deep purple, the stars shone very brilliantly, the separate lights gradually merged into one another, when the auroral resplendence of the horizon increased and became magnificent. This phenomenon lasted nearly four hours ; and at one time a large triangle of the strongest light occupied the horizon, illuminating in the most magnificent manner nearly the entire vault of heaven. From six to seven falling stars were observed at the time, leaving in their train a very brilliant light.

THE PROBOSCIS OF THE ELEPHANT.

The elephant has larger nasal organs than any other animal, the proboscis or trunk having a cavity similar to the nostrils, running its whole length, and terminating in very large cells in the head and face. Cuvier, however, thinks that the lower part of the cavity does not possess the sense of smell, but it is intended merely to pump up the water it uses in drinking. It is not clear, indeed, that, in other quadrupeds, the outer nostril possesses much, if any, sensibility to odors, the sense being most requisite in the upper part of the roof of the nose. The trunk of the elephant is capable of being moved in any direction ; and at the very point of it, just above the nostrils, there is an extension of the skin, formed like a finger, and, indeed, answering all the purposes of one ; for,

with the rest of the extremity of the trunk, it is capable of assuming different forms, and, consequently, of being adapted to the minutest objects. By means of this, the elephant can take a pin from the ground, untie the knots of a rope, unlock a door, and even write with a pen.

LITHOGRAPHY.

Several important improvements in the art of lithography having been communicated to the French Academy by Messrs. Chevalier and Langlumé, the members of the Academy to whom the consideration of the subject was referred, have reported that these improvements appear to them to approximate the art as nearly to perfection as it is capable of arriving.

CONSUMPTION.

A number of experiments has been made in France on ducks and chickens, by M. Flourens; from which he draws the following conclusions:—first, that cold exercises a constant and decided action on the lungs of animals; secondly, that the effect of that action is more rapid and serious in proportion to the youth of the animal; thirdly, that when cold does not produce an acute pulmonary inflammation, speedily mortal, it produces a chronic inflammation, which is in fact pulmonary consumption; fourthly, that heat constantly prevents the inroad of pulmonary consumption, that when it has actually commenced, heat suspends its progress, and that sometimes heat even leads to a perfect cure; fifthly, that to whatever height it may have arrived, this malady is never contagious.

PORTUGUESE SKILL IN SURGERY.

The Portuguese surgeons are considered to rank very low, when compared with those of other nations; but they cannot be expected to excel in so difficult an art, while they are deprived of the means of acquirement; hospitals, schools for anatomy, and dissections, being unknown in the country.

One day, a very fine girl of eight

years of age, coming from school, fell and broke her arm: an English surgeon was immediately sent for, but he being unfortunately from home, a Portuguese one was called in, who, to make assurance *trebly* sure, called in two others. This happy trio, perceiving that, from the fall, the flesh was turned blackish, determined that a mortification had already taken place, (in less than an hour, on a healthy young subject!) and, without any further ceremony, cut off the poor child's arm. The English surgeon, who had been sent for in the first instance, now attended, but only in time to lament his being from home when the accident happened; as he assured me there was not the least occasion for amputation, the fracture and bruise being no more than is usual in such accidents. Though I have here only cited one case, yet the practice is invariably the same. Off with the limb, in all fractures, is, with them, what bleeding and hot water were with Dr. Sangrado—a universal cure. I know several persons who would have lost a limb, which they now enjoy the use of, but from the interposition of the gentleman above mentioned, or from their own resolution, which the Portuguese faculty call English obstinacy.

GLASS.

The commission of the French Academy, to which the specimens of crown and flint glass presented to the Academy by Messrs. Thibaudeau and Bontemps had been referred, has adjourned its report until it receives additional specimens, in which the flint glass is to possess greater density, and the crown glass to be of larger dimensions. M. Arago, in order to show still more how unfounded is the general opinion of the ease with which crown glass can be fabricated, informed the Academy that he knew an optician in Paris who was stopped in the construction of an important instrument by the impossibility of procuring for it pieces of crown glass of sufficient size.

VARIETIES.

" Come, let us stray
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WE really wish that Sir Walter Scott would not devote his great genius to the furtherance of the belief in ghosts, witches, and persons with supernatural power. There is scarcely any one of his glorious series of novels which has not in it some blemish of this kind,—some prognostic verified, or some *bonâ fide* ghost at once. Even in *Waverley*, in which probably there are fewer faults than in any, there is the Bodach Glas—while *Guy Mannering* is wholly founded upon a 'gipsy's prophecy,' which is the alias its dramatizer has appended to the title. But now, he has written a regular apology, if not defence, of the belief. The annual entitled the *Keepsake*, for 1829, opens with an absolute argument in favor of the possibility of human beings possessing supernatural power, from his most influential pen. Now Sir Walter really should recollect that all this goes far beyond a joke. If his lucubrations were confined to the buyers of a guinea-book, probably the extent of the evil would be the making a few young ladies rather timorous at twilight, or perhaps breaking the rest of some antiquated lady of quality. But these things are copied into newspapers, and read by the mass of man and womankind, and, in those minds in which the relics of these hateful superstitions are still lingering, we speak quite seriously when we say that we doubt not they have the most pernicious effect. If matters were left alone, we cannot but think that in these days this sort of thing would quietly fade away; but, at all events, the progress of education would crush it effectually. Why, then, should Sir Walter strive to pamper up these superstitions in their old age, and to give them renewed influence and vigor.

GOLDSMITH'S POETRY.

WE may judge of the value of some contemporary criticism, by the opinions of the most popular of Goldsmith's poems, when first published. Dr. Kenrick, for example, pronounced "The Traveller" to be "flimsy;" and he sneeringly said of the "Deserted Village," that it was "pretty," but deficient in "fancy, dignity, genius, and fire."

PRINTED ORATORY.

THE wreath which many a melting congregation has bound round the brows of an admired pulpit orator, has often been untwined by the hand of his own printer.

ANTIPATHIES.

ULADISLAUS, King of Poland, ran away at the sight of apples; Henry III., of France, could not endure a cat; the celebrated Scaliger was thrown into convulsions at the sight of cresses; Erasmus could not taste fish without falling into a fever; an Englishman (name unknown) is said to have died from reading the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah; Cardinal Henry de Cardonne swooned at the smell of a rose; Tycho Brahe, the celebrated Danish astronomer, trembled at the sight of a hare or a fox; Cardan, the famous philosopher, could not bear eggs; the poet Ariosto abhorred baths; Crassus had an insuperable dislike to bread; Cæsar de Lascale could not endure the sound of cymbals.

EXORBITANT TITHES.

THE clergy of Lisbon (if I recollect right, it is an exclusive grant to one convent, all the members of which are, and must be, of noble families) claim every tenth fish that is brought to market; and no fisherman dares sell a single fish from his boat, before

he has brought them to market and paid his tithe, which is collected in a most unjust and arbitrary manner. A man is appointed by these priests, who attends as the boats arrive, the owners of which are obliged to count all their fish out before him, one by one; and while they are so doing, he selects, at his pleasure, every fine fish he sees (by means of a sharp hook which he holds for that purpose): he does not take every *tenth* fish promiscuously, but thus selects the *best tenth of the whole cargo*. As an amazing quantity of fish is brought to market, this tenth, (which, after serving themselves, is retailed to hawkers and the stalls,) must produce an immense revenue to the convent, or convents. When this tithe is thus selected, the poor fisherman, in return, receives a printed permit to dispose of the remainder; and the hawkers, who carry fish in baskets through the city, are obliged to purchase, *daily*, a permit for so doing.

A NICE DISTINCTION.

"Before I begin to drink, my business is over for the day."—"My business is over for the day, when I begin to drink."

CHINESE GEOGRAPHY.

Till very lately, the Chinese, in their maps of the earth, set down the Celestial Empire in the middle of a large square, and dotted round it the other kingdoms of the world, supposed to be 72 in number, assigning to the latter ridiculous or contemptuous names. One of these, for example, was Siao-gin-que, or the Kingdom of Dwarfs, whose inhabitants they imagined to be so small as to be under the necessity of tying themselves together in bunches, to prevent their being carried away by the kites. In 1668, the Viceroy of Canton, in a memorial to the Emperor, on the subject of the Portuguese embassy, says, "we find very plainly that Europe is only two little islands in the middle of the sea." With such ideas of other nations, it is not wonderful that they should consider the embassies and presents sent to them as marks of submis-

sion, and hasten to write down the donors on their maps, as tributaries of the Chinese Empire.

ABSENTEES

Soon become detached from all habitual employments and duties; the salutary feeling of home is lost; early friendships are dissevered, and life becomes a vague and restless state, freed, it may seem, from many ties, but yet more destitute of the better and purer pleasures of existence.

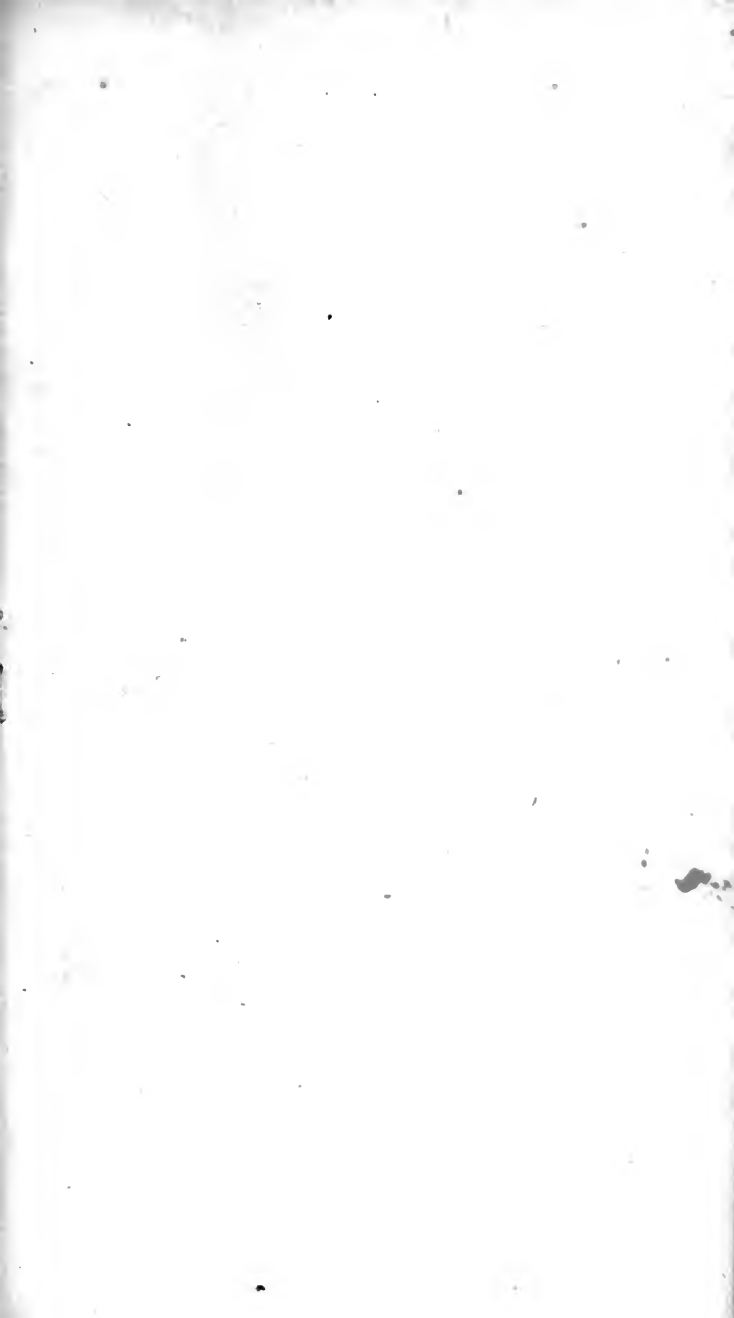
ELYSIAN SOUP.

The French have a soup which they call "*Potage à la Camerani*," of which it is said "a single spoonful will lap the palate in Elysium; and while one drop remains on the tongue, each other sense is eclipsed by the voluptuous thrilling of the lingual nerves!"

A father had three sons, in whose company he was walking, when an old enemy of his came running out of an ambush, and inflicted a severe wound upon him before any of the bystanders could interfere. The eldest son pursued the assassin, the second bound up his father's wound, and the third swooned away. Which of the sons loved his father best?

When Demetrius conquered the city of Magara, and everything had been plundered by his soldiers, he ordered the philosopher Stilpon to be called before him, and asked him whether he had not lost his property in this confusion? "No," replied Stilpon, "as all I possess is in my head."

The forthcoming Novel, entitled the Castilian, written by the Author of Gomez Arias, is said to relate to that interesting period in the annals of Spain, when Don Pedro and his brother, the Count of Trastamara, contended for the sovereignty of Castile. It is likewise understood to embrace that romantic era in English history, when the Black Prince and his knights performed such prodigies of valor, though opposed to the united chivalry of France and Spain.





J. H. P. Del.

J. H. P. Sculp.

Engravé par J. H. P.

SPIRIT

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THE MINISTER OF INVERDONHUIL.

As the simple and primitive inhabitants of the Highlands of Scotland, unchanged in their manners for centuries, and having a literature and a history of their own, blended with the singular but sublime superstition of the Northmen, from whom they had received their chiefs; as they melted away from their mother country, and were lost in the wastes of other lands, a something which it would have been new and delightful for us to know, and of which we can now procure no knowledge, vanished along with them. That the change is or is not for the better, as far as physical wealth and comfort are concerned, is a question for others to settle; it is for us to regret that many pages have thereby been torn from the natural history of man; and it is with the lost pages of that history, as with a lost recollection in our train of thought, how trifling soever it may be in reality, we prize it more than all that we remember. Regret is of no avail, however. It were better, just as the antiquaries of the present time do with the ruins of those edifices which would yet have been entire but for the labor of their own ancestors, to put together and preserve the fragments in the best manner we are able.

Of these fragments one was the Reverend Donald M'Cra, who, for more than half a century, had ruled and directed the inhabitants of Inverdonhuil in all matters of faith, and morals, and gossip, and whatsoever

else falls within the wide and varied scope of the parochial superintendence of a Scottish country parson. This Reverend Gentleman was, as one would say, almost self-made; or, at least, it was difficult to say whence came the means by which he received the rudiments of his education. His father was a poor shepherd, wholly illiterate himself, and, as one would think, without any possibility of having that ambition of bestowing instruction upon his son which is so general among the cottagers in the southern parts of Scotland. It is difficult indeed to imagine how, in those times, any notion at all of education could exist in the glen. It lies upon a branch of a river in the very fastness of the mountains, inaccessible on three sides, and can be entered only by two narrow passes at the sides of a rocky island which divides the stream at the fourth, and near the confluence of the Donhuil with the larger river of which it is a branch. The rebellion had just closed, too, and the landing and final retreat of Prince Charles were tales only of yesterday. Nay, the country was in an absolute state of hostility: the M'Kenzie, the great lord of these parts, had gone into exile; and the halls of *Elan Donan* were mouldering in their decay; but the hearts of the clan *Cuinich* were true, and not one shilling of the rents ever found its way into the Exchequer, or a civil officer or soldier dared come to distrain them. The moment that a party ap-

proached within even a day's march, the Beal fires blazed, first upon Tulloch-n'-Ard, and then upon the summits of all the crags and *squiers* in that most singularly formed of lands; and ere the invading party had gained the only pass (and it was a long and difficult one) by which the country could be entered, that pass was brown with targets and beaming with claymores; while along the summit of the mountains, on each side, files of men stood ready with levers to swing the masses of granite, of two or three tons weight, from their beds on the steep, and send them booming into the ravine below with a force against which no precaution of the wisest commander could have been of any avail. Alaster McCra, the father of our hero, (for he was a hero in his way,) was the fleetest foot that, within the range of tradition, had trodden the mountains of Kintail; and it was generally supposed that he was appointed collector of the rents of the exiled McKenzie, which, when collected, were regularly carried abroad to their owner by a daring freeman of the sea, whose name, as Donhuil Spainiel, is still cherished by the few remains of that gallant and unconquerable people, who are now left to deplore that the mansion of their chief is a habitation for the gannet and the osprey; that the property has passed into new hands; and that a new people have brought a new industry, which, though it has quadrupled the productions of the district, has driven the plough of ruin over every monument and trace of those who so long dwelt there. Barrow after barrow was scattered, sometimes in quest of the rude urns of the Northmen, but more frequently that the clay of the old inhabitants might fatten the fields of the new. Cairn after cairn was taken down; one "judgment circle" was removed after another; and, though they spared it for a little time, the reputed, and, in the belief of the natives, the indubitable grave of the mighty Diarmid himself yielded to the passion for change. It was lone, and, among monuments, was lovely. Fast

by the margin of the sea, which at that place is as transparent as glass, as the breeze steals up the inlet, at the head of which the monument was situated,—the waves murmur among the pebbles as if singing their solemn *requiem* for the repose of the hero. Over the little mound, with which time has nearly encased the stone coffin, two weeping birches used to hang their fragrant festoons, while, to give every finish to the enjoyment of at least one sense, the woodroof and the wild hyacinth vied in perfume with each other—the one, in its living scent, typical of the fame of the hero when alive; the other, fragrant only when withered, as good a type of that fame which cannot be made to perish. But we must not allow ourselves to be seduced to linger at the grave of Diarmid; though, in sooth, if we wished for a mood of mind more touching than another, we know not whither we should go to find its equal.

It was conjectured that, in consequence of the service performed by old McCra, the son received his education at the expense of the exiled family. At any rate, no sooner had Donald mastered the whole lore of the parish, which lore was then a portion of one of the books of the New Testament and some of the leading questions in the Assembly's Catechism, written in Gaelic (these fragments of theology were pasted upon the staves of a cask, which the sea had drifted in), than he was removed to the capital of the Highlands, and, after due residence there, sent to King's College, Aberdeen, from which sober seminary the essential instructors of the Highlanders have emanated ever since it had a foundation, or, at least, since they had such instructors. Of the extent of Donald's acquirements, whether at Inverness or at Aberdeen, there remains no evidence; the only event at all worthy of being remembered, with which his name is coupled, was the celebrated slaughter of Daune, the janitor; who, after a mock trial, was led to the block, laid upon it, and killed in an instant by a

gentle stroke of a wet towel across his throat.

One thing is certain ; the experience which the Minister had of the world at these places, neither enlisted him in its pleasures nor allured him to its imitation ; for, though it was believed in his native glen, that the power of the M'Kenzie (who had then just been restored, and had swung, as most of the chieftains swung, from the activeness of rebellion to the passiveness of worshipping royalty) was second only, if not, indeed, superior to that of the king himself, and could have procured for Mr. M'Cra the very foremost appointment in the island, he was contented to return to his native glen immediately when the period of his study expired ; nor did he again leave it except to attend the meetings of the Presbytery and Synod, and the latter he frequented as seldom as he could. During his absence, too, he had attended so closely to his books, or, at least, had been so incurious in all the matters that he might have learned respecting the manners of men, that he returned to the glen altered in nothing but in years and information, the latter consisting of two portions—some half-acquired Latin, which he was gradually to forget, and a great deal of mystical theology, which was destined to increase at a greater ratio than the other diminished.

What to do with the student fresh from college in a place where nobody could read English but the minister, and he was scarcely in possession of a book, would have been a puzzle to many ; and in these times, when reading constitutes so much of the business and pleasure of all who can find leisure for it, it would have been difficult to imagine how the life of M'Cra could at all be borne. There is, however, a voice in every object in nature ; and in a romantic and lovely land that voice is pleasant as well as loud. We are not sure but our reverend anchorite derived more exquisite pleasure, with occasional glimpses of a finer philosophy, from the volume of uncultivated nature around him, than

many can procure from the best furnished library. Nor was this study wholly unproductive of fruit. It is proved by the history both of nations and of individuals, that if there be intellect which cannot come in the way of science and ordinary literature, it will spontaneously burst forth in poetry. The earliest mental productions of all nations, of which any trace remains, are poetical, and may in general be considered as songs ; poetry is the first to be found and the first to ripen in the revivals of literature ; and whenever what is called a genius springs up in pastoral countries, where there are no marvels of art and machinery to attract the attention, it invariably appears in poetry. With our hero the general principle was not broken ; and before he had settled twelve months in his native place, the lads on the hill and the lasses in the valley were carolling blithely the strains of Donald M'Cra.

One step of renown leads to another ; and when mental improvement is once in any way begun, there is a native impetus, which it requires very considerable resistance to stop. Accordingly, the elevation of Donald to the dignity of poet to the glen was soon followed by his elevation to the more important office of schoolmaster ; and the love of song among the people was succeeded by a love for information. Thus an arena was opened for Donald to win laurels in the sight of all those who constituted the world to his care or even to his knowledge ; and, from the state in which he found matters, the conquest was an easy one. We have mentioned the extent of the school books, at the time of his own initiatory instruction ; and as his aged predecessor had, for several years, lost his sight and nearly his senses, the system had fallen off. The boards were abandoned, and had become obliterated by the smoke that filled the hovel which was called the school-house ; so that the whole instruction the old schoolmaster gave, consisted of small scraps on religious subjects, neither very well put

together, nor very well adapted to the comprehension of his young auditors. Mr. M'Cra, from the reputed influence he had with the chief of the clan, easily prevailed upon the interested to erect a more commodious place for instruction. The school-house now rose with walls, formed alternately of turf and stone, with window holes closed with turf in tempestuous weather, but open when the days were good; and thus it was a palace compared with the former one, which, like the more ancient houses of the Highlanders, was a trench having a bank thrown up on each side partially covered with a roof, but with an opening in the middle, for the admission of light and the escape of smoke, which made it a matter of some difficulty to find out a dry corner in those storms of wind and rain by which that part of the country is so frequently visited.

Mr. M'Cra had carried with him, from Aberdeen, a few dozen copies of the "Assembly's Catechism," in English; and these he elaborated into school-books—by pasting the large alphabets, at the beginning, upon the former boards, for the use of his younger scholars; and treasuring up the remainder, as initiatory books, for the more advanced, until they should be able to grapple with the Bible itself, the ultimate object of knowledge in those days, of which he had provided himself with two copies. One of these, carefully fortified with a casing of goat-skin, he destined for the future use of the school. Nor were the materials of writing altogether wanting: a neighboring mountain furnished argillaceous schistus or slate; and by a good deal of labor with a stone and sand they were brought to such a surface that rude lines and figures could be traced upon them with an angular fragment of stalactite.

Thus prepared for his labor, and having the esteem and the respect of all the glen, Mr. M'Cra opened his session with probably as much heart-felt pride, and as strong hopes of success, as ever were felt by a professor

on first commencing his duty in the chair of an university; and though there were few to see, and, with the exception of the minister, none who could appreciate the labors of the instructor of Inverdonhuil, he toiled on, cheered by the thought that he was doing good, and solaced with the idea that at some future period his present pupils would be able to appreciate the value of his exertions, and by their gratitude compensate him for the apparent neglect in which those exertions were made. Nor was the fulfilment of his hope extended to that remote distance, as though he had been a teacher in a district already educated, and had begun the directing the studies of "young gentlemen from the age of three to nine;" for most of the pupils were rather advanced in youth, some of them trenching on the verge of manhood, and the majority of them sought the instructions of Mr. M'Cra of their own volition, and as having previously been captivated by the chaunting of his songs. Thus his labor was an experiment on human nature which it is seldom in the power of man to make. The understandings of those with whom he had to deal had been more or less exercised upon the occurrences around them, the traditions of the glen, the oral instructions of the catechist in religious matters, and the annual examination of the minister. Instead, therefore, of having, as is usually the case, the labor of training those in the external technicalities of learning, who are incapable of entering into the spirit of what is taught, he had only to teach those who were already conversant with thinking, to clothe their ideas in a new language, and acquire a knowledge of those symbols, of the signification of which they were already informed. In consequence of this, the progress that they made would, but for the knowledge of its causes, have been looked upon as little less than miraculous; and, perhaps, there never was a people who acquired the capacity of reading their own vernacular tongue in so short a period as

the younger inhabitants of the glen acquired at least some knowledge of a strange language under the tuition of Mr. M'Cra.

Fame and success like these could not be concealed even within the steep fastnesses that separated glen Donhuil from the adjacent districts; and the schoolmaster of that country had ascribed to him as many of the attributes of natural and supernatural power, as if he had been a second Friar Bacon. The reward thus came far more speedily, and to a far greater extent, than the laborer had anticipated; and that made him devote himself to his pursuit with increasing assiduity; and also awakened in him some traces of an ambition which he had not felt at first—that of aspiring to the pulpit of some Highland parish—the one in which he was born and had his chief renown, if possible. The easy way in which divinity, at least in the latter years of the course, can be studied at the King's College, tended to accelerate the consummation of his hopes. The process is, or was, by what are called half-sessions; that is to say, the student journeys toward the hall of the college once or twice in the course of the season, and there delivers a homily from some text of scripture. The delivery of this homily (and no question is to be asked as to whether it is the student's own or not) was held, and probably was, equal in value to one half-session's attendance on the prelections of the professors; and thus many young men were enabled to qualify themselves for orders, who would otherwise be excluded from the church. In extreme cases, and among the rest in the case under consideration, further indulgence was granted. These half-sessional discourses are delivered in the inclement part of the year, during which travelling is difficult in any district of the north, and from the glen alluded to, to the eastern part of the country, generally impossible; so that the attendance is dispensed with, provided the student can find among his resident fellows a substitute who will read

the discourse for him. Other than this there were no means of procedure for Mr. M'Cra; and accordingly, before the terrors of winter set in, and the roads, which were then bad in the best seasons, had become altogether impassable, he used to send off, for the edification of the regents and students at the college, the whole of the discourses in one parcel, the delivery of which was to bring him half a year nearer to the sacerdotal office; and the discourses thus sent, and which were *bonâ fide* his own productions, gained him as much credit, and were perhaps as conclusive evidence of his progress in the sacred study, as if he had been resident at the university; while, probably, the simplicity of his habits, and the little that there was to distract his mind, were better moral qualifications than if he had, at the most precarious period of life, been exposed to those temptations in society, against which it but too frequently happens that the study of divinity is no certain or absolute protection.

With all these hopes and advantages, however, there were still drawbacks: Mr. M'Cra was completely excluded from what was called society; had no means whatever of knowing the world; and, therefore, was forced to limit his information to that system of divinity which he could form out of the two or three books he possessed, and from the conversation of those elders of the congregation who were the depositaries alike of religious and of traditionary lore. In consequence of this, he was a singular compound; and if any man was ever in danger of erring through excess of faith, Mr. M'Cra was that man. He believed all that had been told him by the Aberdonian professors; he believed all that was found in the two or three clerical books he possessed; if any other written matter, whether the History of Gulliver, or that of Jack and the Giants, came by fragments in his way, he failed not implicitly to believe that; and from this universality of faith it was easy for him to believe,

in supplement, the whole of the tradition, seer-craft, and diablerie of the glen. He never doubted that the amulets, consisting of a scrap of paper, sewed up in sheepskin, which were then common among the Highlanders, were perfect preservatives against evil eyes, evil spirits, and bodily diseases ; and he never doubted that the fairies held their nocturnal gambols on a lovely little meadow between the churchyard and the river, which was marked by those annular traces called fairy-rings, which were brown when the rest of the meadow was green, and green when it was brown ; and which are known to be produced by a certain species of *fungus*, or mushroom, which cannot be reproduced on the same soil for a long series of years, but which, by casting its spawn always outwards, causes the ring of which so much use has been made in the history of invisibles in these islands. If oaths had been in fashion in those parts, he would at any time have readily sworn that he had heard the wailing of the kelpie from the river, before storms and casualties ; and that never a sheep had been lost but through the neglect of timely warning given by that guardian of rustic property. The ghost, too, of the man who had been treacherous to the M^rKenzie, he would admit had been seen in the churchyard ; he avoided the cairn of the robber after dusk ; and though Christian M^rCra was his own grand-aunt, and really the most intelligent old woman in the glen, he would have felt uneasy for that day if she had crossed his path in the morning before he had, by eating bread and salt, “sained” by a proper benediction, which laid on witchcraft and devil-craft an embargo which none of the evil powers, ghostly or bodily, were able to break.

These, and many similar points of credulity, which are general in the unlettered states of society, and which no advancement in literature has been able to eradicate, instead of being evidences of folly, are proofs of the internal labor of that immortal machine

in man which in no state of his being can remain at rest ; and, really, when we dispassionately compare the credulity of the vulgar with that of even the most learned of philosophers, we are unable to say which, when they step beyond the limits of experience, is the most absurd. The rustic finds within himself a power which, when he is stretched upon his couch in the silence of the night, can not only paint his meadows and his heaths in all their beauty, scent the wild flowers with all their perfumes, and awaken the songs of the birds and the bleatings of the flocks ; but, when his external senses are wrapped in sleep, the same busy power can bring before him not only the objects with which he has been conversant, but new objects and new combinations of which he had not any previous knowledge. Now, as the “why is it thus ?” and the “why should it be thus ?” arise with the same force to him as they do to the most active of his species, his belief in ghosts and supernatural powers and agencies is certainly not more absurd than some of the speculations about which the most subtle logicians have wasted their time, and of which there are whole waggon loads upon the shelves of every learned library. When the most learned of the schoolmen propounded that “an infinite number of angels could exist in the same indivisible point of space at the same instant ; that space might be empty and yet might have angels in it ;” or “that God could exist in possible but yet uncreated space, as well as in space existent ;” and when, even in our own times, some of the most eminent and elegant of our philosophers, and nearly the whole of our divines, make man a duplicate of himself, by giving him intellectual and active powers by which to carry on the processes of thought and action, with conscience or consciousness sitting by the while, wiggled like a Recorder, to jot down the proceedings,—we have really marvellously little ground for taunting those who are shut out from the written book of

knowledge, with those vagaries of credulity that lie beyond the boundaries of reason and experience. In the same spirit which leads us to condemn, in Mr. M'Cra, the ghost, the kelpie, the amulet, and the witch, we should have had reason to condemn much of what was set before him by the moral philosophy regent at King's College; only the advantage was that this supplemental superstition he did not understand. The people among whom he picked up his first opinions had imported many of their religious notions from the army of Gustavus Adolphus. These notions had got certainly not less austere in the keeping, and, therefore, "vain philosophy" was as much a matter of objurgation with them as was a hypothesis contrary to his own views to a theoretical philosopher. Even the "Elements of Euclid," which Mr. M'Cra heard repeated *pro forma*, were looked upon as something which "smacked of the black art;" and we doubt not that, in mastering the *Pons Asinorum*, he verily believed that he could have raised the devil.—At all events he never tried.

Still, in consequence of what he did with the A B C's and the Catechisms, the fame of the schoolmaster of Inverdonhuil penetrated into the neighboring glens, and he was reported to be alike a miracle in science and sanctity. He was the oracle of the catechists, the pride of the whole parish, with the exception, perhaps, of the minister, who did not brook an eclipse.

Time rolled on, however; the old minister became infirm; and, as the living did not admit of even the scanty support of a Highlander in supplement to that of the invalid, Donald was appointed assistant and successor. In this situation his fame extended apace. It is a peculiarity in the Gaelic language that they who know the least of the sciences and literature of the rest of the world, can be the most eloquent in the use of it, because then

they can borrow all their imagery and illustrations from things that are familiar to the people. If one of Mr. M'Cra's Gaelic discourses, which were productive of sighs and groans, and even stronger emotions, had been literally translated into English, it would not have been a bit more intelligible to an English reader: but yet so well were they adapted to those to whom they were addressed, that when, on the demise of his predecessor, he got to the pinnacle of his ambition, he was accounted the star of the presbytery. Such, indeed, were his piety and renown, that the only daughter and heiress of the former incumbent surrendered at the first summons; and the Reverend successor was beneficed, wived, and housed all in the same year. No sooner was he thus settled than he began to project reforms in the kirk establishment, which, in the end, led to a change in the economy and manners of the whole glen.

The kirk itself was, at the time of his appointment, a singular structure; and stood, sadly rebuked by the ruins of the old catholic chapel, that were hard by. The chapel had been of stone, and from the part that remained had been elegant for the situation. The kirk, on the other hand, had walls of turf, and a roof of heather. Such of the people as were not more than two miles distant came, stool in hand, to the service; and they, from the more remote part of the glen, were accommodated upon the trunks of two or three unhewn trees, raised a little above the mud floor upon stones. As the roof was seldom water-tight, the floor was always a few inches deep of mire in rainy weather; but that, instead of being an inconvenience to the Highlanders, was an advantage. It saved them the trouble of wading into a brook, without which lubrication, the *brogues* of untanned hide which they then wore were as hard as iron.*

Though the ministers of the Scot-

* Time has worked great changes. The Commissioners for building Highland Churches are erecting them at an expense of 1500l. each, for church and manse.

tish kirk have been denuded of many of those powers and privileges, which were in full enjoyment and exercise among the priesthood whom they succeeded, they have retained, with much pertinacity, judicial powers in certain infractions of the law. Various modes of expiation for these infractions are established, by custom in different places; and in the parish of Inverdonhuil, the onus of keeping the kirk thatched with heather lay upon them. Not that they did the business by contract, but that the offender was amerced in so many burdens, together with a fine of a marc Scots, or thirteenth-pence one-third of a penny, in addition to each burden. The pecuniary mulcts went nominally to the poor; but as there was nobody in the parish that ever thought of applying for, or even accepting any part of them, they came ultimately to the minister, as also did the heather from the roof of the kirk, when it had served its time as thatch, and was dry enough for being conveniently and profitably used as fuel. The predecessor of Mr. McCra was an easy and indulgent man, and fined each offender only in one marc, and one burden of heather; and so well did matters thrive under his indulgent care, that the kirk, though not water-tight, as we have said, was in better condition than at any time since its first erection. When Donald came into office he wished to play the Phineus in this way; and accordingly, though against the remonstrances of some of the elders, caused proclamation to be made, that the penalties were to be doubled—two mares and two burdens of heather, per sinner. Good actions are sometimes attributed to bad motives, and, by thus getting bad names, fail in their effects. So it fared in the case before us; the godly said, that the order came from vain-glory, as to the heather—and avarice, as touching the money; and the erring abstained from their errors—not from any new-born love of virtue—but that they might starve the minister, and drench the congregation. Donald saw

his error, or rather he felt it, in a threadbare coat, to the replacing of which the mares were devoted, and in having some difficulty in taking up such a position in the pulpit as enabled him to avoid the autumnal rain. The minister saw his error; and knowing that it was vain to wrestle with the prejudices of the people, he caused proclamation to be made, that the “O. P.’s” of Inverdonhuil were triumphant. The termination was more felicitous than that of the “O. P.” row in London; and not twelve months elapsed before the kirk, which was rather deserted in the struggle, was thronged, and well thatched, while there was a visible, and, in the eyes of those by whom it was effected, a gratifying improvement in the costume of the minister.

Having thus found that little was to be done in the way of what the illuminati of the north are accustomed to call “barren morality,” and declaim against as a matter which ought to be kept apart from faith, the minister took the opposite tack. He established prayer-meetings, and doubled the number of annual assemblages for public examination. These matters were highly gratifying to the people. The old showed off their knowledge, and wrangled about their points of mystery, and their cases of conscience; and the young found a vast increase of those “walks and conversations,” which were to them the principal charms of such assemblings. The minister of Inverdonhuil acquired prudence by experience, confining his present objurgations to general subjects, such as “the beast and the false prophet,” and humanely casting a veil over any failings of a flock who were so attentive to the ordinances of religion, and so respectful to its minister. Sabbath-breaking, indeed, got no quarter; for a girl, of not more than ten years old, was made to stand before the congregation and be rebuked, for inadvertently humming a verse of one of the minister’s own songs on the sabbath-morning. Sleeping during the service, which those who walk twenty

miles are apt to do during a two hours' sermon, upon a warm day, was a grievous sin; and when it threatened to be very general, the elders and beadle moved about, plying the drowsy with snuff. One mountaineer, who came from a very great distance, and on whose nasal organs the mundungus had lost its power, persevered in sleeping one day, right in front of the minister, and responded to the sermon with a sound as loud as that of a bagpipe. A storm rose on the visage of the preacher, who ever and anon darted his eye at the sleeper. The elders saw the storm, and shook and pinched Neil McCubbin, but all to no purpose. The choler of the minister would not be restrained; he raised himself, grasped the Bible in his right hand, swung it round his head like a man half frantic, and exclaiming, "If you will not *hear* the word of God, you shall *feel* it," hurled it from him with all his might. As has been the case with other bolts, physical and metaphysical, discharged in ire, the Bible did not take effect where intended, but, glancing by the ear of the mountaineer, it came full in the face of an old woman, who sat, drinking in the word, at mouth, eyes, and ears, on the tree behind. Overpowered by the "awakening dispensation," Elspeth was driven backwards, and in her fall upset not only the tree on which she had been sitting, but the one in front and that in the rear; and the lapse was propagated from tree to tree, and from stool to stool, till a full half of the congregation of Inverdonhuil were sprawling on the floor. This occurrence not only restrained the anger of the minister for the future, but made him cast about for the means of obtaining a place where the admonition of one could not, even by accident, be productive of confusion to the whole. It also taught the reverend gentleman to temper his zeal, and, if at all within the range of his invention, find out an excuse for any error

that might arise. Of this an instance occurred soon after the projection of the Bible. The minister had his people assembled in the kirk, for the purpose of examination on the catechism, which, in that part of the country, consists not only in repeating all the answers set down in the formula, but in replying to such inferential ones as shall be put *viva voce* by the minister, in order that the catechumen may have a reason for the faith that is in him. Donald Chisholm, purveyor of whiskey for the district, and for the minister among the rest, to whom the supplies were alleged to be partly in the way of business, and partly in that of expiation, was, like most of his calling, not over nice in his language. It came to Donald's turn to be catechised; the minister called him, and put to him the question, "What doth every sin deserve?" In making an effort to get a little nearer to a friend, who had kindly promised to assist him with his answers, Donald lost his balance, and in recovering that, hit his shin a very sharp bang upon one of the *knags* of the tree. "God's curse!"* vociferated Donald in the agony of his broken shin, and fumbled for his dirk, thinking some one had pushed him. "Very well answered, indeed, Donald—correct to the sense, though strange in the manner," said the minister; "but do not be so violent about it. *His* name be praised, we have no need to take the carnal weapon in defence of the cause now."

The increasing celebrity of the minister, who found that popularity is both more certain and more durable, if mixed with a little covert glee and humor, rendered two changes necessary—an additional accommodation for the regular attendance; and the celebration of "*the occasion*," or annual dispensation of the Eucharist, wholly in the open air. The former was obtained by the erection of a gallery in one end of the kirk. This was

* The answer in the Catechism is, "God's wrath and curse, both in this life, and that which is to come."

soon done ; two pines, with the branches lopped, that only about six inches of each remained to serve as stairs, were let into holes in the floor ; another was laid across for a breast beam ; the tops served as joists ; the branches as wattles ; and the whole being covered with turf, the gallery was complete. The costume of the people rendered some of the ascents and descents a little picturesque ; but as they were met in the kirk, and for religious purposes, harm and humor would have been equally sin. " The occasion " was of a different character. There was a good deal of the picturesque in it ; but there was still more of the sublime.

Though one would have thought there were few of the elements of wealth about him, yet the minister waxed warm, not merely in the glen, but among his brethren in the presbytery. His glebe was of considerable size, both in arable and in sheep-walk, and he rented a good deal of both in addition. In the management of these farms he was imitated by many of his parishioners, and was really the means of altering the whole appearance of the glen. The hovels were replaced by cottages ; the national grey clothes gave place to tartan ; a few artisans came to reside in the glen ; a general shop was opened ; English began to be spoken ; a few religious tracts were sold and read ; and, though not without some crying of " Shame " at this innovation, the minister's wife appeared at church in a cloak and bonnet of black silk.

Parsimony, no doubt, aided industry much in increasing the goods of the minister. His meals were frugal ; the every-day costume of all his family was homely ; and though he was not without his potation himself, or at all a niggard of it to strangers, Donald Chisholm could best tell how far the procuring of that wasted his means. Though he had horses, and even after some years a saddle and a bridle (which were a twelvemonth's wonder in the glen), he used them very seldom, upon the plea that " it was sinful to waste the legs of a beast

for the purpose of encouraging idleness in those of a man." Accordingly, when he wended to the presbytery, which usually met in a little town on the coast, about fifteen miles distant, he set out staff in hand, and took a short cut across the mountains. But he was at length cured of that saving by a waggish brother. The Reverend Walter Morrison, of the adjoining parish, had the misfortune to be a wit, and thus did not thrive so well, although he was by a dozen years at least the older man, and had the better living. But Wattie fished and fiddled, while Donald bred sheep and sold barley to the smugglers ; and Wattie applied caustic, where Donald was in the habit of administering oil. In one thing they were alike : they both walked to the presbytery ; though for different reasons—Donald from parsimony, and Wattie because he had no horse. The parishes were in glens that lay opposite, so that though the extremities were more than forty miles asunder, the manse were not two miles ; and they were within view of each other. Wattie had a spy-glass, with which he used occasionally to make observations on the manse of Inverdonhuil. One day, just as he was about to set out for the meeting of the presbytery, he saw Donald leave his house, and toil up the foot-path on the hill. Wattie instantly posted off to the manse of Inverdonhuil ; acted lameness a little ; mentioned where the white horse, the saddle, and the bridle were ; and assured Mrs. McCra that her husband had kindly lent them to him for the day. The evidence was too circumstantial for being doubted ; the horse was got, saddled, bridled, mounted, and off Wattie rode. About half way he overtook his reverend brother, broiling in the heat of a day in July, which is often very ardent in that district. Wattie smiled and nodded, but, without speaking, switched the horse and rode on. Donald was in high chafe ; but what with the action of his limbs, what with the evaporation from his body, it was fought down, and he began to think of the luxury of riding home.

When Wattie reached the village,

he rode to the blacksmith, told him to put a set of new shoes upon the minister of Inverdonhuil's horse, for which the minister would pay; and as the horse was so skittish, from under-working, that the minister was afraid to ride him, a little exercise in a cart or harrow would be very desirable. The blacksmith took the hint, and, by the time that Donald came, he found his horse tugging and stumbling among the clods in the blacksmith's field. The cup of Donald's indignation was now brimming, and, but for his holy calling, he would doubtless have doomed his annoyer to ruin. He strode to the church where the presbytery met, but the doors were closed. The fact is, that Wattie, who was "moderator," or chairman for the day, had got to the village two hours in advance, accelerated both the business and the dinner, upon some plea or other, and poor Donald reaching the inn after the cloth had been removed, was greeted, by Wattie and the rest, amid peals of sacerdotal glee, with full bumpers to the standing presbytery, preserving, likewise, "The memory of our late brother." Donald, finding Wattie throned in office, and knowing the danger of attacking him there, fought down his anger and his appetite in gnawing at the drumsticks of that goose of which he had hoped to taste the daintiest slice; while he had afterwards to pay his "fine," and submit to the

jeers of the party, as to what sort of "lion in the path" might have delayed his coming, while the cruel Wattie became his crocodile defender, and, after some time, invited him to the chair, upon pretence of having a will to make. Donald took the bait, forgave the tormentor in his heart, and proposed his health to the company, with an eulogium upon his talents. Wattie did not return to give thanks, but, calling for the horse, intimated that Mr. M'Cra would call and pay for the shoeing, and so rode home. The minister, assured of his ride home, remained longer than usual; but his company getting thin, and his patience thinner, he went for his horse, and found that he had to walk home, which occupied him the greater part of the night.

The doors of conciliation were, of course, shut against Wattie; and, as his health soon gave way, Mr. M'Cra had interest to effect the "annexation of the two parishes," which bettered his living, and even led to the erection of a new kirk and manse, and the honor of a D.D. from the *Senatus Academicus* of the King's, in which the stipulated fee was dispensed with. From this time he became a new man; did the state some service in 1793; saw a vista opened for his sons in consequence; and when, in the fulness of years, he was gathered to his fathers, a marble tablet on the church wall recorded his virtues.

THE VISION OF TEARS.

BESIDE her death-pale daughter's bed

The mourning mother stands;
The day is dead—slow night hath fled—

Yet still the mother's hands,
All night and day, are lifted there
In many a soul-taught, silent prayer;
And still the sigh of dumb despair,
Love's wild farewell—the natural knell
Of hopes and hours remembered well—
Goes forth upon the sickened air,
And makes the virgin-sufferer weep
When most her lids seemed sealed in sleep.

A delicate and graceful girl,
A grown-up child was she;
A clear and ever tranquil pearl

In life's all-heaving sea.

Her spirit like a flower sprung up,
In love's own light she grew;
Filling her heart, that fragrant cup,
With passions pure as dew;
But gifted with so high a sense,
Formed in such utter innocence—
So finely strung, so quickly wrung,
A whisper from an infant's tongue
Affected her with thoughts intense:
'Twas rare to see, in one so young,
That deep, divine intelligence.

And now, when death is at her side,
She grieveth less, in pain or pride,
'To feel the cloud of sickness fall
Over her spirit, like a pall,—

Than for the trust, the ties, that must
 Dissolve upon her darkened dust.
 She weeps to see her mother weep,
 And sickens with her sighs;
 She cannot keep her soul asleep,
 Though night be in her eyes.

At length the moaning mother yields
 Her grief to slumber's shadowy folds;
 And lo! along its phantom-fields
 A vision she beholds.
 She sees a band of beauty glide,
 A troop of children fair,
 With snow-eclipsing brows, and hair
 In heaven's first sunshine dyed.
 In each uplifted white hand shows
 A torch, whose flame is purer far
 Than ever fell from sun or star;
 'Tis Life, without its veil of woes;
 The Mind that brightens with our birth,
 The innate heaven of human earth.
 If as a sign those torches shine,
 The light within us is divine.

The mother's eye hath found,
 Among those angel-children, one,
 Her own—the death-dim child of sun.
 She comes with wild buds crowned,
 And every unnamed flower
 That courts the crystal shower.
 Along the golden ground,
 That seemeth not by footstep pressed,
 With many a scraph-sound
 She moves more radiant than the rest.
 And side by side together glide
 The Mother and her Pride.

But lo! the flame so bright before,
 The spirit-fire her fair child bore,
 It burneth in the sighing air
 A trembling token of despair.
 "Ah! see, my lovely child, behold,
 Thy light, thy life, is quenched and cold;
 The other torches bear no blot—
 But thine—it beameth not!
 Some wind hath touched its holy flame,
 Some dew that from the desert came.
 Where nothing seems designed to fade,
 Why walk'st thou in the shade?"

Strange light is in the maiden's eyes,
 Sad music in her tone.
 "Alas!" the virgin-victim cries,
 "The shade by thee is thrown!
 Thy tears, my mother, how they fall—
 In glee or grief the same;
 Oh! weep them, mother, on my pall;
 Those tears have dimmed my flame.
 Each still and solemn shower—each sigh
 Hath doomed my dazzling hope to die.
 These life-like fires that round thee shine
 Are sudden, sacred things; but mine,
 Oh! mine was formed so sensitive,
 That whilst you weep it cannot live!"

The mother hears the Voice, and wakes.
 The bright forms fade, the vision breaks;
 But, like a bird, each breathing word
 Held music which her heart hath heard.
 She finds that oft our life depends
 Even on the tone, the glance of friends.
 She tends her child without a sigh;
 She watches, and her eyes are dry.

THE WINTER CRUISE.

A custom exists among the smugglers and fishermen, in the towns and villages on the Kentish coast, of engaging with shipowners residing there for the perilous adventures of a cruise to effect the landing of contraband goods on some distant shore. Ireland is chiefly the course these expeditions are bound for; and many a smuggler's wife, while listening to the dashing of the rough waves on the shore of her home, and the loud winds blowing harmlessly over the roof of her dwelling, has breathed a prayer that the same storm may be landing her husband's cargo in safety on some unguarded beach, or filling the sheets of his good ship in eluding the pursuit of a revenue-cutter. These outfits are invariably made on the approach of November, and are denominated "The Winter Cruise." The vessels

are the property of individuals who have realized considerable sums in these speculations, and a fortune is frequently embarked in one vessel. The smuggler looks forward to the success of these adventures with sanguine hopes and a beating heart; and, while lamenting over past favors, prays for future good luck, which, if but moderate, makes him comfortable for life. During the absence of the men, their wives are allowed by the proprietors of the vessels a weekly stipend, sufficient for their maintenance; but, on the arrival of disastrous news, the payments are discontinued. Many a hard hand has been softened by the tears mutually shed at the departures for the Winter Cruise; and many a young wife has seen all that she loved launched on the ocean, to sleep in its bosom forever. A mo-

ther, while bestowing her best wishes for a son's success, and endeavoring to smile away her apprehensions of what might befall, has looked upon him for the last time; he has departed—hoping much, fearing little—never more to be seen or heard of.

Folkstone, the scene of this tale, is only relieved by the hereditary good-nature of the inhabitants from a prevailing melancholy which every where presents itself, as bereaved mothers are pointed out to you, and widowed homes marked in every street.

It was late one night in the month of January, when the flower of the young men of Folkstone were absent on the Winter Cruise, that four women were seated round a sea-coal fire, listening to the heavy rain falling in the street, and the scolding wind as it echoed and rumbled in the chimney of the warm fire-place. One of the party—from her occupying the low-seated, patchwork-covered chair, and the peculiar attention paid to her by an indolent cat, who stretched, and purred, and quivered her nervous tail, while peering sleepily in her protector's face—appeared to be the mistress of the house. She was a young woman, about five-and-twenty, with all the happy prettiness of a country beauty—albeit an indulged grief had thrown a pale tinge over the clear red that still shone in her cheek, as if struggling for mastery with an intruding enemy. Her features, though somewhat irregular, if but carelessly viewed, failed not to secure the beholder's stedfast observance, from the peculiar interest which a full blue eye and light arched brow lent to the contour. She was resting her face upon her hand, and looking at the red coals in the stove before her;—the others seemed to have just concluded a bit of country scandal, or the success of the sale of a secreted tub of hollands, from the pursing-up of their lips, and the satisfaction with which each appeared to lean back in her chair.

"There," said the young woman,

"in that very hollow of the fire, I can almost fancy I see my James on the deck of the *Mary*, looking through his glass to catch a glimpse of some distant sail. Ah! now it has fallen in, and all looks like a rough sea.—Poor fellow!" This was spoken in that abstracted tone of voice, that monotonous sound of melancholy, where every word is given in one note, as if the speaker had not the spirit, or even the wish, to vary the sound.

"That's what I so repeatedly tell you of," said a fat old woman of the group; "you *will* have no other thought; morning and night hear but the same cry from *you*. Look at me—is'n't it fifteen years ago, since my William, rest his soul, was shot dead while running his boat ashore on Romney Marsh? and am I any the worse for it? I loved him dearly; and when I was told of the bad news, I did nothing but cry for whole days; but then it was soon over—I knew that fretting would'n't set him on his legs again; so I made the best of a bad berth, and thought, if I should have another husband, all well and good; if not,—why I must live and die Widow Major—and there was an end of it."

"Ah! neighbor," replied the young woman, "you knew the fate of your husband—you were acquainted with the worst—you had not to live in the cruel suspense I endure; but if I knew that he was dead"—(and her voice grew louder, while the blood rushed into her fair cheek)—"I should think of him as much as I do now, and would think and think, and try to bring thoughts every day heavier on my heart, till it sunk into the grave."

This burst of affection for her husband was amen'd with a loud laugh by a young, black-eyed, round-faced girl, sitting in the opposite corner, who, leaning over to the speaker, laying one hand on her knee, and looking archly in her face, chuckled out—"Come, come! she sha'n't take on so; if her first husband is gone, Susan shall have a second to comfort her."

"A second husband, Anne!—No!

no second husband for me. I could never wake in the morning, and look on a face sleeping on the pillow beside me, where had rested the head of one I had loved, and who was dead. No—I was asked three times in church, and married to him lawfully; and I am certain that, when a couple are once joined in marriage—and in true love—their only separation is in death; and that is but for a time—they will hereafter meet, and never, never part again.”—And then she looked up with her sweet blue eyes, and heaved such a sigh, and smiled such a smile, that proved to her gossips how confirmed was her innocent belief.

“How fast it rains!” ejaculated a shrivelled old woman, who had hitherto remained silent. “How fast it rains!”—and she drew her chair closer to the fire. “It was just such a night as this when—— What’s that—the wind? Ah! ’tis a rough night; I suppose it must be near eleven o’clock.—Now, I’ll tell you a story that shall make you cold as stones, though you crowd ever so close to this blazing fire. It was just such a night as this——”

“Gracious Heaven!” cried Susan, “I hear a footfall coming down the street so like that which I knew so well,—listen!—No, all is silent.—Well, Margery, what were you going to tell us?”

“Eh! bless us!” replied Margery, “you tremble terrible bad, surely; what’s the matter?”

“Nothing—nothing, dame,—go on.”

“Well,” said the old woman, “it was just such a night as this——”

“Susan!” cried a voice at the door, in that tone which implies haste, and a fear of being heard—“Susan! open the door.”

“Good God!” shrieked Susan, “that voice!”—and all the women rose at one moment, and stood staring at the door, which Susan was unlocking. “The key won’t turn the lock—’tis rusty;—who’s there?” she breathlessly exclaimed, as in the agony of suspense she tried to turn the key, while the big drops stood quivering on

her brow. She trembled from head to foot—her companions stood like statues—the lock flew back, the door opened—nothing was seen but the black night, and the large drops of rain which sparkled in the beams of the candle on the table.—“There is no one,” said she, panting for breath; “but, as I stand here a living woman, ’twas his voice.—James! James!” she cried, and put out her head to listen. She heard quick, heavy footsteps hastily advancing at the end of the street: presently a party of six or seven blockade-men rushed by the door, dashing the wet from the pavement in Susan’s face. They passed with no other sound than that made by their feet, and were quickly out of hearing.

“I wish I may die,” said old Margery, “but the blockade-men are chasing some poor fellow who has been obliged to drop his tubs; for I saw the blade of a cutlass flash in my eyes, though I couldn’t see the hand that held it.”

“My bonnet! my bonnet!” cried Susan; “there has more befallen this night than any here can tell. ’Twas his voice—stay in the house till I come back—’twas his voice!”—and she ran out through the still driving rain, in the direction of the party that had just passed. They took the street that led to the cliffs; not a light was to be seen—lamps in a smuggling town being considered a very obnoxious accommodation; and, though there may be a rate for watching, the inhabitants take especial care there shall be none for lighting, inasmuch as a lamplighter never yet breathed the air of Folkstone. Susan reached the cliffs; the wind blew fresh and strong off the sea, and the rain appeared abating. She thought she saw figures descend the heights; and quickening her pace, stood on the edge, straining her sight to distinguish the objects flitting to and fro on the beach. She heard a faint “halloo!”—the sound thrilled through every nerve—it was the voice she had heard at her door. She returned the salute; but the buf-

fetting of the wind choked her timid cry. The halloo was repeated; Susan listened with her very eyes. Her distended fingers seemed grasping to catch at *sound*. A sound did rise above the roar of the breakers and the rushing of the wind: it was the report of a volley of carbines fired on the beach. Susan screamed, and sunk on the edge of the cliff, overpowered with terror and anxiety. Quickly there was seen a flashing of lights along the coast, and men running from the Martello-towers to the beach in disorder. Then was heard the curse for curse, the clashing of cutlasses and discharge of arms, and the hoarse shout of some of the smugglers, who had succeeded in putting their boat off from the shore with part of her cargo, which it appeared they had been attempting to work.

Susan well understood the import of these dreadful sounds, and recovering from her fright, was striving to ascertain from her station the position of the parties, when a hard breathing of some one, apparently exhausted, arrested her attention. It seemed to issue from beneath, and, looking over the summit of the cliff, she perceived the shadow of a man cautiously ascending. He had almost accomplished his task, and was grasping a jutting fragment of stone, to enable him to rest a moment from the fatigue of his attempt. Susan heard him panting for breath, and, in endeavoring to discover whether he wore the jacket or the smock-frock (the latter being the usual working attire of the smugglers), heard him sigh heavily. She thought it was a form she knew: she bent over the edge, and held her breath in the very agony of hope and fear. The figure stood with his back to the cliff, and looking down on the beach, ejaculated, "Oh, God!" It was in one of those moans which betray the most acute suffering of mind, which thrill through the hearer, and create that kindred overflowing of the heart's tears which makes the sorrow of the afflicted more than our own. Susan heard the sound, and breathlessly answered—"Who is it?" The figure

sprang upwards at the response, and exclaimed—

"Susan!"

"James! James!" she cried. He caught a large tuft of grass to assist him in darting into her expanded arms, when the weed broke by the roots from the light sand in which it had grown; a faint cry, and the fall of a body, with the rattling of earth and stones, down the steep, were the sounds that struck terror, and madness, and dismay through the brain of poor Susan.

She attempted to call for assistance, but her voice obeyed not the effort, and, in the delirium of the moment, she sprang down the cliff; but, fortunately, alighting on a projection, and at the same time instinctively catching the long weeds, was saved from the danger her perilous situation had threatened: but still she continued her descent, stepping from tuft to stone, reckless whether she found a footing, or was precipitated to the base; which the darkness concealing, all below looked like a black abyss. Susan alighted in safety on the beach: an indistinct form lying on the shingle met her view.

"James! James!" she cried, "speak! let me hear your voice—for mercy's sake tell me, are you hurt?"

No answer was returned; she grasped his hand, and felt his brow; but, on the instant, started from the form in horror—the hand was stiff, and the brow was deadly cold; and then, as if all her powers of utterance had become suddenly re-organized, she broke forth into such a cry of anguish, that it pierced through the noises of the night like the scream of a wounded eagle. A pistol-shot was heard; the ball whizzed past the ear of Susan, and harmlessly buried itself in the sand of the cliff. A party of the blockade rushed toward the spot, and, by the light of a torch, discovered the poor girl stretched on the body of a smuggler. They raised her in their arms—she was quite senseless; and holding the light in the face of the man, they saw that he was dead.

"She's a pretty young creature!" said one of the men; "it's a pity she couldn't let her sweetheart come to the beach alone, for she seems almost as far gone as he is;—what shall we do with her, Sir?"

This was addressed to a young man of the group, wearing the uniform of a midshipman, and whose flushed and disordered countenance proved that he had taken a considerable share in the late desperate encounter.

"Take her to the tower, Thomas," said he; "she may assist with her evidence the investigation of this affair. The body of the man must also be carried to our station, for I dare say we shall grapple some of the rascals before the night's work is over. Our lieutenant has ordered the boat to be pursued that put off in the scuffle; and, as some of the cargo is now lying about the rocks here, we must look out for another squall."

One of the sailors sustained the still senseless Susan in his arms, while the corpse followed, borne by four others on their carbines.

"This fun was not expected, Infant Joe," said one of the men to the gigantic figure who carried Susan in one of his arms, with as much ease as he would have conveyed a child, and who, in mockery of his immense bulk, had been so nicknamed.

"No," was the laconic reply.

"I think," continued the other, "'twas your pistol settled that poor fellow, for he lay in the very point of the woman's scream when you fired."

"Yes," said Joe, with a grin, "mayhap it was; and I wish each of my bullets could search twenty of 'em at once as surely and as quickly."

"Halt!" cried the officer who was conducting the party; "if I mistake not, I perceive a body of men, creeping on their hands and knees, at the foot of the cliff. Out with your torches, or we may be fair marks for a bullet."

The men instantly obeyed, and at the same moment discovered that their progress was interrupted by a gang of armed smugglers, who instantly com-

menced a practical argument for the right of way by furiously attacking the blockade. At the first fire, the ponderous bulk bearing the light form of Susan reeled and fell with its burthen on the earth; and a smuggler was seen to rush wildly through the chaos of contending beings, hewing his passage with a short broad cutlass, and apparently having but one object in view. A retreat of the smugglers, and the consequent advance of their antagonists, brought him to the spot where Susan, still senseless, lay wound in the sinewy arm of the prostrate man-of-war's man. He endeavored to disengage her from his grasp; and, on placing his hand on her neck, he felt that his fingers were straying in warm and still oozing blood. He trembled, and gasped for breath:—there were two beings senseless before him—one must be seriously wounded, perhaps dying or dead. He dragged Susan from her thrall: the action was followed by a groan from the man, who faintly rose upon his knees, and made a grasp towards the female with one hand, and drawing a pistol from his belt with the other, discharged it at random, and again fell exhausted. The report was heard by some of the still contending party, and forms were seen hastening to the spot; but the smuggler had safely ascended the cliff with Susan, and sitting on the summit, wiped the drops of agony and toil from his brow, and placed his trembling hand upon her heart. At the first he could discover no pulsation; he pressed his hand firmer against her side, and with a cry of joy sprang upon his feet—he felt the principle of life beat against his palm. He again clasped her in his arms, and, with the speed of a hound, ran across the fields leading from the edge of the cliffs, darted through the church-yard, and his quick step was soon heard on the stones of the paved street. The inhabitants were at their doors and windows, anxious to catch the slightest word that might give them some intelligence of the conflict; for the reports of the fire-arms had been

heard in the town, and all there was anxiety and agitation: but the quick questions were unanswered, the salutes were unnoticed—the form that rushed by them was heard to gasp hardly for breath, and they were satisfied that something desperate had taken place. The smuggler gained the street Susan had set out from; the women, and others who had joined them, were gathered round the door of the house, waiting with breathless impatience her return, and various were the conjectures of the night's events; when a voice, whose tones all knew, was heard to exclaim—"Stand o' one side there; a chair! a chair!" They made way for him in an instant; he darted into the house, placed Susan in the arm-chair, and dropped on the floor, with his forehead resting on his arm.

"James!" the women cried, "are you hurt?"

They received no reply; but his convulsive panting alarmed them: they raised him from the ground, while one of the women lighted a candle. At that moment a scream of dismay escaped from all: those who had stood listening at the door rushed in, and were horror-struck on beholding poor Susan lying apparently lifeless in the chair, her face and neck dabbled with blood; but she breathed, and not a moment was to be lost. Restoratives were applied to both, the blood was cleansed from Susan, and, to the joy of all, not a wound could be perceived. James had now sufficiently recovered to stand and bathe her temples: he kissed her cold quivering lips—she slowly opened her eyes—the first object they rested upon was her husband! She started from the chair, and gazed at him with a mingled expression of terror and delight. James, seeing the effect his appearance produced, pressed her in his arms, where she lay laughing and crying, and clasping him round the neck, till the shock had subsided, when she sat like a quiet child on his knee, reposing her head upon his shoulder. None had as yet ventured to ask a question, but all impatiently

waited till Susan should break the silence that had now followed the confusion of cries, tears, and wonder. But she seemed to have no other wish on earth—she was in her husband's arms—beneath their own roof—and that was question, and answer, and everything to her. James appeared restless, and attempted to rise; but the motion was followed by the close winding of Susan's arms round his neck. Then, as if suddenly resolved, and chiding himself for some neglect, he started from his seat.

"Susan," said he, "you are better now; keep yourself still till I return—I shall be gone but a few minutes."

"No, no," cried Susan, grasping his arm with both her hands—"not again—go not again. I shall be able to speak to you presently; don't leave me now, James."

"You mus'n't persuade me to stay," replied he; "I left the crew fighting with the blockade when I saw you in that fellow's arms; but I must go back again, for life and death are in this night's business. One of us has been shot, poor Peter Cullen drowned—he would drink in spite of our orders, and fell overboard. I tried to save him; but I'm afraid he lies dead under the cliff, just where I first saw you, Susan, when I lost my footing. But I must go back, and see the end of it—now don't gripe me so hard, Susan—I must go. I dare say all's lost—but I must go."

He struggled to release himself from Susan, when a smuggler rushed into the house, pale and exhausted; he flung himself into a chair, and throwing a brace of pistols on the ground, exclaimed—

"The boat's taken—the tubs we had worked to the foot of the cliffs are seized too: we fought hard for it, but it was of no use;"—and then he breathed a bitter curse in that low, withering tone, which seems to recoil upon the head of the curser, and clings only to him that utters it.

"Well, it can't be helped," said James, calmly seating himself; "it's no use repining now—words and sighs

won't better it ; though it is somewhat hard, after cruising about for three months, to lose our cargo at sea, and when we thought ourselves lucky that we escaped Cork gaol, and got back to Holland with an empty hold, and tried to do a little business at home, to make such a finish to all as we have done to-night. Poor Peter's drowned too, Tom—d'ye know that ?”

“ Ah !” said the other, “ I thought it was all over with him when I saw him go ;—but how did you manage with him ?”

“ Now it's all over,” said James, “ I'll tell you the whole affair. When I plunged in after him, I popped a tub under my arm, thinking we were opposite a point where there was no watch ; for, thinks I, if I can work a tub and save a man's life at the same time, I shall do a clever thing : but it was some seconds before I could find Peter, it being so pitch dark. At last I saw something bob up to the top of the water, close to me—it was him, sure enough ; I made a grasp, and caught him by the hair—kept his head above the surface, and got ashore with him. At that moment, a blockade-man 'spied me, and fired a pistol : I heard some of them coming towards me, so I dragged Peter under the cliff, and made for the town ; but the men-o'-wars-men followed me up so closely, that I was obliged to drop my tub, and crowd all sail. I got near home, and thought I could manage to drop in without being seen ; but they had so gained upon me that I was obliged to run again right through the town, where I dodged them, till I found myself back again at the place where I had left Peter. I felt him, but he was stiff and dead, poor fellow. I then thought I'd try if I could hail you ; but the only answer I got was a report of fire-arms on the beach : then I knew that you must be working the boat slap in the teeth of the blockade. I listened a minute or two, and all was silent ; so, thinks I, they have either put out to sea again, or have succeeded in working the cargo.”

“ Yes,” interrupted Tom, “ we had

worked part of it, and had hid the tubs under the cliff, when we were discovered and attacked ; and three or four suddenly put off the boat, while we who were left had to fight it out, and get away as we could.”

“ Well,” continued James, “ I thought I'd mount the cliff and look out, and had got near the top—but what with wondering how you had managed, and thinking about poor Peter and our unlucky cruise, I felt very melancholy, and was pulling-up to take fresh wind, when what should I hear but my Susan's voice ! That so astonished me, that I lost my footing, and was capsized plump down again on the shingle. There was no bones broke, however ; and I was just about to hail Susan on the cliff, when I thought I saw some of the blockade coming ; and, says I to myself, ‘ you mus'n't see me, my masters !’—so I crept close under the cliff, and passed them safe enough. Then, thinks I, ‘ I may as well find out where the lads are,’ and thinking Susan would be up to the rig, and wait where she was, or go home again, I contrived to run along the bottom of the cliff, till I found myself tumbling among a lot of tubs. ‘ Oho !’ thinks I, ‘ all's right yet ;’ and, while looking about, I perceived all of you creeping down the cliffs. You recognized me, if you recollect ; and we were just preparing to clear the tubs snugly away, when the enemy's lanterns issued from a projecting part of the cliff. Douse they went in one moment, and, in the other, there we were with the blockade, yard-arm and yard-arm ; but, when I first saw the light from their torches, what should I see but my Susan stowed in the arms of Infant Joe. In the surprise, I opened a fire upon him, but took a good aim notwithstanding ; I saw him fall, and laying about me right manfully, I seized upon my little brig, carried her away from the grappling-irons of the huge pirate, and towed her right into harbor—and here she is, safe and sound—there's some comfort in that, ar'n't there, my girl ?”—and a hearty kiss, with a murmured bless-

ing, escaped from the lips of the rough young smuggler, as he again pressed the now happy Susan in his arms.

Two of his companions now entered the house: they were cordially received by their acquaintances and neighbors assembled; but the hanging of their heads, the ill-stifled sighs, and the languid manner of taking the hands outstretched to welcome them, proved how severely their bold hearts felt their chilling disappointments and unrewarded toil. A dead silence followed their entrance; for what could be said? The journal of their cruise and misfortunes was recorded in every line of their brows. It was a sad meeting; and sadness and silence love to be together. At length one of them, looking at James, said,—

"We heard that you had brought down Infant Joe; but, just as we came into the town, we were told that he was only wounded, and had been carried to the tower, with a pistol-bullet in his right shoulder."

"In his right shoulder, eh?" said James, as he gave a loud whistle, and looked at Susan; "it was close chance for you, my girl. Well, I've no wish for his death; but, if we ever should meet again, I am just as likely to snap my trigger, and perhaps with better success.—But, Susan, my lass, I've been waiting all along to know how you came on the cliff at such a time; and I'm somewhat jealous, too, at that same Infant Joe, and the manner he was conveying you so snugly."

Susan smiled, and related her share in the events of the night, and concluded by entreating James to relinquish his desperate and unprofitable pursuit—to forego all thoughts of again embarking in a Winter Cruise—and, when the employment of the coast failed to procure them a quiet subsistence, to remove to some happier land, where industry may reap its reward, and the strong arm and sweating brow know their hours of comfort and repose.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY, A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

BY MRS. HOWITT.

[The following is a lesson for all folks—great and small—from the infant in the nursery to the emperor of Russia, the grand signior of Turkey, and the queen of Portugal—or from those who play with toy-cannons to such as are now figuring on the theatre of war.]

"WILL you walk into my parlor?" said a spider to a fly:
 "Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.
 The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
 And I have many pretty things to show you when you are there."
 "Oh, no, no!" said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain,
 For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary with soaring up so high,
 Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider to the fly.
 "There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine and thin;
 And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in."
 "Oh, no, no!" said the little fly, "for I've often heard it said,
 They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed."

Said the cunning spider to the fly, "Dear friend, what shall I do
 To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?
 I have, within my pantry, good store of all that's nice—
 I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice?"
 "Oh, no, no!" said the little fly, "kind sir, that cannot be,
 I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature!" said the spider, "you're witty and you're wise;
 How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!
 I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf,
 If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say, And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly would soon come back again :
So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner, sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.
Then he went out to his door again, and merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wing ;
Your robes are green and purple—there's a crest upon your head—
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead."

Alas, alas ! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by ;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue :
Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish thing !—At last
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor—but she ne'er came out again !
—And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed :
Unto an evil counsellor close heart, and ear, and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the Spider and the Fly.

ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

[John Auldjo, Esq. of Trinity College, Cambridge, started from Charmounix on the 8th of August, 1827, for the purpose of attaining the highest point of Mont Blanc. He was accompanied by eight guides, four of whom had previously accomplished the hazardous ascent. The following is his account of the conclusion of this undertaking, and of his sensations while on the summit of the mountain.]

WE crossed a plain of snow which rose gently from the Rocher Rouge ; at the end of it was the only crevice we had met for some time : it was deep and wide. One bridge was tried, but it gave way. A little further another was found, over which we managed to pass by being drawn across on our backs, on batons placed over it. Two or three managed to walk across another, using great care ; but, when we had proceeded some little distance up the acclivity before us, we were surprised by a shrill scream, and, on turning, beheld Jean Marie Coutet up to his neck in the snow covering the crevice. He had wandered from the party, and coming to the crack, sought and found the place where the guides had walked across, and attempted to follow their course ; but not taking the proper care to choose their footsteps, had got about eighteen inches on one side of them, and the consequence was, that when in the centre of the crevice, he sunk up to his shoulders, saving him-

self from inevitable destruction by stretching out his arms, and by his baton by mere chance coming obliquely on the bridge ; otherwise he would have slipped through, and all attempts to have saved or raised him out of the chasm, would have been impossible. The perilous situation he was in was appalling ; all ran down to him, and he was drawn out, but had nearly lost his presence of mind, so greatly had he been terrified. However, he soon recovered, and acknowledged his want of precaution, which had very nearly destroyed the pleasure of the undertaking, when so near its happy conclusion. The ascent from this point was very steep, and the difficulty of surmounting it was greatly increased ; for those effects of the rarity of the atmosphere which we had felt previously, now became exceedingly oppressive. I was attacked with a pain in my head ; the thirst became intense ; the difficulty of breathing much greater. The new symptoms I now experienced were, violent palpi-

tation of the heart, a general lassitude of the frame, and a very distressing sensation of pain in the knees and muscles of the thighs, causing weakness of the legs, and rendering it scarcely possible to move them. The "Derniers Rochers," or the highest visible rocks, are merely a small cluster of granite pinnacles, projecting about twenty feet out of the snowy mantle which envelopes the summit, and clothes the sides of the mountain. On reaching these rocks, I was so much exhausted that I wished to sleep; but the experienced guides would not permit it, though all appeared to be suffering more or less under similar sensations. From those rochers we saw that there were many people on the Breven, watching our progress; among whom we recognised some female forms, a discovery which renewed our courage, and excited us to still greater efforts than before. Turning to the side of Italy, a spectacle was presented of great magnificence, from the assemblage of the vast and numberless white pyramids which appeared on the left of the view: Mount Rosa, in its surpassing beauty, being the most distant, the Col du Géant, and its aiguille, the nearest; while all the snow-clad rocks which lie on each side of the glacier, running from Mont Blanc down the "Mer de Glace," and again up to the "Jardin," added splendid features to the scene.

"Snow piled on snow; each mass appears
The gathered winter of a thousand years."

On the south, a blue space showed where the plain of Piedmont lay; and far in the back ground of this, rose the long chain of the Apennines, and lofty Alps, forming a coast of the Mediterranean, and running thence towards the right, meeting the mountains of Savoy. Gilded as they were by the sun, and canopied by a sky almost black, they made up a picture so grand and awful, that the mind could not behold it without fear and astonishment. The impression of so mighty a prospect cannot be conceived or retained. It was with some difficulty I could be persuaded to

leave these rocks, for all my enthusiasm was at an end; the lassitude and exhaustion had completely subdued my spirit. I was anxious to get to the summit, but I felt as if I should never accomplish it, the weariness and weakness increasing the moment I attempted to ascend a few steps; and I was convinced, that in a few minutes I should be quite overcome. I was induced to proceed by the exhortations of the guides. We had to climb about one hour to get to the summit; but this part of the undertaking required a most extraordinary exertion, and severe labor it was. From the place where the rarity of the air was first felt, we had been able to proceed fifteen or twenty steps without halting to take breath; but now, after every third or fourth, the stoutest, strongest guide, became exhausted; and it was only by resting some seconds, and turning the face to the north wind, which blew strong and cold, that sufficient strength could be regained to take the next two or three paces. This weakness painfully increased the difficulty of advancing up the ascent, which became every instant more steep. Although the sun was shining on us, I felt extremely cold on the side exposed to the cutting blast; and the other side of the body being warm, it increased the shivering, which had not quite left me, to such a degree, as to deprive me almost of the use of my limbs. Some of the guides also were similarly affected, and even suffered more than myself; but all were anxious to get on, evincing a resolute determination that was quite wonderful in the state they were in. Their attention to me was marked by a desire to render me every possible service, while they endeavored to inspire me with the same firmness of which they themselves gave so strong an example. This earnest solicitude which they showed, much to their own discomfort and annoyance, to keep my spirits up, was in vain: I was exhausted—the sensation of weakness in the legs had become excessive—I was nearly choked from the dryness of my throat and

the difficulty of breathing. My eyes were smarting with inflammation, the reflection from the snow nearly blinded me, at the same time burning and blistering my face. I had, during the morning, as a protection, occasionally worn a leathern mask, with green eye glasses; but latterly I found it oppressive, and wore a veil instead: that also I was now obliged to discard. I desired to have a few moments rest, and sat down. I besought the guides to leave me. I prayed Julien Devouassard to go to the summit with them, and allow me to remain where I was, that by the time they returned, I might be refreshed to commence the descent. I told them I had seen enough; I used every argument in my power to induce them to grant my request. Their only answer was that they would carry me, exhausted as they were, to the summit, rather than that I should not get to it: that if they could not carry, they would drag me. Being unable to resist I became passive, and two of the least exhausted forced me up some distance, each taking an arm. I found that this eased me, and I then went on more willingly, when one of them devised a plan which proved of most essential service. Two of them went up in advance about fourteen paces, and fixed themselves on the snow; a long rope was fastened round my chest, and the other end to them. As soon as they were seated, I commenced ascending, taking very long strides, and doing so with quickness, pulling the rope in; they also, while I thus exerted myself, pulled me towards them, so that I was partly drawn up, and partly ran up, using a zig-zag direction: and the amusement derived from this process kept us in better humor than we were before. I was less fatigued, and felt the effects of the air less by this process, than by the slow pace in which I had hitherto attempted to ascend. I had taken very little notice of the progress we were thus making, when I suddenly found myself on the summit. I hastened to the highest point (towards

Chamounix) and, taking my glass, observed that the party on the Breven had noticed the accomplishment of our undertaking, and were rewarding us by waving their hats and handkerchiefs, which salutation we returned. I noticed, also, that the people in Chamounix had also collected in considerable numbers on the bridge, watching our progress and success. It was exactly eleven o'clock. The wind blew with considerable force. I was too much worn out to remain there long, or to examine the scene around me. The sun shone brilliantly on every peak of snow I could see; hardly any mist hung over the valleys; none was on the mountains; the object of my ambition and my toil was gained; yet the reward of my dangers and fatigues could hardly produce enjoyment enough to gratify me for a few moments. The mind was as exhausted as the body, and I turned with indifference from the view which I had endured so much to behold, and throwing myself on the snow, behind a small mound which formed the highest point, and sheltered me from the wind, in a few seconds I was soundly buried in sleep, surrounded by the guides, who were all seeking repose, which neither the burning rays of the sun, nor the piercing cold of the snow, could prevent or disturb. In this state I remained a quarter of an hour, when I was roused to survey the mighty picture beneath. I found myself much relieved, but still had a slight shivering. The pain in the legs had ceased, as well as the headache, but the thirst remained. The pulse was very quick, and the difficulty of breathing great, but not so oppressive as it had been. Having placed my thermometer on my baton, in a position in which it might be as much in shade as possible, I went to the highest point to observe my friends on the Breven and in Chamounix once more, but was summoned immediately to a repast; and willingly I obeyed the call, for I felt as if I had a good appetite. Some bread and roasted chicken were produced, but I could

not swallow the slightest morsel ; even the taste of the food created a nausea and disgust. One or two guides ate a very little ; the rest could not attempt to do so. I had provided a bottle of champagne, being desirous to see how this wine would be affected by the rarity of the air. I also wished to drink to the prosperity of the inhabitants of the world below me, for I could believe that there were no human beings so elevated as we were at that moment. The wire being removed, and the string cut, the cork flew out to a great distance, but the noise could hardly be heard. The wine rolled out in the most luxuriant foam, frothing to the very last drop, and we all drank of it with zest. But not three minutes had elapsed, when repentance and pain followed ; for the rapid escape of the fixed air which it still contained, produced a choking and stifling sensation, which

was very unpleasant and painful while it lasted, and frightened some of the guides. A very small quantity was sufficient to satisfy our thirst, for nine of us were perfectly satisfied with the contents of one bottle, and happily its unpleasant effects were of short duration. The most peculiar sensation which all have felt who have gained this great height, arises from the awful stillness which reigns almost unbroken even by the voice of those speaking to one another, for its feeble sound can hardly be heard. It weighs deeply upon the mind, with a power, the effect of which it is impossible to describe. I also experienced the sensation of lightness of body, of which Captain Sherwill has given a description in the following words : " It appeared as if I could have passed the blade of a knife under the sole of my shoes, or between them and the ice on which I stood ! "

THE LATE HENRY NEELE.

THE melancholy details of Mr. Neele's death were given at large in the newspapers of the day, and we have no wish to dwell on so painful a subject. The evidence of insanity produced on the inquest was abundantly sufficient, though little light was thrown upon the causes that led to the state of mind which preceded his suicide. Indeed, there seems no reason to suppose that there was any thing peculiar in the case of Mr. Neele. Private distresses, (except imaginary ones,) so far as we can learn, had no concern in his aberrations. He was esteemed, loved, and outwardly prosperous. His history is that of a class ; and it is in the perusal of his writings, not in the report of an inquest, that we may expect to find the key to anything mysterious in his life.

We think we can trace the unfortunate turn which his mind took to peculiarities in the constitution of that mind, arising from circumstances in a great measure independent of himself ;

and, as the faults, therefore, which we may discover in him, cannot affect his memory or wound the feelings of his surviving friends, we shall make no apology for pointing them out as friendly hints to that numerous and interesting class of which he was an unfortunate member.

It is commonly said by those who wish to express a general sentiment of admiration for a writer, subject to a large qualification, that he had much *genius* but no *taste*. In nine cases out of ten, we think this phrase contains a very imperfect explanation of what the actual defect in the mind spoken of is, or even of the meaning which the speaker intends to convey ; and, what is worse, the use of it leads to very dangerous practical consequences.

The world conceiving that the genius of such men is answerable for all their excesses, and that they want another faculty to rein it in, naturally becomes impatient and disregarding of a faculty which has so little power of

self-management. And the men themselves, on the other hand, conscious that the faculty within them is a good faculty, and most good when most energetic, as naturally learn to trample on all the commonplace criticisms upon their style and thoughts, to the reasonableness of which, nevertheless, their conscience more than half assents, because they are built upon an hypothesis of which they cannot for a moment acknowledge the justice.

But, if either of these parties could be made to feel that these men, so far from needing a new faculty to check what are called the flights of genius, do, on the contrary, most especially want a power which shall give them greater strength of wing, and which shall enable them to fly further,—that, when they have obtained this power, instead of becoming less daring, they will become infinitely more daring,—in a word, that they require it chiefly because their genius, instead of being too strong, is deficient in impetus and momentum :—if we could make this doctrine prevalent, the public might abandon that morbid distrust and abhorrence of all high endowments which is so mischievous to those who possess them, and so much more mischievous to itself; and the persons we have been speaking of, instead of holding cheap all hints for the cultivation of their minds, would be urged to value them by that very disposition which has hitherto resisted them as plots for its own destruction.

Now, that this is literally and truly the case, we want no other evidence than the writings of Henry Neele, one of those authors who would be most hastily dismissed with the sentence, that he was a man of considerable genius, but scarcely any taste. In the teeth of this dictum we will take upon us to affirm, that every error to be found in his writings, (and, as we shall show presently, there was the tie of a common parentage between these and the misfortunes of his life,) arose, not from his genius being too little restrained, but from its never ac-

quiring that force and expression of which it was capable. His talent, genius, or whatever it may be called, existed in loose, detached fragments; it is nowhere fixed and concentrated. He was capable of striking out very fine sparks, of sending off a successful cracker, or, even now and then, a tolerable rocket; but to keep alive a steady, unflickering, Vestal flame in his mind, which should guide others by its light, and refresh himself by its warmth—for this he was insufficient. He never can express an entire feeling. He is obliged to cut it into portions, and give us a morsel at a time. His views, in his lectures especially, sometimes appear too strongly expounded, and often set in phrases which the critics would condemn for being too rash and unusual; but a moment's reflection convinces us, that the strength only exceeds because it is not kept up, and that the phrases are only foolhardy because they rushed to the battle without friends, "like-armed," to support them in flank or rear. This indicates a want, not of taste, but of that *logical power* which outwardly forms a writer's thoughts into a composition, wherein all the parts bear a perfect relation to each other, and to the whole; that composition itself being only the type and expression of that inward coherency and subordination which exists between all the parts of the mind from which those thoughts have issued. This quality (of which those formal persons in our day who think that logic consists in the eternal use of syllogistic forms and dilemmas, and in the careful exclusion of everything that gives life or energy to a style, know just as much as grammarians do of language, that is to say, less than any other portion of mankind)—this quality, which never has been prevalent, and never could be prevalent but in an age when the imagination and feelings were highly cultivated,—as, otherwise, it would have nothing to work upon,—is to be seen manifested in the highest perfection in the writings of the old English poets and divines. In their

styles, which defy all artificial rules to stunt them in their growth, or lop off their limbs, or strip them of their leaves, because there is a living sap within the stout trunk which must create for itself massive branches and an interminable foliage, we at once perceive what necessity there is that this power and its sister, genius, should never be separated. Where the logical power exists without the vital power, there is dryness, and coldness, and death. Where the vital power exists without the logical power, there is a struggle—a vain and hopeless struggle—to express feelings which will not find language for themselves. For (and it is to this point we would particularly draw our readers' attention, as being most connected with the history we are commenting on) the case of the mere logician who is without genius, is very different from that of the man of genius without logic. The whole mind of the one is so darkened by forms that he is quite unable to perceive the nature of the country through which he is moving, and consequently persuades himself, good easy man, that he has travelled a vast distance, when, like Mrs. Hardcastle, he has been merely driving round his own farmhouse; and thus he may be one of the happiest and most self-complacent of God's creatures. But the man of genius is in a very different predicament. He never indulges in the pleasing delusion that he has been speaking to the purpose when, like Goodinan Dull, he has not said one word all the while, for he *has* something to say, something which he must speak and cannot, something which, finding no vent, turns inward and feeds upon the mind which produced it. A thousand vague images lie scattered in his fancy; but he cannot combine them into a picture: glimpses of glorious visions appear to him; but he cannot apprehend them: questionable shapes float by him; but, when he questions them, they will not answer. The unassisted effort to realise, is the most painful of all ef-

forts; and, when it fails, then ensues that sickness of the soul, that miserable "mawkishness" which is so eloquently described by Keats in the preface to his "Endymion." The degree in which it is experienced seems to be in proportion to the genius of the sufferer. Chatterton had more of it than Neele, and Keats more of it than Chatterton. Nor is this strange. The spirit of genius is eminently a combining spirit: it is always busily hunting after connexions: in compositions, it loves long sentences and abhors epigrams. To a mind in which this spirit exists, the consciousness that it is deficient in the power of arranging and harmonizing the different elements of which it consists, that thoughts are every moment flying off in a thousand directions from some common centre to which they will not return to explain the nature of their route, and how often they intersected each other,—must be agonizing to a degree of which common-place persons like ourselves can form no possible conception.

And is there no remedy for it? Must the trophies of genius perishing under its own glorious excitement be hung up forever, that worldly men may laugh and exult in their own meanness and poverty? We trust not. All the men we have described have been alike in one particular, besides their genius: they have all wanted a calm, systematic, meditative education. It is this which would have conferred upon them that quality which, being absent, made those they possessed, not useless to the world, but cruelly painful to the possessor. Many have fallen victims to the disease, who might have been saved by this remedy; and the fortunate few who have escaped, are not ungrateful for their rescue, or unmindful of its cause.

"That poets in their youth begin in gladness:"

for this they are indebted to the faculty divine, which invests everything it touches with its own brilliancy and loveliness; but, if of any one of them

it can be said, (and of whom can it be said so truly as of the writer of the line we are quoting.)

"That thereof comes *not* in the end despondency and madness,"

this they owe in a very great measure to the happy circumstances which enabled them to share in these early advantages from which so many are excluded by poverty and mischance. We believe, that, if into one scale were thrown all the mischiefs which our Universities have produced by the encouragement of improper motives to study, or of habits of extravagance and dissipation, and if to them were added all the mischiefs which have been falsely laid to their charge by mistaken or malicious adversaries, and if into another scale were thrown the

good which they wrought to this one class of young poets,—the former scale, heavily charged though it might be, would instantly kick the beam. But, on this very account, it is one of the very direst evils of these Universities, that their doors are closed against all such men upon whom the gifts of fortune have not been bestowed along with those of genius. If the founders of the two magnificent institutions which are rising up in London will lay this to heart, and will really determine to make the education they communicate a means of nursing instead of extinguishing genius, they will build for themselves livelong monuments for which "kings," and greater than kings, "might wish to die."

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.

As I am a sort of general reader of polite literature, I have thought it disgraceful not to have read Madame de Sévigné's Letters; those letters so celebrated for their wit, vivacity, originality, and the beauty of their style, and which the reading world had been unanimous in admiring during one hundred and fifty years. But these letters composed nine volumes, closely printed; and, as time was allotted to me only in a definite portion, I was not certain that I might not employ it to greater advantage than in reading nine volumes of letters, even of acknowledged excellence. Years have passed over my head, my stock of time is diminished, and, a month ago, I resolved to give a part of what remained to Madame de Sévigné's Letters. I found in them all I expected, and much that I had not been taught to expect; for they appeared to me as remarkable for the justness and propriety of the serious observations, as for the playfulness of fancy, or the ease and elegance of their style. Of many examples found in support of this fact, I extract the following, though they will suffer from

not being read in connexion with the subjects to which they relate.

"It appears to me truly wise to endure the tempest with resignation, and to enjoy the calm when it pleases heaven to restore it to us."

"God knows that I desire nothing more than his will; the futility of wishes should always recal us to this submission."

"Those who are disposed to be patient, and to take comfort, find reasons every where."

"Should we not be just, and place ourselves in the situation of others?"

"Attention to what others say, and the presence of mind by which we quickly comprehend and answer, are principal objects in our intercourse with the world."

"We are more or less affected by great qualities, in proportion as we have more or less relation to them."

"I am still alone, without being dull. I have plenty of books, work, and fine weather; these, with a little reason, go a great way."

"It seems to me that I have been dragged, against my will, to the fatal

period when old age must be endured ; I see it, I have attained it ; and I would, at least, contrive not to go beyond it, not advance in the road of infirmities, pain, loss of memory, disfigurements, which are ready to lay hold of me ; and I hear a voice which says, ' You must go on, in spite of yourself ; or, if you will not, you must die,' an alternative at which nature recoils. Such, however, is the fate of those who have reached a certain period ; but a return to the will of God, and to that universal law which is imposed upon us, restores reason to its place, and makes us call in patience to our aid."

In reading the letters of Madame de Sévigné, I have never, for a moment, lost sight of herself. In Paris, I have associated with her and her friends : at the Rocks, I have walked with her in the woods ; in every place, I have been with her when she was writing to her daughter. So strongly did I enter into her feelings, that I wished her to join her daughter, though I should thereby lose her inimitable letters, which I would have doubled in number, had it been in my power.

Madame de Sévigné was rich and

beautiful, of high birth, and possessing high talents ; yet she demands nothing for herself, makes no claims. There is not one line, in her thousand letters, which betrays a consciousness of superiority ; on the contrary, she evinces a degree of humility, which might appear questionable, if we did not know her to be totally free from affectation. In principle she is firm ; in her intercourse with the world she is conciliating. She considers what is due to others, and frequently sacrifices her own comfort to contribute to theirs. The religion of Madame de Sévigné is submission to God, and her morality is justice, peace, and benevolence. She had a penetration which saw perfectly, a judgment which decided rightly, and a prudence which never went astray.

But Madame de Sévigné, so just, so reasonable, in thought and in action, had one feeling which neither reason nor religion could control ; this was her excessive love for her daughter ; a love which passed the bounds of maternal love, and for which, as there is no precedent, there is no name. She lived but for her daughter, and she died because she feared her daughter would die.

THE JUNE JAUNT.

A CHAPTER OMITTED IN THE LIFE OF "MANSIE WAUCH, TAILOR."

AFTER Tommy Bodkin had been working with me on the board for more than four years in the capacity of foreman, superintending the workshop department, together with the conduct and conversation of Joe Bree-ky, Walter Cuff, and Timothy Tape, my three bounden apprentices, I thought I might lippen him awee, to try his hand in the shaping line, especially with the clothes of such of our customers as I knew were not very nice, provided they got enough of cutting from the Manchester manufacture, and room to shake themselves in. The upshot, however, proved to a moral certainty, that such a length of tether is not chancey for

youth, and that a master cannot be too much on the head of his own business.

It was in the pleasant month of June, sometime, maybe six or eight days, after the birth-day of our good old king George the Third—for I recollect the withering branches of lily-oak, and flowers were still sticking up behind the signs, and ower the lamp-posts,—that my respected acquaintance and customer, Peter Farrel, the baker, to whom I have made many a good suit of pepper-and-salt clothes,—which he preferred from their not dirtying so easily with the bakehouse—called in upon me, requesting me, in a very pressing manner, to take a pleasure ride up with

him the length of Roslin, in his good brother's bit phieton, to eat a wheen strawberries, and see how the forthcoming harvest was getting on.

That the offer was friendly, admitted not of doubt, but I did not like to accept for two-three reasons; among which was, in the first place, my awareness of the danger of riding in such vehicles,—having read¹ sundry times in the newspapers, of folk having been tumbled out of them, drunk or sober, head-foremost, and having got eyes knocked ben, skulls clowred, and collar-bones broken; and, in the second place, the expense of feeding the horse, together with our finding ourselves in meat and drink during the journey,—let alone tolls, strawberries and cream, bawbees to the waiter, and what not. But let me speak the knock-him-down truth, and shame the Deil,—above all, I was afraid of being seen by my employers, wheeling about, on a work day, like a gentleman, dressed out in my best, and leaving my business to mind itself, as it best could.

Peter Farrel, however, being a man of determination, stuck to his text like a horse-leech; so, after a great to-do, and considerable argle-bargling, he got me, by dint of powerful persuasion, to give him my hand on the subject. Accordingly, at the hour appointed, I popped up the back-loan with my stick in my hand,—Peter having agreed to be waiting for me on the road-side, a bit beyond the head of the town. The cat should be let out of the pock by my declaring, that Nanse, the goodwife, had also a finger in the pie,—as, do what ye like, women will make their points good—she having overcome me in her wheedling way, by telling me, that it was curious I had no ambition to speel the ladder of gentility, and hold up my chin in imitation of my betters.

That we had a most beautiful drive I cannot deny; for though I would not allow Peter to touch the horse with the whip, in case it might run away, fling, or trot over fast,—and so we made but slow progress—little more

even than walking; yet, as I told him, it gave a man leisure to use his eyes, and make observation to the right and the left; and so we had a prime look of Lasswade,—and Newbottle Abbey,—and Melville Castle,—and Dryden woods,—and Hawthornden,—and the paper mills, and the bleach-field,—and so on. The day was bright and beautiful, and the feeling of summer came over our bosoms; the flowers blossomed and the birds sang; and, as the sun looked from the blue sky, the quiet of nature banished from our thoughts all the poor and paltry cares that embitter life, and all the pitiful considerations, which are but too apt to be the only concerns of the busy and bustling, from their awaking in the morning to their lying down on the pillow of evening rest. Peter and myself felt this forcibly, he, as he confessed to me, having entirely forgot the four pan-soled loaves, that were, that morning, left by his laddie, Peter Crust, in the oven, and burned to sticks; and, for my own part, do what I liked, I could not bring myself to mind what piece of work I had that morning finished, till, far on the road, I recollected that it was a pair of mouse-brown spatter-dashes for worthy old Mr. Mooley-pouch.

Oh, it is a pleasant thing, now and then, to get a peep of the country. To them who live among shops and markets, and stone-walls, and butcher-stalls, and fishwives,—and the smell of ready-made tripe, red herring, and Cheshire cheeses,—the sights, and sounds, and smells of the country bring to mind the sinless days of the world before the fall of man, when all was love, peace, and happiness. Peter Farrel and I were transported out of our seven senses, as we feasted our eyes on the beauty of the green fields. The bumbees were bizzing among the gowans and blue-bells; and a thousand wee birds among the green trees were churm-churming away, filling earth and air with music, as it were a universal hymn of gratitude to the Creator for his unbounded goodness to

all his creatures. We saw the trig country lasses bleaching their snow-white linen on the grass by the water-side, and they too were lilting their favorite songs. All the world seemed happy, and I could scarcely believe—what I kent to be true for all that—that we were still walking in the realms of sin and misery. The milk-cows were nipping the clovery parks, and chewing their cuds at their leisure;—the wild partridges whidding about in pairs, or birring their wings with fright over the hedges;—and the blue-bonneted ploughmen on the road cracking their whips in wantonness, and whistling along amid the clean straw in their carts. And then the rows of snug cottages, with their kail-yards and their gooseberry bushes, with the fruit hanging from the branches like ear-rings on the neck of a lady of fashion. How happy, thought we both,—Peter Farrel and me,—how happy might they be, who, without worldly pride or ambition, passed their days in such situations, in the society of their wives and children. Ah! such were a blissful lot!

During our ride, Peter Farrel and I had an immense deal of rational conversation on a variety of matters, Peter having seen great part of the world in his youth, from having made two voyages to Greenland with his uncle, who was the mate of a whale-vessel. To relate all that Peter told me he had seen and witnessed in his far-away travels, among the white bears and the frozen seas, would take up a great deal of the reader's time, and of my paper; but as to its being very diverting, there is no doubt of that. However, when Peter came to the years of discretion, Peter had sense enough in his noddle to discover, that "a rolling stane gathers no fog;" and having got an inkling of the penny-pie manufacture when he was a wee smout, he yoked to the baking trade, tooth and nail; and, in the course of years, thumped butter-bakes with his elbows to some purpose; so that, at the time of our colleaguering together, Peter was well to do in the

world—had bought his own bounds, and built new ones—could lay down the blunt for his article, and take the measure of the markets, by laying up wheat in his granaries against the day of trouble—to wit—rise of prices.

"Well, Peter," said I to him, "seeing that ye read the newspapers, and have a notion of things, what think ye, just at the present moment, of affairs in general?"

Peter cocked up his lugs at this appeal, and, looking as wise as if he had been Solomon's nephew, gave a knowing smirk, and said,—

"Is it foreign or domestic affairs that you are after, Maister Wauch? for the question is a six quarters wide one."

I was determined not to be beat by man of woman born; so I answered with almost as much cleverality as himself, "Oh, Mr. Farrel, as to our foreign concerns, I trust I am over loyal a subject of George the Third, to have any doubt at all about them, as the Bonaparte is yet to be born that will ever beat our regulars abroad—to say nothing of our volunteers at home; but what think you of the paper specie—the national debt—borough reform—the poor-rates—and the Catholic question?"

I do not think Peter jealousd I ever had so much in my noddle; but when he saw I had put him to his nettle, he did his best to give me satisfactory answers to my queries, saying, that till gold came in fashion, it would not be for my own interest, or that of my family, to refuse bank notes, for which he would, any day of the year, give me as many quarter loaves as I could carry, to say nothing of coorse flour for the prentices' scones, and bran for the pigs—that the national debt would take care of itself long after both him and I were gathered to our fathers; and that individual debt was a much more hazardous, pressing, and personal concern, far more likely to come home to our more immediate bosoms and businesses—that the best species of borough reform was every one's com-

mencing to make amendment in their own lives and conversations—that poor-rates were likely to be worse before they were better; and that, as to the Catholic question,—“But, Mansie,” said he, “it would give me great pleasure to hear your candid and judicious opinion of Popery and the Papists.”

I saw, with half an ee, that Peter was trying to put me to my mettle, and I devoutly wished, that I had had James Batter at my elbow, to have given him play for his money—James being the longest-headed man that ever drove a shuttle between warp and woof; but, most fortunately, just as I was going to say, that “every honest man, who wished well to the good of his country, could only have one opinion on that subject,”—we came to the bye-road, that leads away off on the right hand side down to Hawthorn-den; and we observed, from the curious ringle, that one of the naig’s fore-shoon was loose; which consequently put an end to the discussion of this important national question, before Peter and I had time to get it comfortably settled to the world’s satisfaction.

The upshot was, that we were necessitated to dismount, and lead the animal by the head, forward to Kitterig, where Mackturk Sparrible keeps his smith’s shop; in order that, with his hammer, he might make fast the loose nails:—and that him and his foresman did in a couple of hurries; me and Peter looking over them, while they pelt pelted away with the beast’s foot between their knees, as if we had been a couple of grand gentlemen incog.; and so we were to him.

After getting ourselves again decently mounted, and giving Sparrible a consideration for his trouble, Peter took occasion, from the horse casting its shoe, to make a few apropos moral observations, in the manner of the Rev. Mr. Wiggle, on the uncertainties which it is every man’s lot to encounter in the weariful pilgrimage of human life. “There is many a slip ’tween the cup and the lip,” said Peter.

“And indeed, Mr. Farrel, ye never spoke a truer word,” said I. “We are here to-day—yonder to-morrow; this moment we are shining like the mid-day sun, and on the next, pugh! we go out like the snuff of a candle.”

“But, Maister Wauch,” quo’ Peter, who was a hearer of the Parish Church, “you dissenting bodies aye take the black side of things; never considering that the doubtful shadows of affairs sometimes brighten up into the cloudless daylight. For instance, now, there was an old fellow-apprentice of my father’s, who, like myself, was a baker, his name was Charlie Cheeper; and, both his father and mother dying, when he was yet hardly in trowsers, he would have been left without a hame in the world, had not an old widow woman, who had long lived next door to them, and whose only breadwinner was her spinning-wheel, taken the wee wretchie in to share her morsel. For several years, as might naturally have been expected, the callant was a perfect dead-weight on the concern, and perhaps, in her hours of greater distress, the widow regretted the heedlessness of her Christian charity; but Charlie had a winning way with him, and she could not find it in her heart to turn him to the door. By the time he was seven,—and a ragged coute he was as ever stepped without shoes,—he could fend for himself, by running messages—holding horses at shop doors—winning bools and selling them—and so on; so that, when he had collected half-a-crown in a penny pig, the widow sent him to the school, where he got on like a hatter, and, in a little while, could both read and write. When he was ten, he was bound apprentice to Saunders Snaps, in the Back-row, whose grandson has yet, as you know, the sign of the Wheat Sheaf; and for five years he behaved himself like his betters.

“Well, sir, when his time was out, Charlie had an ambition to see the world; and, by working for a month or two as a journeyman in the Grass-market of Edinburgh, he raked as

much together, as took him up to London in the steerage of a Leith smack. For several years nothing was heard of him, except an occasional present of a shawl, or so on, to the widow, who had been so kind to him in his helpless years; and at length a farewell present of some little money came to her, with his blessing for past favors, saying that he was off for good and all to America.

"In the course of time, Widow Amos became frail and sandblind. She was unable to work for herself, and the charity she had shown to others, no one seemed disposed to extend to her. Her only child, Jeanie Amos, was obliged to leave her service, and come home to the house of poverty, to guard her mother's grey hairs from accident, and to divide with her the little she could make at the trade of mangling; for, with the money that Charlie Cheeper had sent, before leaving the country, the old woman had bought a calendar, and let it out to the neighbors at so much an hour; honest poverty having many shifts.

"Matters had gone on in this way for two or three fitful years; and Jeanie, who, when she had come home from service, was a buxom and blooming lass, although yet but a wee advanced in her thirties, began to show, like all earthly things, that she was wearing past her best. Some said that she had lost hopes of Charlie's return; and others, that, come lame when he liked, he would never look over his left shoulder after her.

"Well, sir, as fact as death, I mind myself, when a laddie, of the rumpus the thing made in the town. One Saturday night, a whole washing of old Mrs. Pernickity's, that had been sent to be calendared, vanished like lightning, no one knew where: the old lady was neither to hold nor bind; and nothing would serve her, but having both the old woman and her daughter committed to the Tolbooth. So to the Tolbooth they went, weeping and wailing; followed by a crowd, who cried loudly out at the sin and iniquity of the proceeding; because

the honesty of the prisoners, although impeached, was unimpeachable; the mob were furious; and before the Sunday sun arose, old Mrs. Pernickity awakened with a sore throat, every pane of her windows having been miraculously broken during the dead hours.

"The mother and the daughter were kept in custody until the Monday; when, as they were standing, making a declaration of their innocence before the justices, who should come in but Francie Deep, the Sheriff officer, with an Irish vagrant and his wife,—two tinklers, who were lodging in the Back-row, and in whose possession the bundle was found bodily, basket and all. Such a cheering as the folk set up; it did all honest folk's hearts good to hear it. Mrs. Pernickity and her lass, to save their bacon, were obliged to be let out by a back door; and, as the Justices were about to discharge the two prisoners, who had been so unjustly and injuriously suspected, a stranger forced his way to the middle of the floor, and took the old woman in his arms!"

"Charlie Cheeper returned, for a gold guinea," said I.

"And no other it was," said Peter, resuming his comical story. "The world had flowed upon him to his heart's desire. Over in Virginia he had given up the baking business, and commenced planter; and, after years of industrious exertion, having made enough and to spare, he had returned to spend the rest of his days, in peace and plenty in his native town."

"Not to interrupt you," added I, "Mr. Farrel, I think I could wager something mair."

"You are a witch of a guesser I see, Mansie," said Peter; "and I see what you are at. Well, sir, you are right again. For, on the very day week that Patrick Makillaguddy and his spouse got their heads shaved, and were sent to beat hemp in the New Bridewell on the Caltonhill, Jeanie Amos became Mrs. Cheeper; the calendar and the spinning-wheel were both burned by a crowd of wicked weans,

before old Mrs. Pernickity's door, raising such a smoke as almost smeaked her to a rizzar'd haddock; and the old widow, under the snug room of her ever grateful son-in-law, spent the remainder of her Christian life in peace and prosperity."

"That story ends as it ought," said I, "Mr. Farrel; neither Jew nor Gentile dare dispute that; and as to the telling of it, I do not think man of woman born, except maybe James Batter, who is a nonsuch, could have handled it more prettily. I like to hear virtue aye getting its ain reward."

As these 'dividual words were falling from my lips, we approached the end of our journey, the Roslin-Inn-house heaving in sight, at the door of which me and Peter louped out, an hostler, with a yellow-striped waistcoat, and white calico sleeves, meantime holding the naig's head, in case it should spend aff, and capsize the concern. After seeing the horse and gig put into the stable, Peter and I pulled up our shirt-necks, and after looking at our watches, as if time was precious, oxtered away, arm-in-arm, to see the Chapel, which surpasses all, and beats cockfighting.

It is an unaccountable thing to me, how the auld folk could afford to build such grand kirks and castles. If once gold was like slate-stones, there is a weariful change now-a-days, I must confess; for, so to speak, gold guineas seem to have taken flight from the land along with the witches and warlocks, and posterity are left as toom in the pockets as rookit gamblers.

But if the mammon of precious metals be now totally altogether out of the world, weel-a-wat we had a curiosity still, and that was a cleipy woman with a long stick, that rhaemed away, and better rhaemed away, about the Prentice's Pillar, who got a knock on the pow from his jealous blackguard of a master—and about the dogs and the deer,—and Sir Thomas this-thing and my Lord tother-thing, who lay buried beneath the broad flagstones in their rusty coats of armor—and such a heap of havers,

that no throat was wide enough to swallow them for gospel, although geyan entertaining I allow. However, it was a real farce; that is certain.

Oh, but the building was a grand and overpowering sight, making man to dree the sense of his own insignificance, even in the midst of his own handiwork. First, we looked over our shoulders to the grand carved roofs, where the swallows swee-sweed, as they darted through the open windows, and the yattering sparrows fed their gorbals in the far boles; and syne we looked shuddering down into the dark vaults, where nobody in their senses could have ventured, though Peter Farrel, being a rash, courageous body, was keen on it, having heard less than I could tell him of such places being haunted by the spirits of those who have died or been murdered within them in the bloody days of the old times; or of their being so full of foul air, as to extinguish man's breath in his nostrils like the snuff of a candle. Though no man should throw his life into jeopardy, yet I commend all for taking timeous recreation—the King himself on the throne not being able to live without the comforts of life; and even the fifteen Lords of Session, with as much powder on their wigs as would keep a small family in loaves for a week, requiring air and exercise after sentencing vagabonds to be first hanged, and then their clothes given to Jock Heich, and their bodies to Doctor Monroe.

Before going out to inspect the wonderfuls, we had taken the natural precaution to tell the goodman of the inn, that we would be back to take a chack of something from him, at such and such an hour; and, having had our bellyful of the Chapel,—and the Prentice's Pillar,—and the vaults,—and the cleipy auld wife with the lang stick,—we found that we had still half an hour to spare; so took a stroll into the Kirkyard, to see if we could find out if any of the martyrs had been buried there-away-about.

We saw a good few head-stones, you may make no doubt, both ancient and modern ; but nothing out of the coorse of nature ; so, the day being pleasant, Mr. Farrel and me sat down on a through-stane, below an old hawthorn, and commenced chatting on the Pentland Hills—the river Esk—Pennicuick—Glencorse—and all the rest of the beautiful country within sight. A mooly auld skull was lying among the grass, and Peter, as he spoke, was aye stirring it about with his stick.

“I never touched a dead man’s bones in my life,” said I to Peter, “nor would I for a sixpence. Who might that have belonged to, now, I wonder ? Maybe to a baker or a tailor, in his day and generation, like you and I, Peter : or maybe to ane of the great Sinclairs with their coats-of-mail, that the auld wife was crackin’ so crouselly about ?”

“Deil may care,” said Peter ; “but are you really frightened to touch a skull, Mansie ? You would make a bad doctor I’m doubting, then ; to say nothing of a resurrection man.”

“Doctor ! I would not be a doctor for all the gold and silver on the walls of Solomon’s temple——”

“Yet you would think the young doctors suck in their trade with their mother’s milk, and could cut off one another’s heads as fast as look at you.—Speaking of skulls,” added Peter, “I mind when my father lived in the under flat of the three-story house at the top of Dalkeith street, that the Misses Skinflints occupied the middle story, and Doctor Chickenweed had the one above, with the garrets, in which was the laboratory.

“Weel, ye observe, in getting to the shop, it was not necessary to knock at the Doctor’s door, but just proceed up the narrow wooden stair, facing the top of which was the shop-door, which, for light to the customers’ feet, was generally allowed to stand open.

“For a long time, the Doctor had heard the most unearthly noises in his house,—as if a thunder-bolt was in the habit of coming in at one of the sky-

lights, and walking down stairs ; and the Misses Skinflints had more than once nearly got their door carried off the hinges ; so they had not the life of dogs, for constant startings and surprises. At first they had no faith in ghosts ; but, in the course of time, they came to be alike doubtful on that point ; but you shall hear.

“The foundation of the mystery was this. The three mischievous laddies—the apprentices—after getting their daily work over, of making pills and potions for his Majesty’s unfortunate subjects, took to the trick of mounting a human skull, like that, upon springs, so that it could open its mouth, and setting it on a stand at the end of the counter, could make it gape, and turn from side to side by pulling the string.

“The door being left purposely agee,—whenever the rascals saw a fit subject—they set the skull a-moving and a-gaping ; the consequence of which was, that many a poor customer descended without counting the number of steps, and after bouncing against Dr. Chickenweed’s panels, played flee down to try the strength of those of the Misses Skinflints. One of the two instantly darted down after the vanished patient ; and, after assisting her or him,—whichever it might chance to be,—to gain their feet, begged of them not to mention what they had seen, as the house was haunted by the ghost of an old maiden aunt of their master’s, who had died abroad, and that the thing would hurt his feelings, if ever it came to his ears.”

“Dog on me,” said I, “if ever I heard of such a trick, since ever I was born ! What was the upshot ?”

“The upshot was, that the thing might have continued long enough, and the laboratory been left as deserted as Tadmor in the Wilderness, had not a fat old woman fallen, one day, perfectly through the Doctor’s door, and dislocated her ankle,—which unfortunately incapacitated her from making a similar attack on that of the Misses Skinflints. The consequence was, that the conspiracy was detected

—the Doctor's aunt's ghost laid—and the fat old woman carried down on a shutter to her bed, where she lay till her ankle grew better in the course of nature."

It being near the hour at which we had ordered our dinner to be ready, we rose up from the tombstone; and, after taking a snuff out of Peter's box, we returned, arm in arm, to the tavern, to lay in a stock of provisions.

Peter Farrel was a warm-hearted, thorough-going fellow, and did not like half-measures, such as swallowing the sheep, and worrying on the tail; so, after having ate as many strawberries as we could well stow away, he began trying to fright me with stories of folk taking the elic passion,—the colic,—the mulligrubs,—and other deadly maladies, on account of neglecting to swallow a drop of something warm to qualify the coldness of the fruit; so, after we had discussed good part of a fore-quarter of lamb and chopped cabbage, the latter a prime dish, we took first one jug, and syne another, till Peter was growing tongue-tied, and as red in the face as a bubbly-jock; and, to speak the truth, my own een began to reel with the merli-goes. In a jiffy, both of us found our hearts waxing so brave, as to kick and spur at all niggardly hesitation; and we leuch and thumped on the good-man of the inn-house's mahogany table, as if it had been warranted never to break. In fact, we were as furious and obstrapulous as two unchristened Turks; and it was a mercy that we ever thought of rising to come away at all. At the long and the last, however, we found ourselves mounted and trotting home at no allowance, me telling Peter, as far as I mind, to give the beast a good creish, and not to be frightened.

The evening was fine, and warmer than we could have wished, our cheeks glowing like dragoons' jackets; and as we passed like lightning through among the trees, the sun was setting with a golden glory in the west, between the Pentland and the Corstorphine Hills, and flashing in upon us

through the branches at every opening. About half way on our road back, we forgathered with Robbie Maut, drucken body, shug-shugging away home, keeping the trot with his tale, and his bit arm shake-shaking at his tae side, on his grey sheltie; so, after carhailing him, we bragged him to a race full gallop, for better than a mile to the toll. The damage we did, I dare not pretend to recollect. First, we knocked over two drunk Irishmen, that were singing "Erin-go-Bragh," arm-in-arm,—syne we rode over the top of an old woman with a wheelbarrow of cabbages,—and when we came to the toll, which was kept by a fat man with a red waistcoat, Robbie's pony, being like all Highlanders, a wilful creature, stopped all at once; and though he won the half mutchkin by getting through first, after driving over the tollman, it was at the expense of poor Robbie's being ejected from his stirrups like a battering ram, and disappearing head-foremost through the tollhouse window, which was open.

At the time, all was war and rebellion with the tollman, assault and battery, damages, broken panes, and what not; but, with skilful management, and a few words in the private ear of Mr. Rory Sneekdrawer, the penny-writer, we got matters southered up when we were in our sober senses, though I shall not say how much it cost us both in preaching and pocket, to make the man keep a calm sough, as to bringing us in for the penalty, which would have been deadly. I think black burning shame of myself to make mention of such ploys and pliskies; but, after all, it is better to make a clean breast.

Hame at last we got, making fire flee out of the Dalkeith causeway stones like mad, and we arrived at our own door between nine and ten at night, still in a half-seas-overish state. I had, nevertheless, sense enough about me remaining, to make me aware that the best place for me would be my bed; so, after making Nanse bring the bottle and glass to the door on a server, to give Peter Farrel a dram

by way of "doch-an-dorris," as the Gaelic folk say, we wished him a good-night, and left him to drive home the bit gig, with a broken shaft spliced with ropes, to his own bounds, little jealousy, as we heard next morning, that he would be thrown over the back of it, without being hurt, by taking too sharp a turn at the corner.

After a tremendous sound sleep, I was up betimes in the morning, though a wee drumly about the head, anxious to inquire at Tommy Bodkin, the head of the business department, me being absent, if any extraordinars had occurred on the yesterday; and found that the only particular customer making inquiries anent me, was our old friend, Cursecowl, savage for the measure of a killing-coat, which he wanted made as fast as directly. Though dreadfully angry at finding me from home, and unco swithering at first, he at length, after a volley of oaths enough to have opened a stone wall, allowed Tommy Bodkin to take his inches; but as he swore and went on speaking nonsense all the time, Tommy's hand shook, partly through fear, and partly through anxiety; and if he went wrong in making a nick in the paper here and there in the wrong place, it was no more than might have been looked for, from his fright and inexperience.

In the twinkle of an eye-lid, I saw that there was some mortal mistake in the measurement; as, unless Cursecowl had lost beef at no allowance, I knew, judging from the past, that it would not peep on his corpus by four

inches. The matter was, however, now past all earthly remedie, and there was nothing to be done but trusting to good fortune, and allowing the killing-coat to take its chance in the world. How the thing happened, I have bothered and beat my brains to no purpose to make out, and it remains a wonderful mystery to me to this blessed day; but by long thought on the subject, both when awake and in my bed, and by multifarious cross-questionings at Tommy's self, concerning the paper measurings, I am devoutly inclined to think, that he mistook the nicking of the side-seams and the shoulder-strap, for the girth of the belly-band.

For more than a week, there was nothing but open war and rebellion throughout the parish, Cursecowl making the whole town of Dalkeith stand on end. I saw that he was not likely soon to hold out a flag of truce, so I judged it best for both parties to sound a parley; and offer either to take back the coat, or refund part of the purchase-money. James Batter was sent as ambassador, and the latter was agreed on; Cursecowl accepting ten shillings by way of blood-money, and making a legacy of the coat to his nephew, young Killim. The laddie was a perfect world's-wonder every Sunday, until he at last rebelled, and fairly threw it aff; and I was always in bodily terror, that, had he gone to Edinburgh, he would have been taken up by the police, on suspicion of being a highway-robber.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"And dreams, in their developement, have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by."—BYRON.

O SPIRIT-LAND! thou land of dreams!
A world thou art of mysterious gleams,
Of startling voices, and sounds at strife—
A world of the dead in the hues of life.

Like a wizard's magic glass thou art,
When the wary shadows float by and part ;
Visions of aspects now lov'd, now strange,
Glimmering and mingling in ceaseless change.

Thou art like a City of the Past,
With its gorgeous halls into fragments cast,
Amidst whose ruins there glide and play,
Familiar forms of the world's to-day.

Thou art like the depths where the seas have birth,
Rich with the wealth that is lost from earth—
All the blighted flowers of our days gone by,
And the buried gems in thy bosom lie.

Yes ! thou art like those dim sea-caves,
A realm of treasures, a realm of graves !
And the shapes, through thy mysteries that come and go,
Are of Beauty and Terror, of Power and Woe.

But for *me*, O thou picture-land of sleep !
Thou art all one world of affections deep—
And wrung from my heart is each flushing dye,
That sweeps o'er thy chambers of imagery.

And thy bowers are fair—even as Eden fair !
All the beloved of my soul are there !
The forms, my spirit most pines to see,
The eyes, whose love hath been life to me.

They are there—and each blessed voice I hear,
Kindly, and joyous, and silvery clear ;
But under-tones are in each, that say—
“ It is but a dream, it will melt away ! ”

I walk with sweet friends in the sunset's glow,
I listen to music of long ago ;
But one thought, like an omen, breathes faint through the lay—
“ It is but a dream, it will melt away ! ”

I sit by the hearth of my early days,
All the home-faces are met by the blaze—
And the eyes of the mother shine soft, yet say—
“ It is but a dream, it will melt away ! ”

And away, like a flower's passing breath, 'tis gone,
And I wake more sadly, more deeply lone !
Oh ! a haunted heart is a weight to bear—
Bright faces, kind voices !—where are ye, where ?

Shadow not forth, O thou land of dreams !
The past as it fled by my own blue streams—
Make not my spirit within me burn,
For the scenes and the hours that may ne'er return.

Call out from the *future* thy visions bright,
From the world o'er the grave take thy solemn light,
And oh ! with the Lov'd, when no more I see,
Show me my home, as it yet may be.

As it yet may be in some purer sphere,
No cloud, no parting, no sleepless fear ;
So my soul may bear on through the long, long day,
Till I go where the beautiful melts not away.

CHANGE.

BY L. E. L.

I would not care, at least so much, sweet Spring,
 For the departing color of thy flowers—
 The green leaves early falling from thy boughs—
 Thy birds so soon forgetful of their songs—
 Thy skies, whose sunshine ends in heavy showers ;—
 But thou dost leave thy memory, like a ghost,
 To haunt the ruined heart, which still recurs
 To former beauty ; and the desolate
 Is doubly sorrowful when it recalls
 It was not always desolate.

WHEN those eyes have forgotten the smile they wear now,
 When care shall have shadowed that beautiful brow—
 When thy hopes and thy roses together lie dead,
 And thy heart turns back pining to days that are fled—

Then wilt thou remember what now seems to pass
 Like the moonlight on water, the breath-stain on glass :
 Oh ! maiden, the lovely and youthful, to thee,
 How rose-touched the page of thy future must be !

By the past, if thou judge it, how little is there
 But flowers that flourish, but hopes that are fair ;
 And what is thy present ? a southern sky's spring,
 With thy feelings and fancies like birds on the wing.

As the rose by the fountain flings down on the wave
 Its blushes, forgetting its glass is its grave ;
 So the heart sheds its color on life's early hour,
 But the heart has its fading as well as the flower.

The charmed light darkens, the rose-leaves are gone,
 And life, like the fountain, floats colorless on.
 Said I, when thy beauty's sweet vision was fled,
 How wouldst thou turn, pining, to days like the dead !

Oh ! long ere one shadow shall darken that brow,
 Wilt thou weep like a mourner o'er all thou lovest now ;
 When thy hopes, like spent arrows, fall short of their mark ;
 Or, like meteors at midnight, make darkness more dark ;

When thy feelings lie fettered like waters in frost,
 Or, scattered too freely, are wasted and lost :
 For aye cometh sorrow, when youth has past by—
 What saith the Arabian ? Its memory 's a sigh.

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS, STATESMEN, &c.

No. VII.—MR. THOMAS MOORE.

(With a Portrait.)

POETRY is almost coeval with the origin of society. Nations in general had poets, even before they were acquainted with the elements of literature. This assertion may seem problematical to many ; but, if we reflect on the nature of the case, it is not so surprising as to be incredible. An occasional elevation of thought, a fit of animation, or a strong excitement, will lead the speaker into a course of diction superior to the tameness of ordinary conversation. Figurative and metaphorical language, forcible allusions and apt comparisons, drawn both from nature and from art, will

offer themselves to the mind of one who unites imagination with talent ; a measured cadence will soon follow ; and this species of amusement will at length become an art. Thus poetry may be supposed to have arisen. Sometimes it was left to make its own impression without accompaniment : on other occasions it was aided by the rude music of early times. After the introduction of writing, it necessarily became more regular in its construction, more elegant and refined.

The earliest poets of whose genius we have any remains, were those of the Hebrew race. The Greeks subsequently became famous in the poetic art, and were apparently the first nation that reduced it to precise and systematic rules. But a servile adherence to rule is disclaimed by many modern bards, who think that poets are privileged to soar above all critical laws. Genius, indeed, ought not to be closely fettered : yet every branch of literature may be improved by rules, because, in general, they are founded on common sense. The writer who now demands our notice is well acquainted with the *dicta* and the maxims of Aristotle and Longinus ; and, if he does not always observe them, it is because he ventures sometimes to think for himself.

Mr. Thomas Moore was born in Dublin about the year 1780. Being the son of a respectable merchant, he received a good education, first under Mr White, an able instructor, and afterwards at Trinity College, where his attainments as a classical scholar distinguished him above the generality of his fellow-students. In the year 1795 he became a member of the society of the Middle Temple. It was then his intention to study the law ; but he did not find it necessary to practise that profession. His inclinations leading him into another course, he devoted himself to poetry and elegant literature. His translation of Anacreon, published before he had completed his twenty-first year, evinced his learning and talent ; and it was soon followed by a volume of

poems, chiefly of an amatory complexion. Some of these pieces are neither loose nor indelicate ; but others seem to require the apology which the author made for them, alleging that they were the “ productions of an age when the passions very often give too warm a coloring to the imagination, which may palliate, if it cannot excuse, the air of levity that pervades so many of them.”

In 1803 he procured an appointment which gave him an opportunity of visiting the United States. Being a strenuous advocate for freedom, he anxiously observed the nature of the government and the state of society in the republic ; but he found the former less pure than he expected, and the latter less pregnant with comfort. He then repaired to St. George, one of the Bermuda islands, and began to act as registrar to the vice-admiralty court : but he did not long execute the office in person, being content to resign one half of the emolument to a deputy, by whose imputed acts of embezzlement he was afterwards subjected to trouble and vexation.

Continuing his literary pursuits, he at length established his fame by the beauties of *Lalla Rookh*. His illustration of a variety of national melodies, by appropriating characteristic poetry to each, highly gratified the public ; and the subsequent productions of his Muse did not (as is sometimes the case) detract from the prevailing opinion of his merit. He has also distinguished himself as a biographer. His *Life of Sheridan* is marked by spirit and ability, as well as by the graces of style ; and it is free from that partiality which is too frequently shown where the life of a selected individual is the object. His acquaintance with the history of his native country is displayed in the supposed *Memoirs of Captain Rock* ; and his satirical asperity is as conspicuous in that work, as in the account of the *Fudge family*.

But of all his works, the one which we think most worthy of his genius and reputation, and which will be a

durable monument to his fame, is "The Epicurean," published in 1827. Although written in prose, this is a poem, and a masterly poem, alike valued for its lustre and its purity. The style has all the liveliness which usually marks his compositions, and abounds in those sparkling illustrations which give animation to his poetic prose. Take, for example, some at random,—“fountains and lakes, in alternate motion and repose, either wantonly courting the verdure, or calmly sleeping in its embrace,”—“though melancholy, as usual, stood always near, her shadow fell but half-way over my vagrant path, and left the rest more welcome brilliant from the contrast,”—“I could distinguish some female tones, towering high and clear over all the rest, and forming the spire, as it were, into which the harmony lessened as it rose,”—“I saw the love-bower and the tomb

standing side by side, and pleasure and death keeping hourly watch upon each other.” The design is simple, and exhibits no remarkable mechanical ingenuity; but it is executed with a flowing pencil, and in warm and brilliant colors. There is no straining after vehemence and sublimity; but there is throughout, abundance of poetical thought and imagery, grace, refinement and pathos.

The chief features of Mr. Moore's poetry are grace and tenderness; yet he is not deficient in animation or in force. He seems to pour forth his whole soul when he treats of the enchanting passion of love; and, if the other feelings of the heart are not so well delineated by him, he at least touches them with an elegant pencil. He may be styled the minstrel of the day; for he is at once a poet, singer, composer, and instrumental performer.

VARIETIES.

“Come, let us stray
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk.”

ASIA MINOR.

THERE are few spots of earth visited by the traveller calculated to excite emotions more melancholy than those experienced by such as have passed over even the most frequented portions of Asia Minor. Except in the immediate vicinity of its cities, he encounters few traces of life or civilization; all beyond is “barren and unprofitable;” his path lies across plains tenanted by the stork and the jackal, or over hills whence the eye wanders along valleys, blooming in all the luxuriansness of neglected nature, or withering in loneliness and sterility. Throughout lands once adorned with the brightest efforts of genius and of art, and rife with the bustle and activity of a crowded population, his footstep will light upon nothing save the speaking monuments of decay, and his eye meet no living forms except those of his companions, or by chance

a dim prospect of the weary caravan, that creeps like a centipede across the plain, or winds amidst the mazes of distant hills. There are few scattered hamlets, and no straggling abodes of mankind; danger and apprehension have forced the remnant of its inhabitants to herd together in towns for mutual security, and to leave the deserted country to the bandit and the beast of prey. The wandering passenger pursues his listless route surrounded by privations and difficulties, by fatigue and apprehension, few beaten tracks to guide his course, and few hospitable mansions to shelter his weariness. By night he rests beside his camel in the karavan-serai; and by day he hurries along with no comforts save those which he carries with him, and no companions but his thoughts. But these are sufficient, and they spring up with every breath and at every turning: his very loneli-

ness is sublimity ; his only prospect, beauty ; he reclines upon earth, whose every clod is a sepulchre of greatness, and he is canopied by a sky

“ So cloudless, pure, and beautiful,
That God alone is to be seen in heaven.”

SENSIBILITY.

A rare instance of sensibility occurred in Paris not long since, in the person of a cook. He had, as he supposed, served up a dinner in the highest gastronomical perfection ; his master, however, either *faute de bon goût*, or from caprice, criticised some of the sauces severely. To survive such dishonor was impossible ; therefore Monsieur le Cuisinier stabbed himself in despair,—whether with his spit or a skewer, I have not as yet learned.

GAS ILLUMINATION.

The rosin-gas, which is now so successfully applied to the illumination of the London Institution, has just been adopted in the town of Windsor. There are several minor establishments in different parts of the country.

KAMTSCHATKA.

The Russian government has sent a skilful gardener to Kamtschatka, to instruct the inhabitants in the art of cultivating the earth to the greatest advantage. The climate of Kamtschatka is not so severe as is generally supposed ; and many vegetable productions may be raised there, with proper management.

ANECDOTE.

The smell of the gas-lights at Covent-Garden Theatre has been loudly complained of, and led to the temporary closing of the theatre. We cannot say that we are ourselves partial to scents of this kind, but the censors ought to be aware that even on such points there may exist varieties of taste. A lady of very high rank, so far from finding the smell of lamps disagreeable, was wont, when in the country, to lean over the stair balusters, and, blowing out the lights, inhale, with immense satisfaction, the

effluvia of the wicks, exclaiming, “ Ah ! this is delicious ; it puts me so much in mind of the Opera House ! ”

THE WORD “ AIRT.”

There is no English word synonymous with the Scotch “ Airt,” which must either be expressed by “ point of the compass,” or the general word “ direction.” The word itself is originally Erse. In Welch and Cornish it is *arth*, or bear ; whence, perhaps, *Arcturus*, one of the northern stars. In modern Irish it is *aird*, and seems to exist in the Teutonic *wart*, *locus*, a place. “ What *airt* is the wind ? ” is Scots for “ What *direction* is the wind ? ”

ANECDOTE OF JAMES VI.

When Buchanan was the tutor of James VI., in order to teach him to beware of granting requests too easily, he presented him with two papers to sign, which the prince at once did, without taking the trouble to read them. His astonishment may be guessed, when Buchanan showed him that he had signed a resignation of the thrones of Scotland and England to him (Buchanan) and his heirs.

ORIENTAL PREPARATION OF COFFEE.

The coffee is never roasted nor ground till about to be used, and is then considerably more burned, and reduced to a finer powder, than with us. In preparing it, a small tin vessel, holding exactly the quantity to be used (generally about a wine-glass full), is placed upon the fire, containing at the same time the coffee and sugar, all which are boiled together, poured into a little china cup, and, when the sediment has fallen to the bottom, drunk without any admixture of cream or milk.

NEW WORKS.

The Library of Religious Knowledge. To be conducted by Clergymen of the Church of England. A Number will appear every fortnight, price 6d.—Dunn’s Guatemala in 1827, 8vo.—Bible Stories, 12mo.—Dr. Channing’s Works, 8vo.

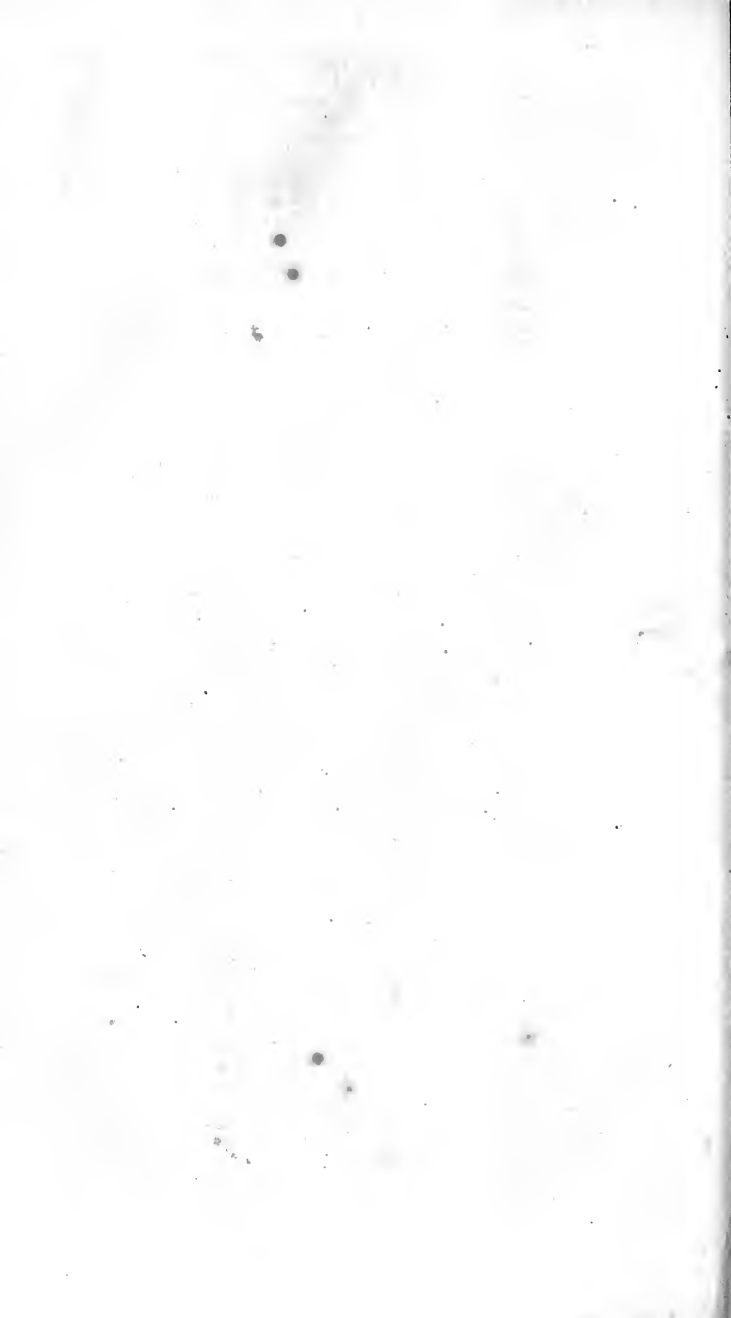


Illustration of the

LONDON FASHION

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GOLDEN EYE



SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THIRD SERIES.] BOSTON, MARCH 15, 1829. [VOL. 1, No. 12.

THE PRESENT STATE OF ENGLISH POETRY.

THE state of English poetry at the present period is of a very singular nature—what Mr. Coleridge would call a psychological curiosity; and what, even by a less learned appellation, is well worthy of some examination.

It is perfectly clear that, from whatever causes, the art has ceased in a great measure to stimulate the public; that it has lost its activity among the writers; that the most distinguished of our poets have grown reluctant to re-enter the field; and that the most vigorous exertion of our most vigorous poetic minds, is “a Ballad,”—a “Sonnet to a Mistress’s Eyebrow,”—“Lines in an Album,” or “Stanzas” in some of those graceful and costly little publications, which gather the poetic flowers for our Christmas firesides, like flowers in French vases, and in which the gilding and coloring of the vase form a large constituent of the popular charm. And the singularity of all this is, that it happens, not when the mind of England is dead, but when it is signally alive;—not when a general somnolency has wrapped faculties of all kinds in kindred dumbness, but when the land is echoing from every corner with the conflict of tongues;—not when men abjure the pen of their fathers, but when millions of those “winged arrows of good and evil,” are plunged in hourly inkstands; when, like the Athenians, our countrymen are perpetually “seeking

some new thing;” when the wheel of publication rolls round, like the wheel of day and night, from January to December, with no pause to cool its fiery axle; when all the dim and dry resources of old literature are forced into the service of new; when the libraries of the great are no more cemeteries of the souls and bodies of books, but open temples and promenades, for the worshipper of the Muse; when every man who can, or cannot, writes; and authorship has become a fourth estate in the legislature.

Yet the muse of muses droops her wing, or disdains to unfold it, but in those brief and partial flights which give us a mere glimpse of its plumage, and are done. The fact has struck other investigators; and the consultation of the “psychologists” has closed like many another, in leaving the matter more puzzled than ever.

We propose our own solution in turn, and propose it on the unequalled grounds of the grand principle of repletion. The world were overcharged with poetry. The banquet had lasted twenty years; and the human appetite must have been of extraordinary vigor to have lasted half the time. The feast was exquisite; but there is a limit to the utmost power of indulgence. This is the first law of pleasure. There is a corresponding law of production; that when the demand ceases, there is no prudence in accumulating the commodity.

The same course has been run by

every graceful art that has remained among us since the deluge.

England, Italy, France, Spain, all the leading European countries, have witnessed the same lapses of power in the whole family of the arts; and the only distinction of England, though an admirable one, is, that if they go down successively to the tomb, even within her vivid realms, there are periods when darkness gives them up again. In other lands, the sleeper sleeps forever.

The causes of poetry are so strongly implanted in the human heart, and so peculiarly fostered by the general education, the literary honors, and the national temperament of England, that there never has been a period in our intellectual history, for the last three hundred years, when poetry was without its fame. No traveller, in the worst of our days, could wander from our Dan to Beersheba, and say that all was barren. But the excitement that distinguished the last quarter of a century, was of an order of such unforced and flourishing luxuriance, that it clothed the wilderness like a Russian steppe in spring.

It is singular that so rich a change should be traceable to a compilation, and that compilation so trivial, as Monk Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*. The work is long past away—it was never of any intrinsic value—all of it that exhibited literary power had been already before the public; and the inventions of the ingenious compiler himself were made for speedy oblivion. But it struck the key-note; it was the idle wind across the Æolian harp; and where a thousand stirring gusts had passed in vain, this whisper of the air awakened all the resources of the sleeping harmony.

A long train of admirable poets came forth, whose works, exhibiting every variety of style and beauty, will live as long as the language. But it is to the author of the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*," that the distinction of having first embodied the popular feeling in the cause of poetry, is due. The style of his poem is that one *par ex-*

cellence, which is made to delight the popular feeling in all its senses. The old chivalric stories of the ancestral life of England have always had a charm, from their mixture of the wild adventure, that the human heart, under all its changes, still loves; with the magnificence of princely life, and the solemnity and mystical pomp of that life of the priesthood, which, fearfully constructed to awe its own time, is to us only like the ruins of one of its own cathedrals, with all the sullenness and severe terror of the pile past away, the sun streaming through its open aisles and cells, and the seasons staining it with lovely dyes, and covering its old, grim sculptures with foliage and flowers.

The skill of the poet in English antiquity, his strong feeling of the romantic and picturesque, and the softness and fluency of his fine versification, formed on the ancient ballad, and indulging the ear and the memory together, gave the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*" remarkable popularity; and at once, by its intrinsic charm—by the reputation which it conferred on its author—and by the humbler, yet by no means unexciting evidence, that poetry might become a singularly productive species of toil, the whole multitude of the lovers of fame, of the muse, and of money, were roused to the pursuit.

It may be alleged against our theory, that no imitation of "*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*" ever appeared in this world of emulous imitation, or none that attracted any peculiar name. But the enigma is solved by the fact, which has been so curiously exemplified, in another department, on a still larger scale, by the same author. He suffered no man to take his discovery from him. Having got his patent signed and sealed in the court of the Nine, he put it into such unremitting activity, that no intruder could compete with the patentee. He had found the mine, and hour after hour he worked it, with a dexterity and national perseverance that gave no fellow adventurer time to break into his

lode. His success was complete ; his possession was undisturbed ; and when he abandoned the labor, he left few sanguine enough to think that the remaining product was worth the trouble of its extraction.

As it is not our purpose here to offer opinions on the genius of the other great poets of our time, but to trace the striking vicissitudes of popular feeling ; we pass through the long period in which poetry influenced and delighted the general mind, down to the new impulse given by the style of Byron. And even on this strange and powerful style, we shall not venture to fatigue the reader, with what must be the repetition of censures and praises heard for the thousandth time. We are now concerned only with its effects. It was made to close the poetic era : yet not more from the sudden and exclusive admiration of the writer's genius, than from the nature of his productions. The fierce and sullen spirit that characterized his pen was death to all the graceful conceptions under which poetry had won our worship so long. She was no more in the lovely and fantastic youth of the muse of the "*Last Minstrel*," nor in the full and fine-proportioned beauty of the riper time that followed. When Byron threw open the valves of the temple, she was the Pythia on the tripod, haggard and wild, with her youth stricken into premature age, and with the words of fate and scorn burning on the lips of a being made at once proud and miserable by the conscious inspiration.

The style became instantly popular, for it told of wrong, a tale in which every judge of his own cause feels sudden sympathy ; it exaggerated the delights of that life of adventure, for which all men have a lurking fondness ; it talked with rapture of the power of beauty, and with enthusiasm of the resistless empire of passion : all popular with the multitude. It harangued loftily on the glories of holding human opinion in contempt, and of following the impulse of that contempt through all hazards ; of

fame, as a prize to be sought through good and evil ; and of enjoyment, as to be chiefly purchased by trampling down the irksome duties of common life ; of crime, as finding, not simply its palliative, but its authority, in intellectual preëminence ; and of that preëminence, as finding its native distinction in the magnitude, boldness, and firmness of its tread into that world of darkness, where Crime and Confusion sit twin despots on the same fiery throne. Doctrines like these must find partisans in the common corruption and insolence of spirit, that make so large a portion of living society ; even if they were transmitted from the lips of children. But Byron uttered them with the power of a true poet. The sternest vigor of language was condensed into his words ; the richest and sometimes the most touching illustrations diversified the sullen fervor of his poetry ; and, like the story of the hearers of the Athenian orator, who were awed at a distance by the majesty of his gesture ; nearer still, charmed by the melody of his voice ; and nearer still, subdued by the force of his language ; the great poet had grasp and captivation for all.

But he produced no followers ; his dynasty was cut off with himself : and this, for the obvious reason, that his power was urged to its extreme. He went to the farthest limit at which scorn, spleen, and the rending open of private sufferings and sensibilities, could be tolerated. In him they were endured for the sake of their presumed reality ; yet even in him they had begun to be tiresome. But in another, had that other possessed Lord Byron's faculty of verse, or a higher faculty still, the same strain of continual querulousness would have been burlesque, and the tragedy must have closed in laughter. The rejection of society, or by society ; the sickly and bilious frame ; the domestic quarrel ; the insults given and received in an unlucky connexion with an alienated and strangely unconciliating kindred, were essential to Lord

Byron's authorship—were the living stimulants of his mental epicurism. They were more, they were its only food. Like the Theriaki of Constantinople, he lived solely upon doses, of which the slightest would have extinguished the career of others. He diversified surcharges of opium by surcharges of corrosive sublimate. And, like the Theriaki, his life was a dream, and that dream alternately of the magnificent and the miserable—a vision of Paradise, and of sorrow unassuaged, remorseless exile, and consuming flame.

But while the popularity of this style remained alive upon the public mind, none other could be attempted with a prospect of success. The human heart loves tragedy. The English are eminently fond of deep and fierce emotion; and after having "supped full of horrors" with the noble bard, they could not easily turn to the lighter banquet. But who could be in a condition to follow the career in which this man of misfortune and fame had so long rode at the head of English poetry?—or in what writer, however furnished with domestic evils, could the same compound of ill luck be gathered once more, with any tolerable credibility?

Thus sank into its long sleep the poetry of England. The attempts since made to awaken it, have been

made chiefly by female writers, some of whom have done the female genius honor, by the grace and purity of their pens. But after all, poetry is a masculine art, and is made for something more than the celebration of the birth of the "first rose," or the death of the "last leaf." It is a stately and superb thing, like nature itself; and rejoices in the display of great powers on a great scale. It may not be without its pleasure in the minor beauties of the glorious landscape that lies within the range of its vision: it can enjoy the coloring of flowers and the song of birds;—but its true elevation is in the grander features and powers; in the moral storm; in the developement of those awful materials of good and ill, which lie hidden in clouds and darkness until the appointed hour; in the discovery of the mighty influences by which the whole moral atmosphere is loaded with sudden gloom, or the gloom chased away by new-born, and scarcely less awful, splendor.

There have, however, been several poems lately published, which furnish a proof that the poetic spirit is still cherished among us; and the more important proof, that there still exists a latent vigor and feeling by which, when the excitement of public celebrity shall be brought into action, striking results may be achieved.

THE CHURCHYARD.

BY L. E. L.

The shadow of the church falls o'er the ground,
Hallowing its place of rest; and here the dead
Slumber, where all religious impulses,
And sad and holy feelings, angel like,
Make the spot sacred with themselves, and wake
Those sorrowful emotions in the heart
Which purify it, like a temple meet
For an unearthly presence. Life, vain Life,
The bitter and the worthless, wherefore here
Do thy remembrances intrude?

THE willow shade is on the ground,
A green and solitary shade;
And many a wild flower on that mound
Its pleasant summer home has made.

And every breath that waves a leaf
Flings down upon the lonely flowers
A moment's sunshine, bright and brief—
A blessing looked by passing hours.

Those sweet, vague sounds are on the air,
Half sleep, half song—half false, half true,
As if the wind that brought them there
Had touched them with its music too.

It is the very place to dream
Away a twilight's idle rest :
Where Thought floats down a starry stream,
Without a shadow on its breast.

Where Wealth, the fairy gift, 's our own,
Without its low and petty cares ;
Where Pleasure some new veil has thrown
To hide the weary face she wears.

Where hopes are high, yet cares come not,
Those fellow-waves of life's drear sea,
Its froth and depth—where Love is what
Love only in a dream can be.

I cannot muse beside that mound—
I cannot dream beneath that shade—
Too solemn is the haunted ground
Where Death his resting-place has made.

I feel my heart beat but to think
Each pulse is bearing life away ;
I cannot rest upon the grave,
And not feel kindred to its clay.
* * *

There is a name upon the stone—
Alas ! and can it be the same—
The young, the lovely, and the loved ?—
It is too soon to bear thy name.

Too soon !—oh no, 'tis best to die
Ere all of life save breath is fled :
Why live when feelings, friends and hopes,
Have long been numbered with the dead ?

But thou, thy heart and cheek were bright ;
No check, no soil had either known ;
The angel natures of yon sky
Will only be to thee thine own.

Thou knew'st no rainbow-hopes that weep
Themselves away to deeper shade ;
Nor Love, whose very happiness
Should make the wakening heart afraid.

The green leaves e'en in spring that fall,
The tears the stars at midnight weep,
The dewy wild-flowers—such as these
Are fitting mourners o'er thy sleep.

For human tears are lava-drops,
That scorch and wither as they flow ;
Then let them flow for those who live,
And not for those who sleep below.

Oh, weep for those whose silver chain
Has long been loosed, and yet live on—
The doomed to drink of life's dark wave,
Whose golden bowl has long been gone !

Ay, weep for those, the wearied, worn,
Dragged downward by some earthly tie,
By some vain hope, some vainer love,
Who loathe to live, yet fear to die.

THE ROBBER'S TOWER. A TRUE ADVENTURE.

AFTER a long period of debility, the consequence of a dangerous wound received in the great "Battle of the Nations," fought near Leipzig, I found myself so far recruited in the autumn of 1815, as to undertake a long-planned excursion to the residence of a widowed aunt, who lived, with two daughters, on the family estate of her deceased husband, near the sources of the Elbe, in Bohemia. I proceeded by slow journeys, and at noon, on the fifth day after my departure from Berlin, reached a small post town, a few miles from my destination. Here I heard, with inexpressible sorrow, that my aunt had very recently lost her eldest daughter, a lovely girl of eighteen, by fever. I had not seen my cousin since her childhood, but my reminiscences of a delightful visit to my hospitable aunt during the happy days of boyhood were acutely roused by this afflicting intelligence ;

and to save my bereaved relatives from the agonizing necessity of announcing their loss, I folded some crape round the sleeve of my uniform, and, with no enviable feelings, journeyed onward to the house of mourning. About a mile from the little post-town my carriage turned a sharp angle on the road, and suddenly one of the finest prospects in this romantic district burst upon me. Between the giant stems of a dozen venerable oaks I beheld a wide and fertile vale, through which the infant Elbe was gliding like a silver serpent. The middle ground was varied by green and swelling hills, crowned with copses of oak and beech, while in the distance towered the vast and awful forms of the venerable Giant mountains. On the slope of the highest intermediate hill stood the modern and elegant mansion of my aunt, surrounded by a well-wooded park, above

which, on the summit of a dark and frowning rock, appeared the decayed but still imposing castle of my late uncle's ancestors, which retained its ancient and characteristic name of the "Robber's Tower." A large portion of this once extensive pile was now a shapeless mass of stones, over which the giant ivy mantled in green and prodigal luxuriance; but the keep, a round tower of vast dimensions, still defied the tooth of time, and threw up its lofty head with Titan grandeur.

During my slow progress up the hilly roads, I recognized many spots endeared to me by vivid recollections of former enjoyment, but now they suggested no pleasurable associations; my fancy was haunted by the image of the disconsolate mother, and I could find no relief from depressing anticipations but in the hope that my unexpected arrival would afford at least a temporary relief to the mourners. The afternoon was considerably advanced when I arrived at the house; and my poor aunt, to whom the crape on my arm revealed my knowledge of her recent loss, clasped me in a maternal embrace, and, leaning her head upon my shoulder, sobbed aloud. Her once full and finely formed person was wasted with sorrow and want of sleep, and her expressive features were furrowed with the lines of deep and heart-rending misery. She was the living image of woe and desolation. "Dearest nephew!" she said at length, in a low and broken voice, "why did you not arrive three weeks sooner? You would then have found me rich and happy in the possession of two daughters; but it has pleased Heaven for wise purposes to sear me to the quick, and to deprive me of a moiety of all I valued in this world: for what has a widowed mother on this earth but her children!" At this moment entered Julia, her surviving daughter, a beautiful girl of seventeen; but grief had preyed upon her bloom, and her cheek was fair and spotless as her snowy neck, which rose in delicate proportion from the crape handkerchief which shaded her

youthful bosom. She had heard of my arrival, and, while the ready tears started into her large and expressive blue eyes, she permitted me to salute her cheek, but her emotion forbade all audible welcome. Feeling how premature would be all attempts at consolation, I gradually led my aunt and cousin to discourse of the departed Cecilia, and had ere long the pleasure to see them more tranquil, and able to speak of her with comparative firmness and resignation. From their conversation I gathered that she was perfectly conscious of her approaching death, but was nevertheless apprehensive of premature interment, and earnestly besought her mother to have the vault under the large round tower converted into a sepulchre, and to place there her unscrewed coffin in an open sarcophagus. The tender mother eagerly promised to comply with the last wish of her darling child, and the pall which covered the coffin was daily moistened with the tears of the desolate survivors.

With a view to cheer the spirits of my aunt and cousin, whose health had visibly suffered from long confinement, I proposed a walk round the park. Avoiding the lower road which led to the sepulchre, I conducted my companions up a steep and well-remembered path, which brought us to a higher level of the castle ruins. Here an agreeable surprise awaited me. When I had played a boy about this ancient pile, all approach to the baron's hall and the apartments in the tower was impracticable, owing to the entire destruction of the lower staircases; but with a view to better security of person and property in case the not distant tide of war should roll through this secluded district, the baroness had ordered the construction of a staircase terminating in a long corridor, which connected the apartments in the great tower with a fine old baronial hall in tolerable preservation, and accessible only by a small door from the corridor, in consequence of the two grand entrances having been blocked up by large masses of ruin.

In this noble apartment every trace of decay had now disappeared. A new flooring of polished oak, new furniture of massive and appropriate design, and new casements of stained glass which admitted a soft and chequered light through the tall and narrow windows, proved the tasteful application of abundant means. In each corner of the hall stood a vast iron stove of antiquated form, with the family arms curiously emblazoned; and on the walls hung some large oil paintings, bearing the stains and wrinkles of two or three centuries; but, having been recently cleaned and varnished, they were still, at some distance from the eye, wonderfully effective. The most striking of these were a wolf hunt, drawn with a display of bone and muscle not unworthy of Reubens; two battle-pieces from the days of chivalry; and the catastrophe of a mortal combat between two mailed knights. In the last, especially, the artist had produced an effect as powerful as it was appropriate and true. Observing how much I was struck by this old picture, my aunt told me that a clue to the subject had been found in an old family chronicle, written by the successive castle-chaplains. The prostrate knight was the valiant Bruno of Rothfels, who was killed in single combat about three hundred years since by Gotthard, then lord of the "*Robber's Tower*." The dying man was unhelmed, and his life-blood, issuing from a wide gash across his throat, had flowed in torrents over his breastplate. The convulsed features and glazed eye-balls of the wounded man told his approaching death, while his clenched right-hand was raised towards heaven, as if imprecating his adverse fortune, and his left was grasping the blood-stained grass. I gazed upon this singular picture until I fancied that I saw the sinewy limbs of the wounded knight quivering with convulsive effort, and almost thought I heard the death-rattle in his throat. When I described to my companions the strange impression which this scene of blood had produced upon my

imagination, they acknowledged a similar feeling, and begged me to quit a place which they rarely entered, from an invincible reluctance to encounter this painfully effective picture. Returning to the corridor, I observed at its extremity a low arched iron door, secured with a bar of iron and large padlock. Inquiring to what part of the castle it conducted, my aunt informed me that it was the entrance of an old armory, which occupied the upper floor of a low square tower containing the castle dungeons; and, being massive and fire-proof, she had availed herself of its security to place there some plate and other valuables, until the Austrian deserters and other marauders, who occasionally committed outrages upon private property, had been taken or dispersed by the police. Above the iron door was suspended another old picture which immediately absorbed my attention. A young and lovely woman, in the garb of a nun, was kneeling in prayer before a shrined image of the Virgin. A beautiful infant boy lay dead and bleeding at her feet—wild despair and delirious agony spoke in every feature of the kneeling mother, and contrasted strangely with the lifeless, stony look of the image above. "Good Heaven!" I exclaimed, "what means this horrid picture?"

"It is a portrait of the hapless Leah," replied my aunt, "the daughter of the dying knight in the baron's hall. Her young affections were secretly given to Gotthard, his opponent, who had in some forest-feud incurred her father's hatred. Forced by her despotic parent to take the veil, she broke her vows, and fled with her lover to this castle, where she became the mother of a lovely boy; but when Gotthard had long and vainly sought to obtain for her a dispensation from her vows, her wounded conscience preyed upon her reason, and, in a moment of delirium, she destroyed her infant and swallowed poison. The sad tale of her crimes and her remorse is legibly told in that coarse but powerful picture of some old German mas-

ter. Soon after this tragic event, the hostile knights met in the forest, and the fatal combat ensued which you have seen depicted in the hall. This dismal tale is still a popular legend in our valleys; the peasants will tell you that the unfortunate Leah rests not in her grave, and that the shades of her slain father and unhappy husband wander nightly in this castle. It has long been rumored, too, that the clattering of swords and armor, the chanting of nuns, and the sound of fearful groans and lamentations, have been occasionally heard here at midnight by the shepherds, when seeking stray sheep amidst the ruins."

During this detail we had retraced our steps, and at the other end of the corridor we entered the large round tower or keep, from which the whole castle derived its romantic appellation. The spacious circle had been divided into two roomy apartments, of which the outer one had been elegantly fitted up as a parlor of Gothic design. On the wall hung the portraits of my late uncle, and of the lovely girl whose mortal remains reposed in the vault beneath. The picture of my cousin had been painted a few months before her death, and represented a blondine, blooming with health, innocence, and beauty. Her fine auburn hair clustered in glossy ringlets round her angelic features, and a white rose adorned her bosom. The resemblance to her sister was striking, and would have been perfect, had not the darker eyes of Julia given to her lovely countenance a character of greater intelligence and vivacity. "That is my sainted cousin," I said, in a voice subdued by emotion into a whisper.

"Such she was, but two months back;" replied the agonized mother, "and now——"

Her sobs impeded farther utterance; and to change the current of her thoughts, I requested her to show me the inner apartment. Here I found an elegant bedroom of Gothic design, and commanding from three windows in the half-circle described by the wall, successive and boundless views

of hill and vale, of the distant high-ground in Silesia, and the lofty summits of the Giant mountains, some of which were capped with snow, and reflected in glowing and rosy tints a splendid sunset.

Fascinated with the picturesque situation of these apartments, and desirous to behold from their windows the glories of a summer morning in this mountain region, I begged permission to occupy this delightful bedroom during my stay. My aunt appeared to find a gratification in the idea that I should sleep near the tomb of her Cecilia, and willingly consented; promising that she and Julia would join me to an early breakfast in the tower the next morning; and, on our return to the house, ordered my old play-fellow Caspar, the game-keeper, to carry my luggage after supper to the castle. Fatigued with several days of travel in a still infirm state of health, I left my aunt and cousin before eleven, and walked with old Caspar to the ruins. The day had been intensely hot; some menacing clouds in the southern horizon indicated an approaching storm, and, as we ascended the staircase leading to the corridor, the deep, low muttering of distant thunder was audible from the mountains.

"And do you really mean to sleep every night in the 'Robber's Tower,' Major?" said the old man, as he placed my portmanteau, sabre, and pistols, on a chair in the Gothic parlor.

"Certainly, my good Caspar! and why not?" I replied.

"I would only say," answered he, "that you must have more courage than I have; and yet a Bohemian gamekeeper is no coward. Many a dark night have I passed alone in the mountain woods, in spite of old Rübzahl and his imps, and the Wild Huntsman to boot; but in this tower I would not sleep alone, for all my lady's broad lands."

"What, Caspar!" I exclaimed, "an old woodsman, like you, afraid to sleep where my aunt and

cousins slept every night last summer?"

"Ay, ay, Major!" muttered the old man, "the castle was quiet enough then; but since the death of my Lady Cecilia, strange sights and sounds have been heard here; and you may take my word for it, that the Lady Leah, who murdered her child, is not yet quiet in her grave."

The old man then lighted my tapers with his lantern, commended me cordially to the protection of Heaven, and departed, leaving me considerably less pleased with my quarters than when I had seen them by the rich and cheering light of sunset. The consciousness of utter solitude, at such an hour, and in such a place, began to infect me with the superstitious fears of old Caspar, and the solemn stillness of the lofty and dimly lighted Gothic room, interrupted only by an occasional and distant roll of thunder, made me feel something very like repentance, that I had exchanged the modern mansion of my aunt for this old robber's nest on a mountain crag. During the struggle which released Germany from the iron grasp of Napoleon, I had stared death in the face too often to fear any danger from human agency, and a liberal education in Prussia had raised me above any apprehension of supernatural sounds and appearances; but as I sat alone near midnight, in this old tower, and recollected my immediate vicinity to the sepulchre, and the baron's hall, the grim picture of the dying Bruno, and the still more appalling portrait of the pallid nun and her bleeding infant, I felt the necessity of banishing from my thoughts a crowd of images which would inevitably murder sleep; and, exchanging my tight uniform for a light dressing gown, I bolted the door, snuffed my candles, and looked around for a book, with which to beguile an hour, and induce a more tranquil train of thought. In a small recess between the windows I discovered a few books, one of which I eagerly opened, and found a collection of hymns, treating upon death and

eternity. I closed it, and opened another, entitled, "An Essay on Death." A third was, "The Solace of Old Age and Infirmary." This was a most unpalatable collection for a reader in quest of worldly associations; but at length I discovered a small volume, curiously bound in black velvet, and containing more mundane matter. It was a historical detail of the Order of Knights Templars, printed in ancient black letter; and, according to the title-page, from a rare and curious manuscript of the thirteenth century. Having been always prone to the study of history, this little book would have been a prize under any circumstances; but as the solace of a sleepless night, in this lonely tower, it was above all price, and I sat down with eager impatience, to peruse it. Opening it accidentally at the chapter describing the ceremonies of the order, I recognised with surprise and delight the name of a valiant ancestor of my own, whose deeds shine brightly in the history of Germany's middle ages. I knew not, however, that he had in middle life become a knight of this order, until I here discovered a detailed account of an imposing funeral service, performed over his remains at Prague in the year 1190. To be reminded of this great man's death, and to read of his funeral at such an hour, and in a place fraught with sepulchral associations, were somewhat singular coincidences, and with strong and growing excitement, I read the account of the funeral ceremonies till I came to the following sentence:

"The Grand Master now raised an iron hammer, struck with it three heavy blows upon an iron cross, placed at the head of the coffin, and called aloud, 'Open the gates of Death!'"

No sooner had I read this, than I heard three knocks, which sounded seemingly from the corridor. I started, closed the book involuntarily, and listened long and anxiously, but all was silent. "It was delusion," whispered common sense; "my heated imagination carried me amidst the

Templars, and the blows of the Grand Master's hammer struck not my outward, but my fancy's ear." Determining to place this probable construction on the mysterious sounds, I again opened the little book, which had laid a strong hold of my curiosity, and continued to peruse it, till I had finished these words :

"And again the Grand Master struck the iron cross thrice with his hammer, and the brotherhood knelt around the grave, and kissed the earth in silence."——

At this moment I again heard three knocks more distinctly than before, succeeded, too, by a low sound of mingled muttering and lamentation. I distinguished both sounds with a clearness which no excitement of my imagination could supply, and I observed that the three knocks resembled the ringing sound of iron upon iron. I gazed in alarm at the door which opened on the long corridor, from whence the noise had seemed to proceed ; and with growing horror, I now heard a clearly audible and long continued sobbing, like the last struggling breath of a dying man. At this instant the thunder again reverberated in long echoes from the mountains—the book dropped from my trembling hand—I felt a sudden shivering of the extremities, and all the blood rushed to my heart, which beat with audible violence. I now fancied that I heard the sound of distant footsteps, and seizing the candle, I approached the door and listened, but no sound was distinguishable. "Nonsense!" I exclaimed, assuming an indifference I did not feel ; "'tis nothing but the rising storm-gust, howling in the long passages and wide chimneys of the castle." I resumed my book and chair, determined to finish the curious recital, and retire to bed. But on reading the account of that part of the ceremony where the coffin was gently and slowly lowered into the grave, and the Grand Master, again raising the iron hammer, struck the iron cross three times, I was again interrupted by the sound of three knocks near my door,

ringing like the blows of iron upon iron, and so loudly audible, that I could no longer doubt the evidence of my senses, nor reason down my apprehensions that either earthly mischief, or, possibly, unearthly agency, was busy near me. The knocks were again succeeded by low sounds of lamentation and groans, followed, as before, by a quick and sobbing respiration, which I could compare with nothing but the death-rattle. I struggled hard with a growing suspicion that some supernatural intelligence was at work here, and yet my reason equally rejected the possible contingencies of robbers, or midnight frolics. Thieves would not thus announce their presence, and it was utterly improbable that my afflicted relatives, or their attached and sympathising domestics, would amuse themselves by trying midnight experiments upon my courage. I had clearly distinguished that these mysterious sounds proceeded not from the sepulchre beneath me, but from the hall or corridor. "Can it be," whispered my excited imagination, "the unquiet spirit of the murdered Bruno, or of his suicide daughter, the unhappy Leah ? Or, can it be the shade of my ancestor, the long-departed Templar ? Or," it suddenly occurred to me, "is it not rather some benighted traveller, attracted by the light in my window, knocking at the gate for admittance ? It is, it must be some helpless wayfarer," I exclaimed, clinging to this preferable solution of the sounds which had alarmed me. Transferring one of my candles to a lantern which I found in the book-closet, I seized my sabre, and was hastening to the door, when suddenly the sound of solemn music floated through the apartment. The tones were harp-like, and gradually rose with a sublime swell, which, at such an hour and place, seemed to me more than earthly. The soaring swell was succeeded by a gradual and dying cadence, which melted away in the distant night-breeze ; I paused and listened in still astonishment—but all was silent. I endeavored to per-

suade myself that it was another delusion of my fevered brain, and that the ill-cured sabre-wound on my head had contributed to the successive hallucinations of the night; but the melody had been so distinct and peculiar that I could repeat every note. At this moment I heard the clock of the neighboring convent of St. Clara sound the midnight hour from the vale below; it was accompanied by a long-drawn wailing gust of wind through the corridor, and the deep-toned bell struck on my saddened ear like the knell of some one I had loved and lost. Soon the music rose again as if from the vault beneath, and I distinctly heard the sound of harmonious voices, singing with impressive and perfect modulation, the following words from the fine opening of Mozart's Requiem:—

Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine!
Et lux perpetua luceat eis.

A rich and powerful soprano then sang in thrilling tones the solo—

Te decet hymnus Deus in Sion,
Et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem.

After which, all the voices and the harp, in fine accord, and in a louder strain, resumed—

Exaudi orationem meam,
Ad te omnis caro veniet.

I heard every word as distinctly as if the singers had been at my elbow; and, convinced that they were no spirits, but human choristers chanting in the sepulchre beneath me, I opened the window, and saw a blaze of light streaming through the bronze latticed gate of the vault, over a small flower-garden, which embellished the approach to Cecilia's tomb. After a brief pause, the solemn strains proceeded, when, unable to repress my curiosity, I called aloud, "Who is there?" But no answer was returned, save from the echoing rocks, which responded—"Who is there?—there?" with startling accuracy. Determined to unravel this mystery, I sallied forth with sword and lantern into the corridor, descended the stair-case, and cautiously approached the bronze gate, concealing the lantern under my

ample dressing-gown. Screened by a luxuriant hedge of evergreens, I reached a point commanding a view of the interior, and beheld by the light of four tapers, held by as many figures muffled from head to foot in dark drapery, a spacious and lofty sepulchre, in the centre of which, on a marble basement, stood an open sarcophagus, containing a richly-decorated coffin, from which the black-silk pall had been partially rolled back. A female form, attired in white and flowing garments, was kneeling on the basement; her hands were folded as if in prayer, and her forehead was reclining on the margin of the sarcophagus. She was a lovely blondine, her hair, of silken texture, and in color the brightest auburn, fell in graceful abundance over her shoulders; the visible portion of her face was of an ashy paleness, and on her bosom I observed a white rose. The music had ceased before I reached my concealed station, but the dead silence which had succeeded was now interrupted by loud tokens of the approaching storm. A gust of wind shook the mighty oaks on the adjacent slope—the kneeling figure turned her face towards the grating, and by the glare of a bright flash of lightning, I saw the whole unearthly visage. Gracious Heaven! it was the sainted Cecilia—the white rose in her bosom—in short, the perfect semblance of her portrait in the room above.

The lantern dropped from my trembling hand, and I gazed on this appalling group of figures in speechless horror, aggravated by the howling of the blast, the creaking of the branches, and the endless echoing of the thunder in the mountains. My blood ran cold with nameless apprehensions, but soon the tide of feeling took an opposite direction. Maddened with this inexplicable succession of alarming incidents, I determined to sever at once the Gordian knot, and, rushing forward with desperate resolution, I seized and shook the bronze gates with maniacal vehemence, shouting, in the voice of one possessed, "Oh, Cecilia! Cecilia!"

"Jesus Maria!" ejaculated the pallid figure in white, turning upon me a pair of large blue eyes, which appeared glassy and lifeless. In a moment every taper disappeared, and a horrid scream rang through the vault, succeeded by a crash which seemed to shake the massive tower above the sepulchre.

Overwhelmed with terror and surprise at the strange termination of this awful scene, I plunged through the darkness, explored with difficulty my way to the stair-case, and ascended it with headlong velocity. While feeling the way to my apartment along the wall of the corridor, my attention was roused by a noise at the other end, resembling the creak of a heavy door when moving on rusty hinges. Turning round, I saw a faint gleam of light shoot athwart the deep gloom of this long passage, and with inexpressible astonishment I beheld the iron door of the armory gradually opened, and the lofty figure of a knight in complete armor, issue from it, with a naked sword in one hand, and a small lantern in the other, which he held up as if to explore the intense darkness of the corridor. Congratulating myself that my person was concealed in the deep shadow, I gazed in utter perplexity and terror upon this spectral figure, until I saw it turn round and retreat into the armory, the door of which, opening outwards, immediately closed, as if impelled by a spring. Soon as I could regain the power of volition, I returned to my apartment in the tower, more perplexed than ever with the rapid succession of extraordinary and startling incidents which I had encountered in this mysterious old castle. "Surely," I began to think, "if the dead are permitted to revisit this earth, this is the very hour and place in which to expect them." My wonted freedom from all superstitious fancies still, however, struggled with this thickening evidence of supernatural agency, and, opening the window, I looked out to observe if any light was again visible from the sepulchre; but the moon

was obscured by heavy clouds, and all was midnight darkness. During a short interval between the whistling blasts, I thought I could distinguish the sound of a light footstep; and, looking more intently, I saw, by a faint gleam of lightning, a figure in white drapery turn hastily round an angle of the ruins, and disappear under the trees. I was vainly puzzling myself to account for this new incident, when the appalling knocks of iron upon iron, again sounded in the corridor. Rousing by a sudden effort my drooping courage, I hastened to the door, and opening it, listened with renewed horror to the agonizing groans of some dying sufferer. While rooted to the spot with nameless apprehensions, a burst of loud and horrid laughter struck suddenly upon my startled ears. It proceeded, I thought, from the armory out of which the mailed knight had issued, and the tones had a brazen, gong-like reverberation, to which no human organs could possibly have given utterance. This monstrous peal of merriment was succeeded by the clash of swords and armor, and I plainly heard heavy blows descending upon helmets, shields, and corslets. No language can describe the perplexity with which I listened to this appalling uproar, which now seemed to resound from the baron's hall; and, under the insane impulses of fear, I gradually yielded to a belief that the ghosts of Bruno and Gotthard nightly visited the castle to renew their deadly conflict. "Surely all the powers of hell are in league to-night against me!" I exclaimed, as I retreated into my apartment, barred the door in unutterable anxiety, and began to weigh whether it would not be advisable to return to the comfortable mansion of my aunt, and leave the "Robber's Tower" to its infernal tenantry. Suddenly, however, a suspicion flashed upon me, that this old castle, having been for some months unoccupied by the family, had become the haunt of gipsies or robbers, and that the mysterious sounds and appearances which had alarmed me, were the ingenious

contrivances of these vagabonds to terrify the servants of the baroness, and thereby retain undisturbed possession of the ruins. Inexpressibly relieved by this more rational view of the extraordinary adventures of the night, and fearless of human agency, I determined to solve the enigma without delay, and seized my pistols with intent to explore immediately the hall and armory, from one of which the clash of weapons still resounded. My nerves, however, were still unstrung by the terrors I had experienced, and fearing that my unsteady hand would not effectually level a pistol, I took, in preference, my keen-edged sabre, grasped it with feverish energy, and proceeded with a candle into the corridor, determined to enact myself the Castle Spectre, for which personification my tall figure and white drapery were well adapted.

The combat was continued with unabated energy, and the ringing sound of swords and armor now evidently proceeded from the armory, towards which I was cautiously advancing, when another peal of grating and Satanic laughter made me pause in shivering astonishment. At this moment the storm-clouds, which had been for some time concentrating, burst in fury over the ruins; the rain fell in heavy torrents, and an intensely vivid flash of lightning was instantaneously succeeded by a monstrous burst of thunder, which shook the old castle to its foundations. When the long-enduring reverberations of the thunder had ceased, I approached the armory and listened at the door, from which I now observed that the massive iron bar and padlock had been removed.

Hearing no noise within, I grasped my sabre more firmly, and, clenching my teeth in angry and bitter determination to unravel, at all risks, this tissue of mysteries, I placed my only remaining taper on the ground, to preserve it from sudden extinction, pulled the door, which opened outwards, and stepped into the armory, when, behold! by the faint light of two

small lanterns, I saw the towering figures of Bruno and Gotthard, in panoplies of steel, and beavers down, crossing their long swords to renew the combat.

Appalled to a degree far exceeding all former apprehensions, I stood in gasping and speechless terror before these colossal spectres, who paused as they beheld me, lowered the points of their tremendous weapons, and remained fixed and motionless as statues. I fancied as I gazed upon them in silent horror, that I could distinguish two human skulls within their barred helmets, and, ejaculating I know not what, I turned round and darted into the corridor, hurling after me the iron door with such force as to detach the picture of the poisoned nun from the wall above, and it fell behind me with a noise which increased no little my consternation. Overturning the candle in my rapid progress, I rushed along the corridor in utter darkness, until I found my speed arrested by some one pulling vigorously at my dressing-gown. Desperation now supplied the place of courage, and with a backward thrust, I plunged my sabre-point deep into the body of my pursuer. This defensive blow did not, however, release me from his grasp; and to aggravate my perplexity, I now heard immediately behind me the agonizing sobs and groans which had so often alarmed me during this eventful night. During this climax of horrors, the creaking of the armory door diverted my attention from the awful sounds at my elbow, and my heart died within me as I beheld the two mailed spectres hastening with long strides and uplifted swords and lanterns towards me.

By the approaching light I now discovered to my infinite relief, that my flight had been arrested by neither human nor superhuman interference, but simply by the iron door-latch of one of the hall stoves, which was supplied with fuel through an aperture in the corridor, as is still the custom in many modern houses throughout Ger-

many. My long dressing-gown had floated behind me as I rushed down the corridor; the projecting latch had caught the lining, and my sabre had pierced no hostile pursuer, but the tightly extended skirt of my unfortunate garment. Hastily extricating myself by severing the skirt with a sabre cut, I turned round and desperately faced my grim antagonists, who were now within a few yards of me, and held up their lanterns as if to assist their examination of my features.

Brandishing my sabre, I shouted, "Avaunt, ye hellish forms!" but, to my indescribable amazement, they suddenly paused, exchanged a few words, threw down their swords, and, raising their beavers, showed me the broad, bluff features of my aunt's gardeners, two old Austrian dragoons, whose tall athletic figures I had scanned with a soldier's eye during my evening walk to the ruins. A ludicrous explanation now ensued, and I heard that in consequence of the appearance of some marauders in the mountains, my aunt's steward had ordered the gardeners to sleep by turns in the old armory as a protection to the valuable property deposited there. The old soldiers, whose long campaigning had not much abated their dread of the supernatural, were afraid to mount guard alone in the armory, and had agreed to watch there together; but, unable to sleep during the storm, had challenged each other to a game at broadsword, by way of killing the time, and, to heighten the joke, had donned two suits of the old armor which hung round the walls of the armory. The steward was not aware of my intention to occupy the apartments in the tower; and, had the men not previously seen me in the garden with the baroness, a serious, and too probably, fatal encounter would have been the consequence of the critical situation I have described. On farther inquiry, I found that whenever one of these lusty knights had placed an effective blow, they burst into a horse laugh, which, sounding from their capacious throats through the barred

helmets, and reverberating through the lofty corridor, had produced the unnatural and gong-like peal which had so much astonished and alarmed me. They acknowledged, too, that they had been no little terrified when they saw a tall figure in white, with a naked sabre, enter the armory; that, however, they had gathered courage from my sudden retreat, and, beginning to suspect that I was a robber, had pursued and recognised me. I had found, also, a clue to the mysterious sobs and lamentations in the corridor, while endeavoring to separate my dressing-gown from the latch, during which operation the creaking hinges of the stove door, not having been oiled for many years, emitted the wailing, groaning sounds which had made my blood run cold. While still examining the stove, another tremendous blast shook the corridor, and the storm-gust, rushing down the capacious chimney, burst open the heavy iron door, which fell back against the iron catch, and rebounding twice with the shock, explained very naturally the fancied hammer-blows of the Grand Master upon the iron cross: the expiring gust then moving the door more gently on its rusty hinges, made them wail and creak as before; after which the diminishing current, rushing through the imperfectly closed door, produced the intermitting, sobbing noise, which my tortured imagination had converted into a death-rattle.

Dismissing the mailed gardeners to their armory, I retired immediately to bed; and, deferring until morning my proposed investigation of the mysterious incidents in the sepulchre, I slept, in defiance of the storm, until roused by a summons from my aunt and cousin to join them in the outer room to breakfast.

When I met my amiable relatives at the breakfast table, I was concerned to observe the lovely Julia still more pallid than I had found her the previous evening, and expressed my fear that she was indisposed.

"I have passed a sleepless and mi-

serable night," she replied, "in consequence of an appalling incident which occurred last night in your immediate vicinity. Soon after you left us, four nuns from the convent of St. Clara, called upon me on their way to chant a midnight requiem over the dear remains of my blessed sister, and requested me to accompany them on a harp, which is usually left for this purpose in the sepulchre. As I have found a melancholy gratification in this solemn service, which the nuns perform twice every week, when their convent duties permit, I did not allow the still distant storm, nor the cool white gown which had replaced my hot mourning dress, to deter me from an act of duty to the dear departed one. I accompanied the nuns to the sepulchre, and, after they had sung the requiem, I was kneeling in silent prayer against the sarcophagus, when suddenly, the brazen gates of the vault were shaken with a giant's grasp—I beheld the figure of a colossal woman in white garments on the outside—and a voice shrieked "Cecilia! Cecilia!" in tones so wild and unearthly, that the nuns in terror dropped their tapers, and we fled into the inner vault, pulling the heavy door after us with a shock, which reverberated like thunder, and greatly increased our alarm. There we remained some time in an agony of terror, and in total darkness, until the hoarse voice of the approaching storm warned us to depart, and we fled through the grove to the villa, trembling at the sound of our own footsteps."

It was now my turn to explain the various wonders of the night; and, with a view to cheer my drooping and agitated relatives, I endeavored to relieve with humorous coloring the ex-

traordinary adventures which had crowded upon me in such rapid succession. I enjoyed the heartfelt gratification to see my efforts crowned with success. The pale and care-worn features of my aunt and cousin relaxed into frequent smiles as I pursued my strange narrative, and the ludicrous climax of my adventure with the two gardeners created even a hearty laugh at my expense. When I had concluded, the lovely Julia repaired the awful damage inflicted on my dressing-gown, and my aunt made me a present of the formidable portrait of the hapless Leah; the removal of which, she said, would alone convince the villagers that the unhappy original no longer walked the castle at midnight.

During a few weeks of delightful intercourse with these intelligent and amiable women, I greatly recruited my injured constitution, and at length succeeded in my earnest endeavors to prevail upon my aunt and her daughter to quit for some months an abode fraught with melancholy associations, and to pass the autumn and winter under my mother's roof in Berlin.

There I had the delight to see their deeply seated woe gradually yield to the influence of frequent collision with a select and sympathising circle, and assume a more tranquil and cheerful character. There, too, my daily intercourse with the unassuming and lovely Julia rapidly matured my early prepossession into a fervent and enduring attachment; and the following summer I revisited the "Robber's Tower," no longer an emaciated and fanciful invalid, but in the full enjoyment of health and happiness, the husband of my adored Julia, and the joint consoler of her still mourning, but resigned and tranquil parent.

DIURNAL PRAYERS.

OFF as the bright sun dips
Beneath the western sea,
A prayer is on my lips,
Dearest! a prayer for thee!
I know not where thou wanderest now,

O'er ocean wave, or mountain brow;
I only know that He
Who hears the suppliant's prayer,
Where'er thou art, on land or sea,
Alone can shield thee there.

Oft as the bright dawn breaks
Behind the eastern hill,
Mine eye from slumber wakes,
My heart is with thee still;
For thee my latest vows were said,

For thee my earliest prayers are prayed;
And oh! when storms shall lour
Above the swelling sea—
Be it my shield, in danger's hour,
That I have prayed for thee.

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.

[We have often been asked why we do not give in the *Atheneum* parts of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Our reason for not doing it has been, they contain so much relating to politics and local affairs, and so much that is otherwise unsuitable for our pages, that we could only make use of small, detached portions. We have put together below a few extracts, however, and shall occasionally adopt the same plan in future numbers.—These productions consist of familiar conversations, (real or supposed,) between Christopher North, Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, James Hogg (the *Ettrick Shepherd*), Timothy Tickler, and sometimes other literary friends of the Editor and contributors to that work.]

SCENE—*Ambrose's, Picardy Place.* TIME—*Evening.*

NORTH AND THE SHEPHERD.

[*Enter Mr. Ambrose, with a Board of Oysters.*]

Shepherd.—EISTERS diuna interrupt taikin'.—Does that dear, delightful creter, Mrs. Hemans, continue to contribute to ilka Annual, ane or twa o' her maist beautifu' poems?

North.—She does so.

Shepherd.—It's no in that woman's power, sir, to write ill; for, when a feeling heart and a fine genius for-gather in the bosom o' a young matron, every line o' poetry is like a sad or cheerful smile frae her een, and every poem, whatever be the subject, in ae sense a picture o' hersell—sae that a' she writes has an affectin' and an endearin' mainnerism and moralism about it, that inspires the thochtful reader to say in to himsell—that's Mrs. Hemans.

North.—From very infancy, Felicia Dorothea was beloved by the Muses. I remember patting her fair head when she was a child of nine years—and versified even then with a touching sweetness about sylphs and fairies.

Shepherd.—Early female geniuses, I observe, for the maist pairt, turn out brichte in after life than male anes. Male anes generally turn stoopiter and stoopiter, till by thirty they're sumphs.

North.—I fear it is too true. Miss Bowles is equal to Mrs. Hemans. Aye, that Andrew Cleaves in the Magazine was a subduin' tale.

* * * * *

Shepherd.—O man! Mr. North, but

my heart has often and often amaist dee'd within me, to think that a' we love and long for, pine to possess, and burn to enjoy—a' that passion mad-dens for on the midnight pillow, in the desert day-dream—a' that the yearning sowl would fain expand itself to embrace within the rainbow circle o' its holiest and maist heavenly affections—a' that speeritualeezes our human nature, till our very dust-formed bodies seem o' the essence o' licht, or flowers, or music, something no terrestrial, but akin to the elements o' our native regions on the blue cloud-less lift—

North.—You touch a chord, James—You do indeed—you touch a chord—

Shepherd.—Should a' be delusion—a glamor flung ower us by a celestial but deceitful spirit—felt and seen, as soon as it is broken and dissolved, to have been a fiction, a falsehood, a lie—a soft, sweet, bright, balmy, triumphant and glorious lie, in place of which nature offers us in mockery, during a' the rest o' our lives, the puir, paltry, pitiful, faded, fushionless, cauld-rifed, and chittering substitute—Truth. O, sir! waes me, that by stripping a' creation, fauld after fauld, o' gay, glitterin', gorgeous and glorious apparelin', you are sure at last to come to the hard naked Truth—

North.—Hamlet has it, James—"a foul congregation of vapors"—

Shepherd.—Or say rather, like a body carelessly or purposely pressin' a full-blawn or budding rose atween

his finger and his thoomb, scalin' leaf after leaf, till what hae you in your hand at last but the bare heart o' the flower, and you look down amang your feet in vain for the scattered and dissipated bloom that a moment afore thrust its bold beauty into the eyes of the sun, and seemed o' its ain single self to be scenting the haill wilderness, then sweet wi' its grassy braes, as if the heavens had hung over mountains o' bloomin' heather steeped in morning dew evaporating in mist-wreaths exhaled from earth to heaven in morning sacrifice !

North.—And Tibbie is married ? Another phantom, then, of my imagination, has melted, like a dew-drop from the earth.

Shepherd.—Another phantom o' my imagination has melted, like a dew-drop frae the earth—and a sappier cister never play'd plump intil a human stamack.

North.—James, that is a sacrilegious parody on the expression of one of the finest feelings that breathes a sadness over our common humanity. Eat your oysters after your own fashion—but——

Shepherd.—Her poetry is now prose.

North.—Gone all the light lyrical measures ! all the sweet pauses transposed. The numerous verse of her virgin being shorn of all its rhymes so musical—a thousand tunes, each in its specific sweetness murmuring of a separate soul, blended indistinguishably into one monotony—and marriage, marriage, marriage is the deadening word !

Shepherd.—That's treason, sir—treason against natur. Is the young lintie, I would ask, flutterin' amang the broom, or balancin' itsell in sportive happiness on aune o' the yellow jewels, half sae bonny as the same lintie sitting in its nest within a briar-bush, wi' its head lying sae meek and lovingly on the rim o' the moss, and a' its breast yearning wi' the still deep instinctive bliss o' maternal affection, —or fleeing ten times in a minute frae briar-bush to bracken-brae, and frae bracken-brae to briar-bush, wi'

insects, and worms, and caterpillars, and speeders, in her neb, to satisfy the hunger o' a nest a' agape wi' yellow-throated young anes, and then settlin' hersell down again, as saftly as if she were naething but feathers, aboon her brood in that cozie bield, although but a bit sillie burdie, happy as ony angel in the heaven o' heavens ?

North.—A sweet image, James ; an image that beams the light of Poetry on the Prose-ground of human life ! But, alas ! that thin golden ring lays a heavy weight on the hand that wears it—The finger it seriously and somewhat sadly decks, never again, with so lightsome touch, braids the hair above the fair forehead,—the gay, gladsome, tripping, dancing, and singing maiden soon changes into the staid, calm, douce, almost melancholy matron, whose tears are then sincerer than her smiles—with whom Joy seems but a transient visitor,—Grief a constant guest.

Shepherd.—And this world, ye ken, sir, and nane kens better, was made for Grief as weel as for Joy. Grief and Joy, unlike as they appear in face and figure, are nevertheless sisters,—and by fate and destiny, their verra lives depend on aune and the same eternal law. Were Grief banished frae this life, Joy would soon dwine awa into the resemblance o' her departed Soror—aye, her face would soon be whiter and mair woe-begone, and they would soon be buried, side by side, in ae grave.

North.—Shake hands, my dear James. I am in bad spirits to-night, and love to listen to your benign philosophy.

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Shepherd.—Our ancestors hae for generations been as wise in the best o' a' wisdom as ourselfs—though there has been great improvement in a' the airts, and aiblins the scece-enees,—but o' the latter I shanna for I canna speak—and aboon a' things else, there has been wrought by that means a great and a beneficial change in the agricultur o' the kintra.

North.—Yet something, I fear, James, may have been lost.

Shepherd.—Ay, mony a thing, that had I my ain way, shud leeve forever. But religion, wi' a' the cauld-rife changes in life, and manners, and customs, still strongly survives—and, thanks to Robert Burns—and aiblins ane or twa mair, there is still poetry amang our braes,—and o' nae shepherd on our Scottish hills could it be truly said, in the language o' Wordsworth:—

A primrose on the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

For as gude a poet as Wordsworth, and in my opinion, a better too, has tauld us what he felt frae the sicht o' a Mountain Daisy.

North.—There is comfort in that creed, my dear James. I feel as if an oppressive weight were taken from my heart.

Shepherd.—Then that's mair than I do—mair than you or ony ither man should say, after devoorin' half a hunder eisters—and siccan eisters—to say naething o' a tippenny loaf, a quarter o' a pund o' butter—and the better part o' twa pats o' porter.

North.—James! I have not eat a morsel, or drank a drop, since breakfast.

Shepherd.—Then, I've been confu-sioning you wi' mysel. A' the time that I was sookin' up the eisters frae out o' their shells, ilka ane sappier than anither in its shallow pool o' cal-ler saut sea-water, and some o' them takin' a stronger sook than ither to rug them out o' their cradles,—I thoct I saw you, sir, in my mind's ee, and no by my bodily organs, it would appear, doin' the same to a nicety, only dashing on mair o' the pepper, and mixing up mustard wi' your vinegar, as if gratifying a fawse appetect.

North.—That cursed cholera—

Shepherd.—I never, at ony time o' the year, hae recourse to the cruet till after the lang hunder—and in September—after four months fast frae the creturs—I can easily devoor them by theirsells just in their ain liecor,

on till anither fifty—and then, to be sure, just when I'm beginning to be a wec stau'd, I apply first the pepper to a squad, and then, after a score or twa in that way, some dizen and a half wi' vinegar, and finish aff, like you, wi' a wheen to the mustard, till the brodd's naething but shells.

North.—The cholera has left me so weak, that—

Shepherd.—I dinna ken a mair perplexin' state o' mind to be in than to be swithering about a farther brodd o' eisters, when you've devoor'd what at ae moment is felt to be sufficient, and anither moment what is felt to be very insufficient—feelin' stau'd this moment, and that moment yawp as ever—noo sayin' into yoursell that you'll order in the toasted cheese, and then silently swearin' that you maun hae anither yokin' at the beardies—

North.—This last attack, James, has reduced me much—and a few more like it will deprive the world of a man whose poor abilities were ever devoted to her ser—

Shepherd.—I agree wi' ye, sir, in a' ye say about the diffeeculty o' the dilemma. But during the dubiety and the swither, in comes honest Mr. Awmrose, o' his ain accord, wi' the final brodd, and a body feels himsell to have been a great sumph for sus-pecking ae single moment that he wasna able for his share o' the concluding Centenary o' Noble Inven-tions. There's really no end in natur to the eatin' o' eisters.

North.—Really, James, your insensibility, your callousness to my complaints, painfully affects me, and forces me to believe that Friendship, like Love, is but an empty name.

Shepherd.—An empty wame! It's your ain faut gin it's empty—but you wadna surely be for eatin' the verra shells! Oh! Mr. North, but o' a' the men I ever knew, you are the most distinguished by natural and native coortesy and politeness—by what Cicero calls Urbanity. Tak it—tak it. For I declare, were I to tak it, I never could forgi'e mysell a' my days. Tak it, sir.—My dear sir, tak it.

North.—What do you mean, James? —What the d—l can you mean?

Shepherd.—The last eister—the mainners eister—it's but a wee ane, or it hadna been here. There, sir, I've douk'd it in an amalgamation o' pepper, vinegar, and mustard, and a wee drap whiskey. Open your mouth, and tak it aff the pint o' my fork—that's a gude bairn.

North.—I have been very ill, my dear James.

Shepherd.—Haud your tongue—nae sic thing. Your cheeks are no' half that shrivelled they were last year; and there's a circle o' yeloquent blood in them baith, as ruddy as Robin's breast. Your lips are no like cherries—but they were aye rather thin and colorless since first I kent you, and when chirted thegither—Oh! man, but they have a scornfu', and savage, and cruel expression, that ought seldom to be on a face o' clay. As for your een, there's twenty gude year o' life in their licht yet. But, Lord save us!—dinna, I beseech you, put on your spees; for when you cock up your chin, and lie back on your chair, and keep fastenin' your lowin' een upon a body through the glasses, it's mair than mortal man can endure—you look sae like the Deevil Incarnate.

North.—I am a much-injured man in the estimation of the world, James, for I am gentle as a sleeping child.

Shepherd.—Come, now—you're wishin' me to flatter you—you're desperate fond, man, o' flattery.

North.—I admit—confess—glory that I am so. It is impossible to lay it on too thick.

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NORTH, TICKLER AND THE SHEPHERD.

North.—There are people who will petition for the forfeited life of a felon, a forger, and an incendiary, who will be shy of subscribing a pound for the relief of the blind aged widow, who, industrious as long as she saw Heaven's light, is now a palsied but uncomplaining pauper.

Tickler.—Nothing seems much

clearer to me, sir, than the natural direction of charity. Would we all but relieve, according to the measure of our means, those objects immediately within the range of our personal knowledge, how much of the worst evil of poverty might be alleviated! Very poor people, who are known to us to have been honest, decent, and industrious, when industry was in their power, have a claim on us, founded on that our knowledge, and on vicinity and neighborhood, which have in themselves something sacred and endearing to every good heart. One cannot, surely, always pass by, in his walks for health, restoration, or delight, the lone way-side beggar, without occasionally giving him an alms. Old, care-worn, pale, drooping, and emaciated creatures, who pass us by without looking beseechingly at us, or even lifting their eyes from the ground—cannot often be met with, without exciting an interest in us for their silent and unobtrusive sufferings or privations. A hovel, here and there, round and about our own comfortable dwelling, attracts our eyes by some peculiar appearance of penury—and we look in, now and then, upon its inmates, cheering their cold gloom with some small benefaction. These are duties all men owe to distress; they are easily discharged, and even such tender mercies as these are twice blessed.

Shepherd.—Oh, sir, you speak weel. I like you when you're wutty—I admire you when you're wise—I love and venerate you when you're good—and what greater goodness can there be in a world like this than charity?

Tickler.—But then, my worthy friend, for one man to interfere with another's charities is always delicate—nay dangerous; for how can the benevolent stranger, who comes to me to solicit my aid to some poor family, whose necessities he wishes to relieve, know either my means, or the claims that already lie upon me, and which I am doing my best to discharge? He asks me for a guinea—a small sum, as he thinks—the hour after I have given

two to a bed-ridden father of a large family, to save his bed and bed-clothes from being sold at the Cross.

Shepherd.—But you maunna be angry at him—unless he's impident—and duns you for your donation. That's hard to thole.

Tickler.—Yet, am I to apologize to him—uninformed, or misinformed, as he is about me and mine—for not drawing my purse-strings at his solicitation? Am I to explain how it happens that I cannot comply—to tell him that, in fact, I am at that moment poor? He is not entitled to hold such a colloquy with me—yet, if I simply say, “Sir, I must refuse your petition,” he probably condemns me as a heartless hunk—an unmerciful miser—and, among his friends, does not abstain from hints on my selfish character.

Shepherd.—There's, for the maist part, I am willing to believe, a spice o' goodness about the greater number even o' the gadders about wi' subscription papers.

Tickler.—But a spice, James, is not enough. Their motives are of too mixed a kind. Vanity, idleness, mere desire to escape ennui, curiosity even, and a habit of busy-bodyism, which is apt to grow on persons who have no very strong ties of affection binding them to home, do sadly impair the beauty of beneficence.

Shepherd.—They do that—yet in a great populous city like Embro', much good must often be done by charitable people formin' themselves into associations—findin' out the deserving poor, gettin' siller subscribed for them, visitin' them in their ain houses, especially in the winter time, sir, gein' them a cart o' coals, or a pair o' blankets, or some worsted stockens, and so on—for a sma' thing is often a great help to them just hangin' on the edge o' want; and a meal o' meat set afore a hungry family, wha hadna expeckit to break their fast that day, not only fills their stamacks, puir sows, but warms their verra hearts, banishin' despair, as by a God-gift, and awauckenin' Hope, that had ex-

pired along wi' the last spark on the ashy hearth.

Tickler.—Give me your hand, James. James, your health—God bless you—certainly a young lady—or a middle-aged one either—never looks better—so well—as when in prudence and meekness she seeks to cheer with charity the hovels of the poor. I know several such—and though they may too often be cheated and imposed on—that is not their fault—and the discharge of a Christian duty cannot fail of being accompanied by a great overbalance of good.

Shepherd.—Oh man! Mr. Tickler—but you hae a maist pleasant face the noo—you're a real gude cretur—and I wad fling a glass o' het water in the face o' onybody that wad daur to speak ill o' a single letter in your name.—Is't no time, think ye, sir, to be ringin' for the eisters?—I hear them comin'!—That cretur Awmrose has the gift o' divination!

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North.—Tickler puts all his soul, James, into whatever he happens to be doing at the time. Why, he brushes his hat, before turning out at two for a constitutional walk, with as much seeming, nay, real earnestness, as Barry Cornwall polishes a dramatic scene, before making an appeal to posterity.

Shepherd.—And baith o' them rub aff the nap. Commend me to a rough hat and a rough poem—a smooth hat's shabby-genteel, and a smooth poem's no muckle better. I like the woo on the ane to show shadows to the breeze—and the lines o' the ither to wanton like waves on the sea, that, even at the very cawmest, breaks out every noo and then into little foam-furrows, characteristic o' the essential and the eternal difference between the waters o' an inland loch, and them o' the earth-girdlin' ocean.

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Tickler.—I have lost my appetite—

Shepherd.—I howp nae puir man 'll find it, now that wages is low and wark scarce.

SUMMER RAIN.

[Beranger, the celebrated French song-writer, has lately been made the object of a ministerial prosecution, on account of some allusions to the Bourbons in a volume lately published by him, and has been condemned, by the Court of Correctional Police, to nine months imprisonment and a fine of 40*l*. Of the taste, fancy and elegance, which embellish his Odes, the following hasty translation will afford a specimen.]

THE rain, the rain, the summer rain !
How sweet this balmy eve !
My footsteps on the velvet grass,
A greener print they leave.
The bird beneath those weeping boughs
(Heaven bless him !) shakes his wing,
And singing to the wind, that makes
A stilly murmuring,
Watches the rain-drops as they fall,
Like pearls from some gay coronal.

The shower, the summer shower is past ;
Again th' unclouded sky
Smiles on the glittering fields, beneath
A silver net that lie.
The streamlet of the plain, grown fierce,
With blades of grass, and store
Of sleeping lizards burthened,
Speeds on, and tumbling o'er
Some dangerous pebble's precipice,
Makes Niagaras to the nice !

Whirling amain on that wild flood,
Some oarless insects sweep,
Perched on a larger insect's wing,
A wreck upon the deep ;
Or, clinging to some floating isle,—
A wither'd leaf,—they deem
Their troubles light, if, pendant o'er
The brink of that rude stream,
A straw's majestic point appear,
To stop them in their dread career.

The currents o'er the sand have gushed,
The vapors sunward fly ;
The dim horizon, dimmer grown,
Escapes the gazer's eye.
And now a few bright trembling specks,

Like lonely stars are seen ;
Till rushing on the sight, the hills
Have burst the veil between,
While thousand rain-brooks bubbling down,
Stream from their bare and shining crown.

Oh, come—along the humid plain—
Come, by the linden grove,
Thy gentle arm embracing mine ;
Alone, we there may rove.
But ere the sloping hill we leave,
A moment turn thine eyes
Where palaces and huts are bright
With sunset's gorgeous dyes,
And, on a heaven of darkest blue,
A golden city shuts the view.

Oh see ! from yonder misty roofs,
A thousand smokes ascend ;
There happy hearts and kindred sighs
In sweet communion blend.
The windows flashing in the sun,
A light like torches fling ;
The illuminated city shows
A noiseless triumphing :—
Such be the coarsest lights that fall
On nature's sun-set festival.

The rainbow—oh ! the rainbow see,
Grasping the illumined sky ;
A treasure the Almighty sends,
When rains and tempests fly.
How oft, eternal spheres ! my soul
Has longed for winds of wind,
That some Ithuriel I might crave
The secret to unbind—
To what far worlds of endless day
That golden sun-bridge leads the way.

ESSAYS ON PHYSIOLOGY, OR THE LAWS OF ORGANIC LIFE.*

ESSAY V.—ON THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

FROM the *left* ventricle of the heart, as we have before stated, the main artery of the frame, termed aorta, arises. This vessel distributes its branches, like a tree, to every part of the body, forming, as they proceed, numerous communications with each other, till at last, by their extreme ramifications,

termed *capillaries*, a network of such delicacy and minuteness is produced, that a puncture with the finest instrument cannot be made without wounding them, and drawing blood. The capillaries gradually assume the character of veins, as minute and delicate as themselves, assisting equally to

* See page 345.

form the network; and so intimate is their union, and so imperceptibly do the veins assume their venous character, that it would be difficult to say where the artery ends, and the vein begins. This beautiful system of minute vessels is distributed throughout every part of the body but the skin; the various membranes, and the muscles, are supplied the most abundantly. It is not, however, into all the capillary vessels, in a natural state, that the red particles of the blood are admitted; as for instance the *cornea* of the *eye*, whose vessels contain the serous, or uncolored, portion only. This may arise from the calibre of the vessels being too minute to admit the entrance of the red particles, or, from a natural disposition and power in them, to refuse that part of the blood which would interfere with the necessary function of the organ.

As it is the office of the arteries to convey the blood from the heart to every part of the system, for its support and nourishment, so it is the office of the veins to return it to the same source, its important task being accomplished. All the veins of the body, except those of the heart itself, terminate ultimately in the two *venæ cavæ*, from whence the blood passes into the right auricle; this reservoir being filled, its sides immediately contract, and the blood is forced through the *ostium venosum* into the right ventricle, being prevented from returning back into the veins by the valve placed at their entrance into the auricle. The right ventricle, on receiving the blood, now in its turn contracts, and forces it into the pulmonary artery, by which it is carried immediately to the lungs, where, undergoing certain changes, it becomes fitted for the purposes of the animal economy. On the contraction of the ventricle, it would be natural to expect that the blood would, at least in part, return back into the auricle, and this would certainly occur, were it not prevented by the valve at the *ostium venosum*, or entrance into the ventricle; the same remark holds good, with respect to

the valves also on the other side of the heart.

The blood having traversed the lungs, is returned by the pulmonary veins to the *left auricle* of the heart; and this contracting, it is propelled into the left *ventricle*, from whence it is sent through the aorta and its ramifications to every part of the body; and is again returned by the veins to the right auricle. It appears, therefore, that the blood on the *right side of the heart* must pass through the lungs before it can be admitted into the *left*, in order to be conveyed by the means of arteries through the system.

Now, we shall find, upon examination, that a manifest difference exists between the blood in the veins, and in the arteries,—or, in the right, and in the left cavities of the heart; that of the veins of the right side of the heart being of a dark livid color, while its hue in the arteries and left side is scarlet or bright red. This circumstance, independent of others, indicates a change in its nature, and it is evident also, that this change must be effected in the *lungs*. But before proceeding, it may be proper to give a brief description of these organs, by which some idea of their structure and use may be formed.

The *lungs* are situated in the cavity of the chest, which when distended with air, they completely fill; their texture is light and spongy, and consists of an assemblage of most minute and numberless cells, connected together, and communicating with each other; the whole being covered by an extremely fine membrane termed the *pleura*. In these cells the ramifications of the trachea or wind-pipe terminate, and it is in these that the blood undergoes its change. The lungs are abundantly supplied with absorbents, and also with a considerable number of nerves, although at the same time their sensibility is very imperfect. On each dilatation of the chest there enters into these organs, according to some physiologists, between thirty and forty cubic inches, or,

at a deep inspiration, from six to eight quarts of atmospheric air, consisting, when pure, of 73 of azote or nitrogen, 27 of oxygen, and one or two parts in the 100, of carbonic acid. The character of the air, when expired, is found to be considerably altered, the portion of carbonic acid being much increased, that of the oxygen diminished, and the azote remaining apparently unchanged.

Now, on the air-cells of the lungs, the texture of which is estimated by Haller at the 1000th part of an inch in thickness, the extreme ramifications or capillaries of the pulmonary artery are spread like a delicate network; and under such circumstances it appears, that the oxygen of the atmosphere is fully capable of acting on the blood, and affecting the requisite changes, by which, having become arterial, it is returned through the *pulmonary veins*, to the left side of the heart. We may here remark, that the pulmonary artery is the only artery which carries dark, or, as it is commonly called, venous blood, and it arises from one of the right cavities of the heart; while the pulmonary veins proceeding to the left are the only veins that carry arterial blood: thus the blood in the right cavities of the heart is dark-colored, or venous; that in the left, bright red, or arterial.

With the passage of this fluid through the lungs is connected that most important phenomenon, the nourishment and support of the body. It is remarkable that arterial blood seems to be alone calculated to sustain the natural integrity of the animal frame; its decay and losses being repaired, and its various secretions being furnished, from arterial blood. To this rule there is however one exception, viz. the bile; this fluid is secreted by the liver from venous blood.

In venous blood is contained a large portion of carbon, acquired during its course through the animal system. Now, when it reaches the lungs, and becomes acted upon by the atmospheric air, which I have already said to be comprised principally of

oxygen and azote, the oxygen unites with a great portion of the carbon, forming carbonic acid, and is expired with the azote, which seems to be unchanged, and also with the remainder of the oxygen which exists after the production of the acid. The blood now becomes of a florid color, having parted with the carbon, to which its previous darkness was owing; and this is supposed to be the only change it undergoes during respiration. It has been, however, the opinion of several physiologists, that a part of the oxygen was absorbed by the blood, and so entered into combination with it. This again is contradicted, and with reason, as it is ascertained by experiments that the portion of oxygen which disappears, is just sufficient for the formation of the carbonic acid which is produced.

The quantity of oxygen consumed by animals in a given time is variable, not only as it regards species and individuals, but the same individual under different circumstances.

In man, the quantity of oxygen consumed in a minute has been differently rated. Allen and Pepys found it to be 26.6 cubic inches in a minute; Davy 31.6; and Murray 36. Various states of the system, however, occasion considerable differences. For instance, the quantity of oxygen consumed, is increased by exercise; and if the experiments of Penguin may be trusted, this consumption is nearly four times more than in the usual state of the body. But Prout, who has paid much attention to the subject, concluded from numberless experiments, that exercise, when moderate, increased the consumption of oxygen, but when continued so as to induce fatigue, diminished it. The exhilarating passions appear to increase the quantity; the depressing passions, on the other hand, and *sleep*, *alcohol*, and *tea*, to diminish the quantity. The experiments of Dr. Prout tend also to prove, that the quantity of oxygen consumed is not uniform during the twenty-four hours, but is always greater at one and the same part of

the day than at any other. For instance, that its maximum occurs between 10 A. M. and 2 P. M., or generally between 11 A. M. and 1 P. M., and that its minimum commences about 3h. 30' P. M., and continues nearly uniform till about 3h. 30' A. M.

To account for this phenomenon, Dr. P. refers, and with much probability, to the sun, as regulating by its presence or absence these variations. And we may here observe that in all diurnal animals, the season of their greatest activity is the forenoon, at which time also the consumption of the oxygen is greatest, while lassitude and fatigue come on gradually in the afternoon, when the consumption of oxygen is diminished. There are, however, many animals from whose natural habits of activity in the night, and repose during the day, we may conclude that with them the arrangement is reversed.

From the experiments of Dr. Crawford, it would appear, that temperature exerts much influence also, as to the quantity of oxygen consumed. He found, for example, that a guinea-pig confined in air at the temperature of 55 deg., consumed double the quantity which it did when confined in air at 104 deg.; and also that in such cases of exposure to high temperature, the venous blood had not its usual dark character, but, by its arterial florid hue, indicated that in its course through the system the natural and usual changes in it had not taken place.

When the temperature of warm-blooded animals is greatly increased, exertion becomes laborious, and fatigue and lassitude, as if resulting from violent muscular efforts, are speedily induced; but, on the contrary, in cold-blooded animals, on whose system temperature has so marked an influence, that when cooled below a certain degree they become torpid, the effect of a moderate degree of heat will be to increase muscular action, and a corresponding consumption of oxygen. As then it appears that an increase of muscular ac-

tion (to a certain point at least) is accompanied by an increased consumption of oxygen; so, on the other hand, as fatigue follows exertion, this increased consumption will always be succeeded by an equally great decrease, and this is indicated by yawning and drowsiness, which are also the signs of muscular exhaustion.

The amount of oxygen consumed is an index of the quantity of carbon thrown out of the system, and this in man amounts to nearly half an ounce every hour; but its relative proportion to the quantity of food taken into the system, or to the bulk or natural habits of the animal, is yet undetermined by experiments.

The blood having thus become aerated, or, to speak more correctly, deprived of the carbon which it had acquired in its course through the frame, is now fitted for the purposes of the animal economy; and it is in the order of our plan to take a closer view of the agents appointed to this end. Our readers need not now be told that these are the heart, the arteries, and the veins. The general anatomy of the heart has already been explained; it now remains for us to consider its peculiar mode of action.

We have stated this organ to be a muscle containing four cavities, destined for receiving and expelling the blood; but with respect to its action, it differs from every other in the animal frame. To other muscles, rest from their labors is necessary, that their powers of exertion may be renewed; they are wearied with toil, and require repose; those even by which respiration is effected, are refreshed at each interval. But the heart alone is unwearied; it continues its labor for years; it requires no repose; death alone puts a period to its exertions; and even then life lingers there the latest, and slowly and unwillingly retires. The heart, we have said to consist of two auricles and two ventricles, and their contraction separately on the blood has been mentioned, but it must not be thence concluded, that each of these divisions

in turn contracts separately and by itself, no other action of the heart occurring at the same time ; for this is by no means the case. The two auricles contract and dilate together, and it is the same with respect to the ventricles, whose motions are simultaneous also ; the contraction of one part, and the dilatation of the other, both occurring at the same period. It may be observed here, that when the contraction of the heart is mentioned in general terms, that of the ventricles is always alluded to.

On each action of the ventricles, the whole of the heart is carried smartly forwards, and the point of this organ comes in contact with the left side of the chest, between the sixth and seventh true ribs, where its pulsation may be easily felt. From this circumstance, a controversy has arisen among physiologists, respecting the mode in which the contraction takes place ; some supposing the heart at that instant to be elongated ; and others, with better reason, affirming it to be shortened ; and numerous were the animals sacrificed, to prove the truth of each assertion. The question is now set at rest, as it is ascertained that the external portion of the ventricles is drawn towards the *septum* or partition between them, and the apex or point towards the base ; the displacement of the heart being therefore to be attributed to the influx of blood into the auricles, and to its expulsion from the ventricles, by which the aorta and pulmonary artery are distended.

The pulsations of the heart during health vary much, according to the sex, habits, or temperament of the individual ; their frequency, however, decreasing from infancy to old age. In the new-born infant, the pulse may be estimated at 140 per minute ; at the end of the first year, 124—second, 110—third and fourth, 96 ;—in youth, from 80 to 86—manhood, 75—old age, 60. But as life advances farther, the pulse is found so variable, that no accurate estimate can be taken.

The heart, through the medium of

the nerves, is greatly influenced by the passions and affections of the mind ; its action is modified and often accelerated by the slightest emotion ; and diseases of every kind control, diminish, and even excite its powers. By this derangement other parts of the system are influenced ; for the animal frame may be said to resemble a piece of mechanism, furnished with numerous wheels depending on and giving aid to each other ; but let one be displaced or put out of order, the whole is thrown into confusion. Fainting, for instance, we know is often occasioned by emotions of the mind, by which, through the medium of the nerves, the action of the heart is diminished, and less blood is consequently sent through the vessels to the brain. Now, from this deficiency, the nervous power of the brain becomes diminished, or even for a time suspended, as it depends materially on the circulation, and the body sinks inanimate ; nor perhaps would it recover, had not the heart the property of still preserving its power of contraction to a certain degree, which, as the blood begins again to circulate slowly through the brain, it more and more recovers ; and as it recovers, sends forth by degrees a still greater portion of blood, till at last the whole circulation becomes fully restored. Hence we see the reason why persons fainting should be placed in a horizontal position, with the head as low or lower than the rest of the body.

The arteries, we have before stated, may be considered as ramifications of one great trunk ; they are composed of three coats, the external one consisting merely of cellular membrane, the middle one of fibres encircling the artery, and asserted by many to be muscular ; and the internal one, a thin membrane calculated to give strength to the artery, and afford at the same time, by the smoothness of its surface, a free and easy passage to the blood. The veins also in like manner are composed of three coats ; but as their structure is much more delicate than that of arteries, it is a diffi-

cult matter to demonstrate the fact, while, on the contrary, the coats of arteries from their structure easily admit of separation. The arteries and veins are both elastic, and capa-

ble of dilatation to a considerable degree ; but the latter possess this power more remarkably than the former, and it is astonishing to how great an extent this may be carried without injury.

THE LAMENT OF ONE WHO "CAN GET NO EMPLOY."

So wobegone a gentleman
I'm sure you never knew,
I am a wretch that has not got
A single thing to do.

I never drink — for I have not
A grain of sense to spare ;
I never smoke : poor earthly joy !
It all dissolves in air !

I never swear — I reckon that
The stupidest of sins ;
I will not game — I've nought to lose,
And no one ever wins !

I cannot swim — my system has
A tendency to cramp !
I never sail — that getting drown'd
Does always strike so damp !

I will not skate — besides, in June
I could not if I chose ;
I take no snuff — for truly mine
Is not a hungry nose.

I cannot study — for my head 's
The worst of thoroughfares ;

I never hunt — I hold my life
Worth thirty thousand hares.

I never shoot — my poulterer's boy
Does all that dirty work ;
I hate all politics — the Greek,
The Russian, and the Turk.

I cannot talk from morn till night —
What have I got to tell ? —
Nor hear another ! better lodge
Next door to old Bow Bell !

I never dance ; — what ! bob my legs,
And bounce about the floor !
I never sing — a singing man 's
A nuisance and a bore.

I play no fiddle — squalls and squeals
Will not repay one's labors ;
Nor whining flute — what right have I
To tantalise my neighbors ?

I can't compose — I cannot see
Where lies an author's bliss ;
Compose ! why, bless my foolish pen !
Why, only look at this !

THE MAID OF COVADONGA.

I HAD long entertained an ardent wish to see the Vale of Covadonga, so celebrated in the earlier era of Spanish history. A visit which I paid to a friend, who lived part of the year at Canga de Onis, at length afforded me an opportunity of indulging these wishes, little suspecting the sort of adventure to which they gave rise. The distance from my friend's house to the renowned spot was not inconveniently great ; and, accordingly, having procured a strong mule—a sort of accommodation peculiarly adapted to the nature of the ramble—I set out, full of romantic enthusiasm, for this my first chivalric expedition. A few hours' travelling brought me to the scene of my anticipated delight. As I gradually approached the hallowed

spot, my heart throbbed with unusual emotion ; nor could I view the glowing beauty, the wildness, the majestic grandeur of the distant scene, without feeling my heart awakened to every sensation of awe and admiration. The silence which reigned around seemed to reach the inmost soul ; a solemn, breathless stillness hung over those imposing solitudes, and afforded a majestic picture of repose. The irregular variety and beautifully picturesque appearance of the surrounding objects excited the liveliest feelings of surprise. Here gigantic masses of rock rose majestically through the green foliage in which they were embosomed ; and there the vale was flanked with numerous mountain ravines. Uncouth and shapeless clus-

ters of wild shrubs at intervals met the sight, strikingly contrasting with the trees, irregularly strewn over the hill-sides, and added to the wild beauties of the prospect. I visited the famous cavern, where the Goths are said to have taken refuge at the time of the Moorish invasion, and where a chapel of rude workmanship commemorates to this day the stubborn resistance made in favor of barbarian independence.

Having thus paid my devoirs to the genius of the place, I mounted a little eminence near the chapel; and there, inspired by the deep silence of the scene, my mind insensibly fell into a train of absorbing contemplation. Methought I was carried back to ages long gone by, and that the stirring scenes of an epoch so mournful to my country were rehearsed anew. With these ideas of despondency and gloom, came mingled others, of vigorous feats and daring exploits, which served to enliven my melancholy views.—“Here,” I mentally exclaimed—“in this sacred spot, with mighty efforts of heroism, was commenced that series of valorous achievements, destined in process of time to rescue the mother country from the usurping grasp of her invading Mahomedan foes. In these wild and awful solitudes—fit emblems of the spirit of liberty and independence!—slavery and oppression could never take firm root; the soil was unpropitious to its growth; the mountain-air proved too strong for the sickly parasitical tribe. It was here, indeed, that the renowned Prince Pelagius checked the overwhelming and victorious career of the Moors. Yes! on this hallowed spot was the first little semblance of a nation instituted—a nation which, insignificant in its origin, became, in after-times, like the Roman, warlike and powerful, not unworthy to contend with the ancient mistress of the world.”

These thoughts awakened a thousand others of congenial nature; and, insensibly, I fell into a profound reverie, more delicious to intellectual consciousness than even the softest slum-

ber. Then the shadows of heroes long dead passed in review before me; they stood out vividly before the vision of my heated imagination; they seemed to breathe with life, and I endow- ed them with new feelings and passions. The forms of Pelagius, Alfonso, Trucla, and others, passed in awful sadness before my sight; and I hailed with enthusiasm those warriors who had escaped the enervating influence of the corrupted court of the unfortunate Don Rodrigo. In this mysterious trance I had remained some time, when, suddenly, my musings were interrupted by a shrill scream, which reverberated mournfully along those solitudes: I turned quickly to learn whence the cry of sorrow proceeded, and my curiosity was soon satisfied.

Not far from the place where I stood, I perceived a female form, in an attitude of terrific alarm, looking intently upon me, and apparently wavering what course to pursue. She seemed in the first bloom of womanhood, and her wretched attire accorded well with the strangeness of her look and her wild deportment. Her arms and legs were bare, and a tattered garment was the only dress she wore. Long tresses of raven hair flowed, unrestrained, along her back, and partly covered her bosom. Her countenance was pale and emaciated, and a flash of vivid eagerness shot at intervals from her dark eyes. Yet, amidst the disorder and misery of her appearance, there were still remains of uncommon beauty in her wasted form and features.

This unexpected apparition startled me from my dream. How such a being could be found in those wild solitudes, was to me a source of painful conjecture. That she was deranged was the idea that most strongly occurred to my mind; but yet how she had contrived to escape from her friends, and wander so far from human habitations, strangely perplexed me. I gazed upon her for some time in silence, and an expression of alarm became perceptible in her looks; I waived

my hand in friendly token for her to approach; but she retreated, with looks of timid apprehension.

I then resolved to show her that I came only as a friend, and advanced towards her. My intention, however, was baffled; for, in a moment, this strange being banished from my view, like a phantom; and I continued some moments gazing at the spot, doubting if what I had seen were real.

Struck at this unusual incident, I felt an intense curiosity to learn farther particulars, as such an incident could not fail to make a strong impression on my feelings. For some time, therefore, I endeavored to trace the course of the fugitive; but all my efforts proved in vain. Better acquainted than I with the secret passes of that complicated wilderness, she had baffled my pursuit. I was at length compelled to retrace my steps; the shadows of evening were fast descending, and I felt apprehensive lest a cheerless night of anxiety and pain would be the probable reward of my romantic adventure.

With some difficulty I regained the little eminence, and, mounting my mule, I endeavored to make my way toward Canga de Onis; but the animal did not, in any way, seem to enter into my views, and flatly refused to advance with the expedition I wished. After an hour's peregrination, I descried the little hamlet of Riera, chiefly composed of several stray huts, sheltered by a small wood. A thought crossed my mind, that I might learn from the inmates of these miserable tenements some particulars concerning the strange female; and, under this impression, I proceeded towards the place. On arriving at the entrance of the first hut, I found an old and a young goatherd, who appeared as much surprised at my visit there, as I was with their uncouth dress and bewildered looks. I hastened to remove their suspicions.

"My good friends," said I, "you seem startled at my approach;—

what alarms you? Surely there is nothing very terrible in my appearance to excite this dread?"

"Your appearance, Senor," replied the old man, "is comely enough; but there are so many rogues, that——"

"Hold your peace, good man; I am no gentleman robber: no—for I merely come to demand——"

The word *demand* did not tend to remove the anxiety of the simple goatherds, and they evinced unequivocal signs of mistrust in their still lengthened visages.

"Gently, gently; you quite misapprehend me;—what I wish to demand of you is only information—a cheap commodity, I imagine, and which no doubt you can conveniently spare, if it indeed be that you possess it."

"Well, Senor," said the elder goatherd, somewhat reassured, "such I may contrive to bestow."

"That's rightly spoken. Now tell me, do you know anything concerning a strange being that seems to haunt these places?"

"Strange beings, Senor! I don't quite understand what you mean. Sure enough, there's no lack of strange beings hereabouts. In the first place, there's that wicked *tia majura*, as great a witch as ever deserved to be burnt. Ah! Senor, did you but see her chin! *Virgen Santa!* what a suspicious chin! Then her mustachios, and her unnatural-looking eye! Well, I always cross myself whenever she comes into my mind; and I can assure you that I am constantly thinking about the witch."

"Why, then, my honest fellow, your time must be, if not very profitably, at least very piously occupied, in prayer against her spells."

The old man returned no comment, but fervently made the sign of the cross—in which devout operation he was joined by his younger companion, whom I concluded to be his son. After a short pause, the speaker continued:—

"Then there is the cripple tailor, who came from Oviedo—a very ugly

little man ; and then such things as he tells of the foreign parts he has visited!—and a great kingdom, called Madrid ; to which, no doubt, he arrived in some large ship ! Oh ! Sir, he is a very learned man ; but Heaven preserve me from all his wisdom !”

“ Hold, my honest fellow ; I mean not to dispute the claims of those whom you mention to be called *strange beings* ; but the person of whom I speak is neither the witch with the long chin, nor the learned cripple tailor.”

“ Then,” quoth the son, “ mayhap you mean, Senor, the mischievous hunchback who made his appearance amongst us some days ago. He was full of tricks, the wicked, deformed monster ! But he is no longer here. Some say that he returned to Oviedo, seeing how roughly he was treated, and how carefully shunned, by all honest people. For my part, Senor, I verily think he was carried away by the devil, one of whose imps he surely is. Certainly, his sudden coming and going was very mysterious.”

“ Well, well, if his Satanic majesty got hold of his promising subject, and carried him to the regions below, it is not likely he should send him back to a place where his first mission was attended with such indifferent success. Besides, the strange being to whom I allude is neither old, ugly, nor, do I believe, mischievous—but a young, beautiful female, whose sudden apparition in these wild passes, no less than the strangeness of her demeanor, have naturally excited my deepest interest and curiosity to learn the particulars of her history.”

The son retreated in visible dismay as I pronounced these words. I perceived that I had touched upon a very tender topic, and this circumstance only tended to heighten my curiosity.

“ Ah ! Senor,” cried the young goatherd, crossing himself, “ *Dios nos defrenda !* when did you meet with her ? was she very near this place ?”

“ Not far, certainly ; perhaps a mile or so.”

“ A mile ! only a mile ! Good

Heavens ! Why, she approaches nearer every day.—Father, what shall we do ?”

The old goatherd neither answered nor moved a muscle, but preserved a most profound gravity.

“ Now, young friend,” said I, “ your suspicions and awful looks appear to me singularly out of time and place : I see no cause for such demonstrations. What, in the name of wonder, can you apprehend from a poor female ? Do you know anything of her ?”

“ No, Senor ; we know nothing ; and there precisely lies the mischief. How came she here ?—what does she want ? No good, I trow ! Depend upon it, my very honored master, she is possessed—she has an evil spirit. Yes, yes ! I would take my oath she has a demon in her body.”

“ Indeed ! that’s a curious guest, to be sure. I suppose you have some very powerful proof to support your opinion ?”

“ She has often been heard communing with some one, very mysteriously, when no living soul was near. Perico Matos, a shrewd fellow, saw her twice ; and I think that I once heard her myself. Now, it is very clear, Senor, that she was communing with the wicked sprite. Oh ! never go near that horrid woman—that malignant being, I should say ! for the female form is only a deceit ; and I would swear that she is no more a woman than I am myself.”

“ Hush ! Anton, thou foolish boy !” interposed the father, in a reproving tone, “ how long wilt thou indulge in that silly belief ? I have often told thee she is no devil, but a poor woman out of her wits—a wild maniac, who has no doubt committed some grievous crime, for which she is tormented only by the demon of remorse. Perhaps she wanders in these solitudes to do penance for her sin, and obtain mercy from above.”

I thought the father’s account of the female the most reasonable of the two ; but the son favored us with a very incredulous shake of the head,

accompanied by a sagacious smile, which, translated into words, I believe meant—"Oh! but I know better."

"Besides," resumed the old goatherd, "how can she be thought a wicked, unearthly thing, being, as she is, so young and handsome?"

I considered this argument none of the worst; and I certainly admired the ingenious method which the old man had of guiding his judgment in matters of witchcraft and diabolical interposition. I moreover concluded that the *tia majura*, the cripple tailor, and the hunchback, were indebted for their supposed magical powers to their extreme ugliness and superfluity of back. Ugliness and shrewdness are, indeed, regarded amongst ignorant people as sure tokens of mischief; and the inference is not, perhaps, devoid of some shadow of reason. The devil is depicted, by some learned divines, as an extremely ugly and remarkably clever personage; and people naturally enough conclude that persons who possess those two qualities in an eminent degree, must of necessity have some connexion with the common enemy of mankind;—a hint this to every old, ugly woman, deformed wight, and sharp wit, speedily to remove from scanty villages to large towns, where anything passes muster, and is not subject to special observation.

But to return.—The old goatherd, well satisfied with the approving looks which I bestowed upon his reasoning, very contentedly continued—

"No, no; there is nothing to indicate supernatural practices in that young woman. I think I ought to know something of these matters, for I am an old man; and, besides, our curate agrees with me in opinion; and sure enough the holy man is the most proper person to consult concerning these sort of affairs."

"How long has she been a wanderer about these places?" I then inquired.

"It is about a week since we saw her for the first time; but the motive

of her coming here at all is a mystery. She was found weeping by the side of a brook, looking very afflicted, and, at other times, she startles the passing stranger with her sad groans and cries. Poor thing! she is certainly suffering great agony. When we first perceived her, we attempted to approach her; but she fled precipitately from us with signs of terror, and never since has she permitted any one to come near her."

"How does she contrive to procure a subsistence in her wandering life? These places seem not much adapted to the maintenance of rational beings."

"Alack! Senor, she feeds on acorns, like a wild boar; she eats anything she can find; and often, too, when she approaches the hamlet, some of us take care to leave food in her way, which she snatches up greedily, and then disappears."

"And this is all you can tell me concerning the poor female?"

"As I am a Christian, it is."

Now the information I received, instead of satisfying, naturally enough tended to heighten my desire of knowing more of the story of the unfortunate wanderer. Night had closed in unusual darkness, and I became apprehensive I should not be able to find my way back to the town. In this dilemma, I requested the young goatherd to be my guide; but the timorous bumpkin would as soon have condescended to conduct me into a lion's den. He exhibited a most vacant and prodigious dismay at the bare proposal; and even the persuasive eloquence of a purse shown to him was entirely thrown away upon his unenlightened mind.

"Keep your money, Senor," he replied peevishly, "and do not come to tempt poor honest folks with it. I want none of your gold, if I am to procure it at the peril of my life, and, what is worse, by endangering my salvation. A goodly company are we likely to find in these places at night—and a night like this withal!"

The old man seemed more accom-

modating ; he did not, indeed, offer himself as a guide, but frankly invited me to pass the night in his hut. In my situation, I thought the most prudent course to pursue was to accept his hospitality, which I accordingly did, and, dismounting, went to inspect what accommodation I was to hope for. A very frugal supper served as a prologue to a bed, composed of a mattress of dry straw, and tattered rags for a coverlid. I slept, however, very soundly, and, strange to say, I was not visited by any dreams of the female maniac. But, if absent in my sleep, she was the first subject to occupy my imagination when I awoke.

I left the hut early in the morning, and pursued my journey to ———, where I arrived full of the adventure which had marked my visit to the famous vale and chapel of Covadonga. I was here, however, equally unable to gather any satisfactory account concerning the mysterious female who had so strangely crossed my path. Time, that general destroyer of everything human, gradually obliterated from my mind the recollection of my adventure ; and in less than a month I had scarcely a thought to bestow on an incident which had absorbed all the powers of my imagination but a short time before.

* * * * *

Ten years had now elapsed—ten years full of variety of incident and peril. I had left my native city, Oviedo, with the intention of seeing the world ; I witnessed the stirring scenes rehearsed in France during the despotic period of Napoleon's gigantic power ; and I had taken arms in defence of my country, when that mighty conqueror ventured upon his imprudent invasion. After the downfall of that great man—for great I must call him, although my hated enemy—at the ever-memorable field of Waterloo, I returned to Oviedo to enjoy a life of tranquillity, after the many disasters, troubles, and perplexities, which had until now distinguished it.

The restoration of Ferdinand to the throne of Spain gave birth to many

brilliant hopes, which were unhappily rendered abortive. This was a new inducement to make me prefer the solitude and obscurity of my paternal home to the glittering scene of the court of Madrid. On the day after my arrival at Oviedo, I was awakened early in the morning by a visit from Don Lorenzo Navas, my intimate friend. After the first greetings, I inquired of him the cause of a confused rumor that I had heard in the street.

"What!" said Don Lorenzo, "you don't know anything then of the strange event which is about to take place?"

"Not I, indeed ; how, in the name of fortune, should I, arriving but yesterday, after an absence of ten years? But what is this strange event?"

"They are going to hang a poor helpless female."

"And that you call a strange event! Upon my word, your affairs at Oviedo must go on upon a very monotonous, uninteresting footing, since a public execution is calculated to produce such an effect."

"It is not, my good friend, the execution in itself that occasions this unusual excitement in the public mind, but the strange circumstances connected with the unfortunate culprit."

"Well, well, let me hear her story."

"It is, in sooth, a mournful one. The wretched being, who is to be the heroine of the tragedy of this day, was once well known to me, as one of the most beautiful and innocent lasses of a neighboring village. Maria Sanchez was, indeed, a most amiable creature, until she fell into the power of the ruffian who wrought her ruin. Maria was the daughter of a reduced farmer, a tenant of the Bishop of ———. The nephew of this prelate found means to insinuate himself into the heart of the unsuspecting girl. His fervent protestations were listened to—his reiterated promises of marriage believed. In the seclusion of her retired life, it could not be expected that Maria should in any way have become aware of the plot and artifices of an experienced seducer. She confided impli-

citly in the honor of her admirer, and in an evil hour she fell. Too late she deplored her error; the assiduities of her lover became less frequent; his caresses were no longer continued with the warmth of a fervent heart. He grew cold—indifferent; and she could only weep over the change.

“She was alarmed, but could not as yet surmise the whole extent of the dreadful fate that awaited her. She became a mother; and this circumstance, which she considered would endear her to her neglectful lover, seemed only to estrange his affections more and more. His indifference soon grew into disgust; he saw but seldom the unfortunate girl; and her tears and agony growing daily more irksome, he ultimately abandoned her to her wretched lot. The heavy weight of her misfortunes and her shame now glaringly flashed upon the aching sight of poor Maria. She fled from the village, where she had been the idol of all around her; she was now become a by-word of contumely—an object of pity or abhorrence; she soon grew frantic with her sorrows, and for some time continued a houseless wanderer. Once more she chanced to meet with her heartless seducer; but her agonising expostulations and scalding tears were poured in vain. He was grown callous even to the voice of pity; and some new amour in which he was now engaged completely alienated from his mind even the memory of the affection which he had once professed for the unfortunate Maria. This last proof of unkindness drove the wretched victim to the verge of insanity. In a fit of despair she committed a dreadful, an unnatural crime, which rendered doubly horrible her already too miserable fate. She deprived of life the wretched offspring of her guilty affection. From that fatal moment, the pangs of her remorse and woe were augmented. The common instinct of personal safety made her at first solicitous to conceal the perpetration of the fearful act, and to avoid observation. In a distracted state, she wan-

dered for some time in unfrequented solitude; but suspicion had already been awakened by her strange conduct, and she did not long elude the avenging and awful pursuit of justice, which tracked her with slow but sure steps. She was at length taken, and conducted to the jail of this city, where she was tried, convicted of infanticide, and condemned to death. At this awful moment, it seems that a pang of remorse visited the heart of the merciless seducer. He could not, without shuddering, contemplate the misery of which he was the sole author. He passionately appealed to his uncle, the bishop, whose influence at court was immense. His application did not prove fruitless. The prelate was himself eager to prevent the fulfilment of the sentence, and obtained a royal decree to have the cause investigated by the Council of Castile. The French invasion succeeded, and, in the confusion of those times, the sentence was suspended, and Maria lingered in prison. After a lapse of ten years, new judges have ordered the award of justice to be carried into execution.”

“Can this be possible? Is such an instance of barbarity offered by a civilized nation? Methinks the ten years’ confinement is ample punishment for the unfortunate girl.”

“Well, but they say that strict justice requires her life.”

“Then strict justice ought to have required that life ten years ago. But I don’t see how we can reconcile this double punishment with ideas of justice.”

A sullen murmur interrupted our conversation, and the bell tolled solemnly—the moment for the execution was arrived. An instinctive impulse hurried me to the place; an immense crowd surrounded the scaffold.

Presently the wretched victim appeared, supported by two friars; she seemed ready to drop into the earth. I shuddered at the sight of the poor maniac prisoner; but my astonishment, my horror increased, when I recognised, in the unfortunate culprit,

the strange female—the mysterious being, who had ten years before surprised me so much in the Vale of Codonga ! Time and suffering had woefully altered her form and features. Her once full, dark eye had sunk into its yielding socket ; her cheeks, once round and blooming, time and despair had frightfully disfigured ; her rich, luxuriant tresses, once of raven-blackness, were now white as snow through extreme grief and terror—evidently

not by age : her withered limbs, once symmety itself, were almost paralyzed, and wholly unable to support their burden. But still there were sufficient traces yet remaining to convince me of the justice of my opinion.

The fatal noose was already round the neck of poor Maria. I could not support the horrid scene ; and, with feelings of mingled pity, disgust, and indignation, I turned my eyes away, and rushed from the revolting scene.

OLD HANNAH ; OR, THE CHARM.

BY SUSANNA STRICKLAND.

In sooth my tale is built on simple facts,
The actors are no puppets of my will ;
I but record what I myself have seen,
And laughed at in my days of youthful glee.

POOR old Hannah ! I see her now before me—her short stout figure, framed as it was for labor—her round red face, which long exposure to the weather had so befreckled and betanned, that not one tint of her original complexion was left—her small, deep-seated, merry grey eyes, and the little turned-up, impertinent-looking nose, that gave, by its singular elevation, such a grotesque and humorous expression to her countenance. Often have I stolen out into the fields to listen to her odd tales, a pastime which I infinitely preferred to the detested task of conning my lessons. I can see her now before me, as she sat crouched on her three-legged stool, milking her favorite red cow, Strawberry, beneath the shade of the noble old ash in the meadow. They were happy days when I paused delighted by the side of the little white gate, leading into the garden, to catch the snatches of her old songs—to shudder at the treachery of False Anachin, and to enter, heart and soul, into the tragedy of Lord Thomas and fair Ellen.

Hannah first initiated me in ghostly lore. From her I learned that village-maids had sweethearts, and that men—

“heaven save the mark !”—had died for love. Even at that tender age, this last piece of legendary information seemed an inscrutable mystery. But Hannah, for a while, satisfied my doubts, by telling me that “I was young at present ; before I died I should know all about it.” From Hannah I learned that *gipsies* could actually tell fortunes—that *Fridays* were unlucky days to travel on—and that *charms* were infallible.

I verily believe that the old woman had tried every species of this kind of necromancy, from the age of fifteen to fifty, without obtaining, through the potent influence of magic, the desired effect—a husband ! Hannah was a spinster—or, as the country people denominate a single woman, who has to support a family—a grace widow.

Charms were, with this antiquated *graceless* damsel, a cure for every complaint that afflicts humanity. For the cramp, she wore the cramp-bone of a sheep, so placed as to touch the part affected ; for headach, a parcel of mustard seed, sewed up in a small flannel bag, and fixed under her cap on the crown of her head ; and, if her teeth pained her, she forthwith proceeded to the orchard, and culled from

the oldest codling-tree a small withered apple, which she deposited by moonlight on the gate-post of a distant field, whither she expected chance would never direct her steps again. But for the ague, that terror of the poor, a host of magical remedies were resorted to, with pretty equal success. The *unerring* cure, however, for this cruel disorder, shocked my organ of benevolence, with its selfishness, even when I was a child; but Hannah, though very charitable, felt no such scruples. Here it is:—"Any person afflicted with the ague, and wishing a fair riddance of this evil disorder, must, when the shaking fit is on, go down into a marsh, or low meadow, through which flows a running stream that has a plank over it for the benefit of foot passengers. The person, male or female, must cross the bridge without looking behind, and, standing on the bank, with face to the sun and back to the rivulet, suddenly throw the plank to the opposite shore, chaunting these lines:—

"Ague! Ague! Ague! seize, I pray,
The first living thing that comes this way,
And throws the plank across the river,
But cease to plague me now forever.
Take them, and shake them—torment them
sore,
But, Ague, return to me no more."

"The afflicted person is then to return home, carefully avoiding the road by which he came; and the first man, woman, or child, who is so unfortunate as to pass that way, and throw the plank over the stream, receives the evil spirit, which, like the hobgoblins of yore, has not the power to cross a running brook."

At Hannah's instigation, as I advanced towards womanhood, I have placed my shoes, "going and coming," when resting in a strange bed, in the vain hope of beholding in my sleep my future spouse. For the same wise purpose, I have picked up a white stone, when passing over ground I had never before trodden, and, on my return home, deposited the prize under my pillow, as a mystic treasure that could reveal to me the secrets of futurity. I have blunted many a good

penknife by cutting fern roots aslant, and paring apples, to try for the initials of the favored swain by waving the parings nine times over my head, and casting them, with a sudden jerk, over my left shoulder. And then, the pips! When seated round a cheerful fire, at the present social season of the year, how often has that potent spell passed from girl to girl, as bright eyes and rosy cheeks bent anxiously over the roaring blaze, expecting, with ill-concealed impatience, the result of their invocation!

"If he loves me, crack and fly!
If he hates me, lie and die."

And I, with whom laughter was almost a disease, have often, out of bravado, reversed the charm, yet listened, with a beating heart, to the snap that annihilated my hopes.

Charms of deeper importance no persuasions from Hannah could ever induce me to try. All her rhetoric, enforced with the true Suffolk whine, and a long pause between every letter, could never prevail on me to eat the apple before the looking-glass at midnight to behold my sweetheart peeping over my left shoulder. The very idea of the thing rendered me nervous. I considered it a crime little short of mother Eve's eating the forbidden fruit in the garden of Eden, and had I seen any reflection in the glass, I should have devoutly taken the apparition for no less a personage than the prince of darkness. However, one new year's eve, a clergyman (an old bachelor to boot) presented me with a piece of bridecake, which had been drawn nine times through the wedding-ring by the bride; proposing, on the whim of the moment, that we should both try the efficacy of the charm by dreaming upon it that very night. I eagerly entered upon the visionary speculation, and dreamed—Queen Mab herself must have inspired the dream—that I was married to the King! The donor of the cake was less ambitious, and less fortunate. He imagined that a swarm of wasps maliciously invaded his bed, and devoured the cake from beneath his pil-

low. This, with the mad levity of sixteen, I treated as a just visitation, and emblematical of the forlorn state falsely denominated "single blessedness."

But to return to old Hannah.—The winter had closed in with severe frosts and snow. Everything wore a cheerless aspect but Hannah's red face, which exhibited unusual signs of hilarity. Her work went briskly off her hands, and you might hear her voice all over the house singing her favorite old catches. No one could divine the reason why Hannah appeared as airy and as gay as a lark, when the inhabitants of the mansion, and even nature herself, had assumed a graver aspect.—Hannah was in love ! The bailiff who superintended the farm attached to the mansion, was a hale, middle aged man, and a widower withal. Proctor had whispered soft things in Hannah's ear, and she once more resolved to have recourse to one of her most potent charms to learn the sincerity of his intentions. She made me her confidante, and vain were all my efforts to dissuade her from the silly scheme. Hannah was no sceptic : she would have doubted her own existence, as soon as the power of her spells. She slept in a lonely garret, some way apart from the rest of the family, and the charm she had chosen was a very simple one. It consisted only in putting on clean linen on the first Friday in the month, and stepping backwards into bed ; repeating, as she did so, the following invocation three times over :—

"Friday night, Friday night,
As I lie dressed all in white,
I pray to heaven that I may see
The man that my husband is to be ;
In his apparel and his array,
That he doth appear in every day ;
With the children by his side,
Which I am to have when I am his bride !"

My brothers, two roguish boys, just escaped from the gloomy precincts of a free school to spend their Christmas holidays at the old mansion house, learned from Mary, the housemaid, Hannah's intention. This knowledge afforded them infinite diversion, and called forth all their mischievous pro-

pensities. They sought the enamored damsel, and, assuming a forced gravity of deportment, they assured her the charm would have no effect unless she took nine black pepper-corns, and shook them nine times in Proctor's boot, screwed them up in a little piece of paper, and tied them with a bit of green thread round her great toe. Hannah received the information with avidity, and never questioned the source whence her young masters derived their pretended knowledge. She went to bed perfectly satisfied, having smuggled one of Proctor's boots out of his room, to give the nine ominous shakes to the nine black pepper-corns. The process of tying them round her toe would have afforded a subject for Wilkie's pencil ; but to these mysteries we were not admitted. The family retired to rest at the usual hour, and before eleven the house was in a state of perfect tranquillity. About midnight, our slumbers were broken by a piercing scream, or rather yell of terror. The sound came from Hannah's garret ; and, as it echoed through the long passages of the mansion, all the inhabitants sprang with one consent from the arms of sleep. Before I could reach my wrapping cloak, the door of my apartment was suddenly burst open, and Hannah stood before me—her eyes fixed and staring, and her red face, for the first time, as white as her night dress. Her limbs were convulsed, as if under the influence of an ague fit, and her quivering lips appeared incapable of uttering a single word. There she stood, trembling and shaking before me, the tears rolling down her cheeks, and her hands uplifted in silent horror. Before I could find words to demand the reason of her nocturnal visit, the room was filled with eager and inquiring faces, and the two mischievous imps who had partly been the cause of her terrors were the foremost in the motley group. Anxious to learn the result of their invented charm, they exclaimed in a breath—

"Well, Hannah ! what did you see ?"

She answered this abrupt question in a pitiful whine, of such unusual length and emphasis, that I was constrained to turn my back on the afflicted damsel, to hide the painful risibility with which I was irresistibly assailed.

"Oh! Master Thomas, and John, it was all your doings. Instead of Nehemiah Proctor—*Death* came to my bed-side!"

"Death!" repeated the two brothers, exchanging a sly glance with each other—"That was rather a strange visitor. I suppose it was old Harry, who, loving hot things, had come to untie the pepper-corns from off your toe."

After much desultory colloquy, the detail of the night's adventure was drawn from old Hannah. She had gone up stairs backwards, and a tiresome job she had had of it; first up one steep flight of stairs, and then another—across Miss Sarah's room, and down the long passage, at the end of which, as ill-luck would have it, the wind blew her candle out, and she dared not go back to light it, for fear of breaking the charm. On she went in the dark, stumbling at every step, till she reached her own door. There she heard such dismal howlings of the wind in the old garrets, and such strange noises, like the rattling of bones, that she stood quaking and shaking with fear. Then the difficulties she encountered, in securing the nine pepper-corns round her toe; and then, jumping backwards into bed, the first spring she gave broke the thread that held the pepper-corns, and she heard them go rolling to every corner of the room! "'Tis no use," says I, "seeking for them, I might as well look for a needle in a truss of hay. I contrived at last to get into bed," continued the old woman, in a very sulky tone; "but I was in such a desperate fluster, I made three mistakes in the charm, and that helped to do the mischief. However, after I had made a finish of the conjuration, I lay quite still in the bed, neither looking to the right nor to the left, but with my

eyes fixed on the door which was before me, and thinking of Nehemiah Proctor, when I heard a soft low voice say—Mother! mother!—I sprang up in the bed, and the room was no longer dark, but as light as the noon day. And there stood at the foot of the bed the prettiest pick-a-ninny of a child I ever saw in my life, and I knew the dear babe again—it was my sweet Caleb.

"I was sostruck with the beauty of the child's smiling face, that I tried to take him in my arms; but before I could touch the vision, it turned suddenly into a hideous grinning skeleton, that sprang on to the bed, and, seizing my throat between his long bony fingers, cried, in a hollow voice, 'I am Death! the only husband you will ever have!' It was no dream—it was a struggle for life and death.—I felt his cold bones rattle against me—I saw the blue flames flashing out of the eyeless holes in his skull—his grinning teeth chattered in his fleshless gums, as he tightened the strong gripe on my swelling throat—Oh! oh! I feel him! —I see him still!"

Her face, which had resumed, during her relation, its crimson hue, was again colorless; her lips firmly compressed, and her eyes wild and staring. "How this world is given to fibbing!" cried Tom, with a deliberate laugh; "what a mountain this mole-hill has become!"

I really pitied her distress. "Compose yourself, Hannah," I said; "you have been under the influence of a frightful dream."

"Indeed, Miss, I shall never forget it to my dying day—I was wide awake—I heard it with my own ears—I saw it with my own eyes—I felt its gripe on my flesh. You cannot persuade me out of my senses."

"It was very hard to raise such an outcry against your husband," cried Tom, "I will go and see what has become of him." Before he could leave the room, the door opened, and Master John, who had quietly retired, conducted into our presence a pasteboard skeleton of gigantic dimensions.

At the sight of the apparition Hannah gave another frightful scream, and made a hasty retreat behind the bed-curtain, while the manufacturers of the scarecrow exclaimed, in a tone of triumph, "Here, Hannah! here's your husband!"

All my eloquence was vainly spent, when I endeavored to convince Hannah that she had been deceived;—that my brothers had invented this scheme to cure her of resorting to charms for the future. She turned sullenly away, persisting in the truth of her own story. Tom, the inventor of the scheme, had introduced the pasteboard figure (which was skilfully constructed) into the room after Hannah was asleep, and placed it opposite the bed. Her

dream was of the pretty child; but, awakening with the noise which "Death" made on his entrance, her vision was assailed by the frightful apparition, which seemed to grin horribly upon her in the moonlight. Imagination had done all the rest; and the mischievous boys had not a little enjoyed the wonderful and exaggerated account that the love-lorn damsel had given of the spectre. The experiment was not successful. Hannah still continued to practise charms, and still remained a spinster; and the old garret acquired the reputation of being haunted ever after; a calumny which will never be effaced as long as one stone shall remain upon another.

BARTON'S NEW YEAR'S EVE.*

WE are now to speak of a poet whose taste, feeling, and education, incline him to the frequent adoption of what are called sacred subjects—one who, not from a calculation of his understanding, but from the bent of his character, is induced to recur constantly in his poetry to those revealed truths in which religion has always embodied itself most definitely to his heart—one who has not set himself down with intent to be religious, as a man might set out with intent to travel into some new country well reported of for its flocks, and its herds, and its vineyards, and then set down to learn Christianity, as the trade language of that country, without which no dealings are carried on there successfully,—but who, being deeply pervaded with religion, and allowing it to overflow in a thousand different utterances, nevertheless, by habit and by preference, resorts to Christianity, as that language which is its richest, and fullest, and most harmonious dialect,—as that which refines and elevates the feelings in the very act of supplying them with an expression—

as that which he learnt to speak in infancy, and which is the proper tongue of his own father-land.

Bernard Barton is a Christian, and a poet, without guile. He says just what he has to say naturally and unaffectedly. He never talks religion from calculation, or abstains from talking it lest he should shock worldly men. His Bible is a favorite companion with him; but he does not take it out on all occasions; for he can read the same truths, and, in certain states of mind, more profitably, written on the trees, and skies, and lakes.

In short, he may value one mode of expression above another, just as he may esteem one coat above another; but the all-important requisite is, that the coat should fit—that the expression should really reveal the thought; and to this primary consideration he, being an honest man, is willing to sacrifice every other.

Bernard Barton was once pertinaciously called, through a whole article in "The Edinburgh Review," the Quaker Poet; and, if that word were used in its primitive sense, to express

* A New-Year's Eve, and other Poems. By Bernard Barton. Svo. pp. 244. Hatchard and Son. London, 1828.

a person who believes in an inward life, which is superior to all the mere forms which are devised for its manifestation, there is no word with which that of poet could be more happily and congenially associated. But, if it were meant as the symbol of a man who holds his neighbors cheap because they have not the same amplitude of brim and the same dislike of angles in the construction of coats with himself, Mr. Jeffrey was not at all more happy in saddling him with such an epithet, than he would have been if he had called James Montgomery the Moravian; or La Martine the Catholic Poet.

There are many very delightful poems in this new volume; but we cannot afford our readers many specimens. The ensuing will well illustrate the spirit of their companions.

"The Nightingale Flower."

Fair flower of silent night!
Unto thy bard an emblem thou shouldst be:
His fount of song, in hours of garish light,
Is closed like thee.

But, with the vesper hour,
Silence and solitude its depths unseal:
Its hidden springs, like thy unfolding flower,
Their life reveal.

Were it not sweeter still
To give imagination holier scope,
And deem that thus the future may fulfil
A loftier hope?

That, as thy lovely bloom
Sheds round its perfume at the close of day,
With beauty sweeter from surrounding gloom,
A star-like ray;—

So in life's dark decline,
When the grave's shadows are around me cast,
My spirit's hopes may like thy blossoms
shine
Bright at the last:

And as the grateful scent
Of thy meek flower, the memory of my name!
Oh! who could wish for prouder monument,
Or purer fame?

The darkness of the grave
Would wear no gloom appalling to the sight,
Might Hope's fair blossom, like thy flowret,
brave
Death's wintry night.

Knowing the dawn drew nigh
Of an eternal, though a sunless day,
Whose glorious flowers must bloom immor-
tally,
Nor fear decay!"

"A Winter Thought."

Dear friend! long tried and faithful proved
In hours of grief and gloom;
In such more justly prized and loved
Than in joy's brightest bloom;—

Well may that cheerless winter sky,
That one bright star above,
Recall thy worth and constancy
To gratitude and love.

The steersman, in a summer night,
When cloudless are the skies,
May gaze upon their orbs of light,
Till slumber seal his eyes;

But when the winds are loud and stern,
And heaven is drear and dark,
To one alone his glance will turn,
By that he guides his bark!

So clouds have veiled each star and sun,
Once wont my sky to cheer;
And thou art now the polar one,
By which my course I steer.

The blossoms of life's spring-tide gay,
My path have long since fled,
My summer foliage passed away,
My autumn fruit been shed.

But thou in winter's storms art yet
Unchanged in faith to me;
And dear though hopeless seems the debt
I long have owed to thee."

We should also mention that there are many poems which must please the most careless reader; and a frontispiece of calm moonlight shining upon the miracle of Peter's walking upon the sea. Mr. Barton's poems hardly need any adventitious recommendation; and this new production will be very acceptable to all the admirers of his earlier works.

THE LATEST FEMALE FASHIONS.

LONDON WALKING DRESS.

Gros de Naples pelisse of Byron brown, wadded and lined with white sarsnet, and fastened in front. The body is made extremely full, with long shoulder-straps, and nearly two inches

in width; they are corded on each side. The collar is stiffened, and falls back, admitting an embroidered cambric ruff. The sleeves are large to the gauntlet cuffs, which are very broad, and button close to the wrists;

they are corded, and the upper part pointed. The skirt is very full, and terminated with a plain deep *biais* trimming of the same material as the pelisse, and turned under so as not to give any indication of a hem: it is headed by three rouleaux.

Hat of Byron brown terry velvet, lined with rose-color satin, and a deep curtain veil of black blond. The crown is rounded at the top, and ornamented in front with large spreading bows of rose-color satin riband, edged with black, and several large velvet leaves. The strings are long, and of rose-color satin. Primrose-color gloves, and black shoes.

PARISIAN DINNER DRESS.

A gown of the new fancy material, *toile de Smyrne*, of the darkest shade of bottle green. *Corsage à l'enfant*, cut low and square, finished round the bust by a narrow embroidery in scarlet and bright green silk. Short full sleeve, over which is a long and very large one of *gaze lisse*: it is confined at the wrist by a bracelet *à la Grecque* of wrought gold, with a ruby clasp. *Ceinture à point*, fastened behind in bows without ends, and embroidered in front in a bouquet of damask roses. The trimming of the skirt consists of an exceedingly broad *biais*, finished at the upper edge by two rouleaux, one of scarlet, the other of yellow satin. The *biais* is embroidered in bouquets of yellow and damask roses, with foliage of various shades of green. The hair is arranged in hands on the forehead, over which falls on each side a full cluster of curls. Head-dress, a *béret* of black velvet, the brim *à l'Espagnole*; of very large size, the crown low, and crossed with velvet bands arranged in drapery. A profusion of ostrich feathers, green, scarlet, and pale yellow, adorn the crown; a bandeau of scarlet and green satin crosses the inside of the brim, and the ostrich feathers are placed, one to fall in the neck, the other to droop to the right side. Ear-rings, &c. gold and rubies. White kid gloves, and dark green satin shoes.

Explanation of the Print of the Fashions.

LONDON EVENING DRESS.

DRESS of white satin, the bodice made rather low, and the front formed into longitudinal drapery, and confined in the centre by a gold-color satin corded band; the remainder of the bodice is quite plain, and close to the shape. The sleeves are short and full, and set in a gold-color satin corded band; the extreme fulness is regulated by a band passing through the centre round the arm. A circular cape emanates from the front of the shoulder, and is ornamented with a wreath of leaves formed of gold-color gauze riband. The skirt is plaited in full round the waist, and has a border of white *tulle* of double-reversed plaitings, nearly half a yard deep, headed by a wreath of gold riband leaves, similar to those on the cape. Sash to correspond.

Toque of cherry-color blond *tulle*; the frame open, and of gold-color satin, pointed all round the head, with bands crossing the crown, and admitting the hair, which is dressed in bows, between, and in large curls in front. The blond *tulle* is in several plaits on one side of the centre point, and plain on the other; it spreads very wide, and is supported by broad gold riband loops, commencing with gold acorns, and is terminated on the left side by two bows and an end; on the right, the gold loop extends over the *tulle* to the crown, and is inserted by a gold acorn, with which every point is ornamented; long strings of gold gauze riband. Necklace, an entwined chain of gold and ornamented locket. Long gold ear-rings terminating in the form of a coronet. White kid gloves; cherry-color satin shoes and sandals.

PARISIAN BALL DRESS.

A gown of *gaze marabout*, over a white satin slip; the bottom of the slip is finished by a trimming composed of intermingled satin and *tulle*, arranged in a new style of *bouillonné*, on a rouleau of satin. The gown is made sufficiently short to display this trimming. The skirt of the dress is fin-

ished by a very broad *biais*, above which is a wreath of foliage composed of gauze ribands. *Corsage à la Grecque*, made without shoulder-straps, cut low and *drapé* round the upper part of the bust. The plaits confined on each shoulder by an ornament composed of gold and sapphires. A Grecian clasp of the same is placed in the centre of the bosom. A rouleau of satin divides the plaits before and behind. The waist is quite the natural length; the lower part of the corsage is plain, and terminated by a full quilting of blond net. Sleeves very short and full, confined to the arm by

a narrow pointed band of satin. Head-dress, *à la Duchesse de Berry*. The hair is arranged in full curls on the temples, and very much parted in front. A band of Grecian blue gauze embroidered in gold crosses the forehead, and a rouleau of the same material entwined with tresses of hair, forms a superstructure of a very novel description. A golden arrow set with sapphires traverses the upper part of the rouleau. Necklace, &c. sapphires and gold filigree work. White kid gloves. White *gros des Indes* sandals. Carved ivory fan, painted *à la Chinoise*.

VARIETIES.

"Come, let us stray
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk."

THE SIROCCO.

THIS corroding wind is no doubt the same which is referred to in the 19th chapter of 2nd Kings; which the Lord was to send for the destruction of Sennacherib. "Behold I will send a blast upon him, and he shall hear a rumor and return to his own land." Its depressing effects can only be conceived by those who have suffered from them; the unwonted dulness with which it overcasts even the most active mind; the deep drawn sighs it will elicit; and if there be one melancholy feeling which presses on the heart more heavily than another, the ample developement which it enjoys during the prevalence of this enervating breeze. It seldom, however, blows with force; it is rather an exhalation than a wind. It scarcely moves the leaves around the traveller, but it sinks heavily and damply in his heart. A stranger is at first unaware of the cause of the mental misery he endures; his temper sours as his spirits sink; every person, and every circumstance, annoys him; it effects even his dreams, and sleep itself is not a refuge from querulous peevishness; every motion is an irritating

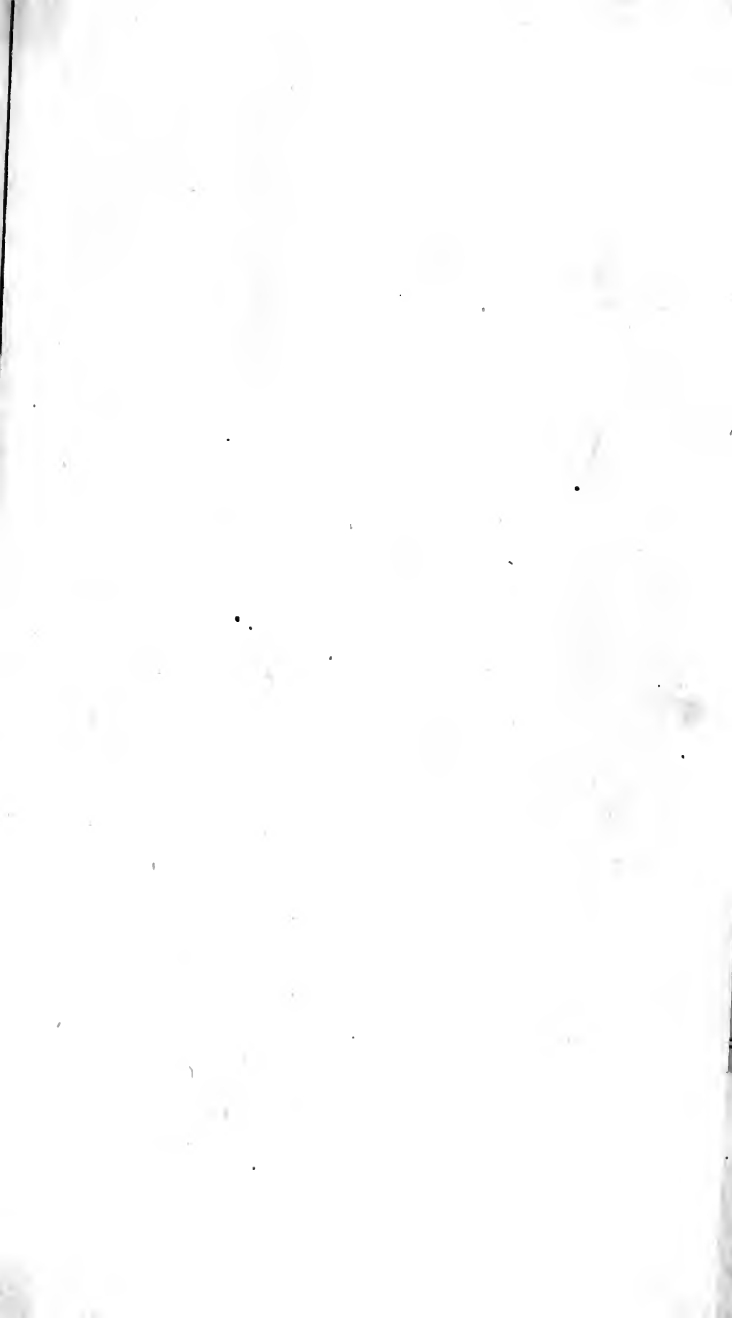
exertion, and he trudges along in discontent and unhappiness, sighing, and thinking of home, and attempting to philosophise on the arrant folly that could induce him to leave England for an hour, to come to such a dismal, miserable, uninteresting banishment as the Levant.

COPIOUSNESS OF LANGUAGE.

In English, we have only a single word, *uncle*, to signify the brothers of both our father and mother. In Latin, the brothers of the father are distinguished from those of the mother. In Chinese, they are not only so distinguished, but those that are younger or older than the father or mother are signified by a different word. It is the same with all the other degrees of affinity.

THE MAIR HASTE, THE WAUR SPEED.

Latin: Nimium properans serius absolvit. *Italian*: Presto e bene non si conviene. *English*: Fair and softly goes far. *Chinese*: A horse that is ready to gallop when he leaves the stable, is not one of those which can make a hundred leagues on a stretch.





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Athenaeum; or, Spirit of the English magazines.
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